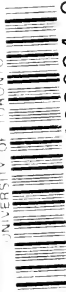


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# Apocalyptic Sketches.

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## LECTURES

ON THE

## BOOK OF REVELATION.

First Series.

BY

THE REV. JOHN CUMMING, D.D.

MINISTER OF THE SCOTCH NATIONAL CHURCH, AUTHOR OF LECTURES ON THE MIRACLES,  
PARABLES; DANIEL, ETC. ETC.

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"Surely I come quickly: Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

REV. xxii. 20.

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PHILADELPHIA:  
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STEREOTYPED BY L. JOHNSON AND CO.  
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TO THE  
HONOURABLE ABBOT LAWRENCE.

DEAR SIR:

I am sure you will pardon the freedom I have used of dedicating the first American edition of this work to you. My publishers inform me that they have been requested to issue an edition of this volume in America. I regard this as an opportunity of expressing a conviction shared and felt by the good and great of this country, how much they appreciated your presence in London as the representative of your magnificent nation, and how deeply—I may add, universally—they regretted your departure. We never had so popular, and so esteemed a minister from America, or one who has done so much to leave lasting and elevated impressions of his countrymen.

I have, perhaps, a greater reason for dedicating this work to you. You were a stated worshipper within the walls of the church in which it is my privilege to minister; and of all the varieties of class within its walls you were not the least known, esteemed, and respected.

I state these facts as in some degree an apology for this dedication. I do not expect that you will agree with all I have written in this volume; but you know so well that I am one with you in essential truths, that you will easily pardon any difference you may discover in subordinate matters.

The more I read of your country the more I admire its greatness. Should it please God to keep Britain and America, as mother and daughter should be, of one heart, even if, in some things, they should entertain different opinions, we shall, in God's strength, be able to beat back from our free shores the tide of superstition and iron despotism that now rises and rolls its waves against them.

I have the honour to be,

With great respect and esteem,

Very faithfully yours,

JOHN CUMMING.

LONDON, 1853.

# PREFACE

TO THE TWELFTH EDITION.

---

I AM requested by the publisher to prefix a few words to the Twelfth Edition. It is matter of deep gratitude to God, that he has been pleased, in his gracious providence, to give so great and so general acceptance to this volume, bearing many traces of imperfection, but still reflecting many faithful and precious truths.

Testimonies have reached me from the continent, and from America, to its extensive usefulness. From many quarters at home, accounts have come to me of its being singularly blessed in the conversion of some, and the comfort of others. Nothing has occurred to lead me to modify, except occasionally in word, the conclusions I have endeavoured to unfold.

I hope to publish soon some Expository Discourses on the Book of Daniel, which will not only strengthen the positions maintained in this work, but also unfold the wonderful harmony subsisting between Daniel and John, who, like the two lips of an oracle, proclaim the same Lord.

May it please God richly to bless his own truth, and hasten to his suffering and expectant Church that "glorious appearing," which is alike her prayer and her hope.

JUNE, 1850.

# PREFACE

TO THE TENTH EDITION.

---

WHEN these Lectures were committed to the press, I had no idea that the interest expressed by those who heard them delivered would extend to so many others beyond their circle. The volume has attained a very large circulation indeed, and has excited, as numerous letters addressed to me show, very general attention. It is to me matter of unspeakable gratitude to God, that I have been led and enabled to direct the stirring truths contained in the Apocalypse toward the personal and practical instruction of hearer and reader, and that wherever these Lectures may be perused, the reader shall not lay them down without having been often and earnestly reminded of his responsibility and obligations before God.

The year 1848, that followed that which was occupied in their delivery, has presented a visible commentary on the predictions of the Apocalypse, and proved, by terrible facts, how just and true are the principles of interpretation so ably and so conclusively established by Mr. Elliott in his noble and precious work.

I am truly grateful for the numerous favourable reviews of these Lectures in the periodicals of the day. The only unfavourable notices I have met with, are,—one long and elaborate critique in “Woolmer’s Exeter Gazette,” one of the organs of the Tractarians; in which the writer accuses me of hostility to certain principles which the articles and homilies of the Church of England denounce as Popery,

but which he and his friends believe to be catholic verities: the other, in "The Free Church Magazine," in which I am very summarily dealt with, and am charged, without proof adduced, with every sort of sinister end and aim and motive in preaching them, while the principles and texture of the work, which is, after all, the only legitimate subject of criticism, are left untouched.

With these two exceptions, the "Apocalyptic Sketches" have been favourably noticed by the Press; and the topics they treat of, so emphatically sustained by facts from Rome—Berlin—Paris—Vienna, have been urged on the attention of all.

My Lectures on the last two chapters of the Apocalypse, which I think descriptive of the millennial age, are now complete, and will, I trust, cast some new light on subjects somewhat difficult, or at least place in new points of view, and at new angles, duties and privileges and hopes long cherished in Christian hearts, and frequently and fully taught in the word of God.

In the course of 1849, if the Lord spare me, I hope to deliver and publish a series of Lectures on the Seven Churches; the Apocalyptic addresses to which are so replete with warning, instruction, correction in righteousness, and encouragement specially fitted for the times—the unprecedented times in which our lot is cast.

My conviction has grown in strength, that the main views enunciated in these Lectures are true. If so, how solemn is our position! how loud a call to missionary effort—to personal devotedness—to spiritual-mindedness!

I have paid special attention to the various efforts made, from several quarters, to overturn the principles of interpretation laid down by the author of the *Horæ*. One party, the majority of which is attached to what are called Tractarian principles, oppose the whole chronology of Mr.



Elliott, and attempt to show that days and years and months, as used in the prophecy, are to be understood literally. Their reasoning appears to me singularly inconsistent and inconclusive. It seems to me to involve a principle of interpretation, which, if carried out consistently, would render the Apocalypse a mere kaleidoscope—full of varied shapes and colours, but destitute from first to last of any coherency, harmony, or order.

I have also minutely examined the strictures of Dr. Keith. Apart from the spirit in which they are written, and the very improper motives and conduct so frequently and so undeservedly ascribed to Mr. Elliott, I have no hesitation in stating my conviction, that a more complete failure to overthrow the principles of interpretation set forth by the author of *Horæ Apocalypticæ* never came from the pen of man. And if any one desires to see it sifted and utterly disposed of, let him read Mr. Elliott's reply, entitled *Vindiciæ Horariæ*.

But why should Dr. Keith or any other Christian become angry because another interpreter takes a very different view? Is it not possible to differ, and boldly express that difference, without indulging in severe and acrimonious language? It is not *our* interest that is at stake—it is the honour of our Lord: and, surely, the "truth in love" is our right course in handling so sacred and so solemn a subject.

In discussing all denominational differences, and still more in discussing theories of prophetic interpretation, it becomes us to show to a world which exaggerates the former and sneers at the latter, that truth is our aim and end, and that love is our temper.

May it please God to pour out His Spirit upon us all yet more abundantly, to His glory, and to our growth in grace.

APRIL, 1849.

## PREFACE.

---

WHEN these Lectures were begun in Exeter Hall, during the period occupied in the enlargement of the church of which the Lecturer is the minister, not a few predicted that the author would be led into rash and questionable theories in investigating a subject confessedly beset with difficulties. But by the blessing of God, and the exercise of caution and prayerful study, all has ended more than satisfactorily. The unprecedentedly large masses of persons of every denomination, and of no denomination at all, who overflowed the spacious Hall in which they were delivered, and the growing attention excited in the minds of these audiences, and the saving, and he may be allowed to add, very striking impressions, made on unconverted minds by the means of the solemn truths they heard, are all signs and tokens that call for humble gratitude to God.

Numerous requests were made for their publication. A short-hand writer was therefore engaged, who took down a verbatim report of every lecture. These reports, often very imperfect, the author has corrected; and though the work is not all he could desire, it will yet be found a substantial summary of his discourses on the Apocalypse.

Already £130 and upward have been realized by the sale of these Lectures, which the author has devoted to the Church Building Fund; and by means of this sum, and another placed in his hands, he has paid for every thing in the shape of ornament, such as it is, in the church in Crown Court, and thus the donations of the congregation have been expended exclusively for the mere enlargement of the building.

It is the earnest prayer of the Lecturer that these and all his labours may redound to the glory of God, and to the good of souls.

MARCH, 1848.

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# APOCALYPTIC SKETCHES.

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## LECTURE I.

“The Revelation of Jesus Christ, which God gave unto him, to show unto his servants things which must shortly come to pass; and he sent and signified it by his angel unto his servant John: who bare record of the word of God, and of the testimony of Jesus Christ, and of all things that he saw. Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of this prophecy, and keep those things which are written therein: for the time is at hand.”—*Revelation* i. 1-3.

THE members of my own congregation may recollect that some time ago I began a series of addresses, explanatory of the structure, the principles, and the objects of the Apocalypse. I then stated, what I tell you now, that in these expositions I shall produce little that is original, less that is brilliant—but I trust much that is really profitable. A great deal has been written upon this book; much very foolishly—more very rashly—nothing, however, in vain; but recently, and especially in the pages of Mr. Elliott’s *Horæ Apocalypticæ*, one of the ablest productions on this subject, increased light has been reflected on the pages of the Book of Revelation. I tell you, candidly, that I shall beg and borrow from the book of Mr. Elliott all I can; and I ask you not to acquiesce in his interpretation, because he is a learned man, nor in my opinion, because I agree with him; but receive only what seems to you to be the just exposition of the words of the Holy Spirit of God.

The name applied to this book is instructive, though I must say not a few Christians practically interchange it with another name of opposite import. The first half of the one name is like that of the other in sound—but the whole meaning of the one is diametrically opposite to that of the other. One is the *Apo-crypha*, which means what is hidden—the other is the *Apocalypse*,

which means what is revealed and made known. The Apocrypha is the title given to those books which are adopted by the Church of Rome, of human origin, and of no value in deciding what is truth; the Apocalypse is the name of the divine and inspired book made known to John in Patmos. On the Apocrypha I am silent, or speak only to condemn it; on the Apocalypse I would that I were far more learned and eloquent, in order that I might adequately illustrate and recommend it.

The words which are rendered in our version, "the revelation of Jesus Christ," have been misapprehended. It does not mean the revelation made *by* Jesus Christ, but the revelation *of* Jesus Christ himself. In other words, it does not mean Christ the *revealer*, but Christ the *revealed*; a revelation, or apocalypse, or portrait of Christ, which was communicated by Christ to John the seer, in Patmos. And that I am correct in this interpretation will be plain, I think, to your comprehension, from passages where the original word occurs—and the word apocalypse occurs very frequently in Scripture; but unhappily, in our admirable translation—justly the subject of almost universal eulogy—there is a change of rendering, though there be none in the original. For instance: in the First Epistle to the Corinthians, the first chapter, at the seventh verse, it is in our version—"So that ye come behind in no gift; waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." Now in the original it is—"waiting for the *apocalypse* of our Lord Jesus Christ." Again: in the Second Epistle to the Thessalonians, the first chapter, at the seventh verse, you will find another rendering, but it is still the same original word: "And to you who are troubled, rest with us, when the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven." It is, literally translated—"in the apocalypse of the Lord Jesus Christ from heaven." Again: in the First Epistle of St. Peter, the first chapter, and the seventh verse, and also at the thirteenth verse, we meet with the same word, but again differently translated. And here I may remark how great a pity it is that the same word should be the subject of a variety of translations. If it had been translated in one way throughout the New Testament, it would have made the beauty and the force of the meaning of the Spirit of God evolve more vividly. We read, in the First Epistle of Peter,

the first chapter, and the seventh verse—"That it might be found unto praise, and honour, and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ." In the original it is—"in the apocalypse," in the revelation "of Jesus Christ." And, in the thirteenth verse of the same chapter—"Gird up the loins of your mind, be sober, and hope to the end for the grace that is to be brought unto you at the revelation of Jesus Christ." Here again it is in the original—"in the apocalypse of Jesus Christ." And in all these passages it means, not a disclosure, or revelation, or manifestation made by Christ, but made concerning or of Christ. In other words, the title of this book is not Christ the revealer, but Christ the revealed; and this revelation of Christ, we are told, was also given by Christ to John his servant, in the isle of Patmos.

This book, then, is an inspired portrait of the Son of God; it is, if I may use the expression, the epiphany of Jesus—the full description of his personal glory, to which prophets and martyrs looked forward with waiting hope—an apocalypse so brilliant that the sight of the Jew was dazzled by its distant splendour, so much so that he could not see the intervening valleys of Gethsemane and Calvary, through which Christ had to pass, in order to emerge and inherit his predestined glory. Very beautifully, therefore, the book begins—"Behold, he cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see him;" and very appropriately this book closes—"Surely, I come quickly: Amen. Even so come, Lord Jesus." It begins with his advent, and ends with it. That sublime, sustaining, and precious hope was in the eye of the holy seer when he sat down to receive and record its bright visions, and the same hope is in his eye when he kneels down at the close and cries, "Come, Lord Jesus." He had seen and leaned on the bosom of the Sufferer, and he longs to see and reign with his risen and glorified King. May we also sympathize with him, "whom having not seen, may we love; and in whom, though we now see him not, yet believing, may we rejoice with joy unspeakable, and full of glory."

The distinction between the revelation of Christ in the Apocalypse, and the revelation of Christ in the Gospels, is briefly this: the Gospels represent Christ the sufferer—the Apocalypse depicts Christ the conqueror. The Gospels detail "his agony, his cross,

his passion, his bloody sweat,"—the Apocalypse describes his throne, his "many crowns," and prostrate saints adoring and saying, "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto our God, to him be glory and honour and blessing." In the Gospels we see the shadow of the cross, deep, dark, and palpable to all—in the Apocalypse we behold the lustre of the crown shining forth in unearthly brilliancy. In the Gospels we have Christ a priest at the altar—in the Apocalypse we see Christ a king upon his throne; in the one we have Christ in the robes of Aaron—in the other we have Christ in the royalties of David; in the first we behold Christ the sacrificing priest, the atoning victim—in the second we discover Christ with the "many crowns" upon his head, "Lord of lords, and King of kings." Thus, then, the Gospels reveal Christ amid the associations of Calvary—the Apocalypse reveals Christ with all the accompaniments of glory; each in its place, each for its object, is the revelation, or the apocalypse of Christ.

The language in the passage I have selected for exposition, discourages and discountenances the very popular, but I humbly conceive very erroneous idea, that we are not to study, and that we cannot possibly become acquainted with things predicted, but not yet performed. Most men say, "*Things performed* we may study and improve; but things *predicted* we have nothing to do with, except to lay them aside on the shelf, and wait till their actual performance casts its light upon them, and thus shapes the dim prophecy into history." But certainly this idea is not sanctioned in the passage I have selected for exposition; for this revelation was sent to Christ's servant John, "to show unto his *servants* things that shall come to pass." It does not read thus—"to show unto his servant John," but, "to show unto his *servants*;" the word is in the plural number; that is, to all Christians. To show them what? Not merely the things which have already come to pass, but "things which must shortly come to pass;" not the facts of the past only, but the events of the future also. Now the popular idea is, that these predicted things we ought not to attempt to interpret, and that it is only performed things that we ought to endeavour to profit by. The statement



here, at least, conveys no such impression. It implies that things predicted, or foreshown, are to be studied, because for this very end they are inspired, and that they may, though dimly and darkly as through a glass, be understood by the servants and people of God. Daniel explained to the captives in Babylon future things, and thus comforted them with consolations drawn not from past records, but unfulfilled prophecies. Now, comfort cannot be extracted from the unintelligible. Our blessed Lord minutely predicted to his apostles the destruction of Jerusalem; and he told them how they were to conduct themselves in the prospect of that destruction. He showed them that responsibilities were incurred by their knowing things not yet fulfilled; and the apostles, we read, and the Christians who fled to Pella, understood and believed the prophecy, and escaped the ruin, having done well in taking heed to the prophecy, that shone as a light in a dark place. It is surely very remarkable, and instructive, too, that one office of the Holy Spirit of God—an office that cannot be explained on the popular presumption we have alluded to—is, that “he will show you things to come;” and the apostle Peter tells us, in his Second Epistle, the first chapter, at the nineteenth verse, that there is “a sure word of prophecy, unto which we do well to take heed, as to a light shining in a dark place;” and we are told also, in the third chapter, at the first verse—“This second epistle, beloved, I now write unto you, in both which I stir up your pure minds by way of remembrance: that ye may be mindful of the words which were spoken before by the holy prophets, and of the commandment of us the apostles of the Lord and Saviour: knowing this first, that there shall come in the last days scoffers, walking after their own lusts, and saying, Where is the promise of his coming? for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation.” We are told by the apostle Paul, that “eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.” That is future. But he adds—“But he hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit;” teaching us, therefore, that things which are not yet disclosed as come to pass, are things that we may study. They may not be essential to our personal safety, but they may

contribute to our spiritual comfort, and to the glory and honour and praise of God. Why did the Jews, we may ask, reject the Messiah as the sufferer? Just because they neglected the study of unfulfilled prophecy. And may not we also be found neglecting privileges, if not despising duties, when we make the Book of Revelation that book which we rarely read in our families, or study in our closets, or patiently listen to, when expounded and explained from the pulpit by the ministers of Christ?

It was not so in olden days: for this book was a favourite study with the early Christians. The martyrs of the first three centuries found springs of comfort in the addresses to the seven churches, which refreshed their souls as with the dews of heaven amid the flames. The Reformers derived from the Apocalypse the most condemning verdicts on the great Western apostasy, and from its description, as from a full and exhaustless arsenal, they drew forth the weapons with which they smote and overthrew the great Dagon of the West with the most complete success. This holy book seems to me to be a lamp, which sheds light on the history of the last nineteen hundred years, casting illuminating rays into all their perplexing and perplexed events. It shows us Christ in the world as well as in the church—ordering and restraining the will of kings and the acts of empire, and educing glory to his name and prosperity to his church from the wrath of his bitterest enemies.

In the next place, the Apocalypse, or Book of Revelation, is stated, at the beginning of the first chapter, to have been written under the inspiration of the Spirit by John, who testified of the Word of God. There can be no doubt that this was John the evangelist; his testimony was emphatically that of “the Word;” his Gospel is peculiarly the Gospel of “the Word made flesh.” The very commencement of his Gospel is—“In the beginning was the Word;” and the close of his Gospel is—“These are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing, ye might have life through his name.” That holy name gives music to every sentence, weight to every word, and fragrance to every sentiment in that wonderful production, the Gospel according to John. And Wetstein and Lardner, two distinguished critics upon the original, as well as on the contents

of the Scriptures, have selected about thirty or forty texts from the Apocalypse, which contain words and phrases and forms of expression that are almost identical with those used in the Gospel,—thus proving that the same John who wrote the Gospel was the writer of the Apocalypse; and such differences of style, as unquestionably do occur, are to be explained and accounted for by the difference of the subjects, and perhaps also of the time. The Gospel was written by John sixty years after the death and resurrection of Jesus, and was, if I may so speak, a cool and dispassionate retrospect and record of that sublime biography; the Apocalypse, on the other hand, was written the very moment its truths were taught and its visions made known—the instancy and splendour of the scene making the deeper impression on the heart of the seer, and originating more expressive words. Hence the Apocalypse contains an eloquence of language, a grandeur of thought, and a magnificence of style, which certainly are not approached by the more prosaic and historical narrative of the Gospel. This difference, however, is, as we have said, easily accounted for; the subject and date will explain the simplicity of the narrative of the one, and the sublime and poetic ecstacy of the other.

The time at which the Apocalypse was written, was about the year 97. John was banished to Patmos by the emperor Domitian; and if we had no other evidence that it was during the reign of Domitian, we have it in the fact that he was the first Roman emperor who adopted that mode of punishment. But John's banishment from his earthly home lifted him nearer a heavenly one. He was condemned and banished by a king that died, that he might be favoured and comforted by "the King of kings," that liveth and reigneth for ever. An inner radiance was poured into his spirit, that more than compensated for his external night. God thus gives his people in all their trying circumstances compensatory elements. In the history of his church, he often makes afflictions beautiful, by weaving through them the rainbow of his mercy and love. He thus made barren Patmos a scene of manifestation of far richer glories than Tabor. He can make the tents of Mesceh and the tabernacles of Kedar repose in a sunshine more glorious than ever fell on the towers of Salem. God's She-

chinah often illuminates the desert. Daniel beheld in Babylon bright visions he saw not elsewhere; John, in Patmos, saw a glory he never witnessed in Jerusalem; John Bunyan, in his lonely prison, had dreams and visions, approaching in their purity and splendour to apocalyptic scenes; and Martin Luther, during his confinement in Wartburg, translated the Scriptures, and had the enjoyment of a freedom and repose to which thousands outside were strangers. It is the heart, not the house, that makes home. And thus, while the afflictions of God's people abound, their joys abound also. The cloud that is darkest, is fringed to their eyes with beams of celestial lustre, and crushing calamities unbosom by degrees their latent mercies; and those who have been in the deepest affliction, have been the first to exclaim, each as he emerged from its depths—"It is good for me that I was afflicted."

This book has been recognised as canonical in every age of the Christian church. I will quote only one or two references, but these will sufficiently vindicate it. Perhaps you are aware that the Church of Rome has made the frequent objection, that we Protestants are indebted to her decision for the possession of the Apocalypse at all. They say, the Apocalypse was not admitted by that church by any public act, or by any synodical decision, till the fifth, if not the sixth century. But if this be true, instead of proving that the Church of Rome has great credit, it rather reflects upon her the greatest discredit—for it shows how sleepy that church must have been, how blind her vision, how forgetful of her duties, seeing that, by her own confession, she failed to recognise as canonical a divine book during six centuries in succession. Does it not also show how much more trustworthy is private judgment than ecclesiastical decisions, seeing fathers and writers and doctors saw the inspiration of the Apocalypse, and pronounced it to be divine, while the Church of Rome did not know that it was part of the sacred canon at all? For instance: Ignatius, one of the earliest of the Christian fathers, who lived in the year 107—that is, just ten years after John wrote the Apocalypse—quotes several passages from this book, thus proving it was in existence in his day. Polycarp, a father and martyr, who lived in the year 108, when he was brought to the fagot to

be consumed in the flames, offered up the prayer used in the eleventh chapter of the Book of Revelation, at the seventeenth verse—"We give thee thanks, Lord God Almighty, who was, and is, and is to come." After him, Irenæus, whose name is associated in its import with peace, and whose writings contain some beautiful appeals on its behalf, quotes portions of the Apocalypse, and adds the interesting statement, preserved in the writings of Eusebius, that John wrote it at the latter end of the reign of Domitian, when in exile at Patmos. Justin Martyr, who lived in the year 140—that is, forty-three years after the Apocalypse was written, not only read it, but wrote an explanation of it. And Eusebius, in the fourth century, and Jerome, the most learned of all the Latin fathers, likewise quote it as a portion of the inspired record, and record their reflections upon it. It is, however, only just to add, that some divines of the fourth century rejected the Apocalypse, on the ground that it contained, as they alleged, prophecies of what they erroneously believed to be a carnal millennium; just in the same way as some Christians still argue, that the Bible cannot be God's word, because it contains truths that cross their prejudices, or lay on them duties which they decline to fulfil, or unfold the mere outward drapery of stupendous mysteries, which angels cannot soar to, and which the human imagination cannot of course comprehend. But to argue in this way is to argue most illogically. The divinity of the book rests upon its own basis; the explanation of the book is to be decided on just and proper principles.

I must notice here, that there is a special benediction pronounced upon those who read it. Many people say—"Oh! the Revelation is full of dark things we ought not to meddle with." But what does the Spirit of God say? "Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of this prophecy, and keep those things which are written therein." Shall we say it is wrong to read what the Spirit of God has thought it right to record? Shall we say that the difficulty of interpreting the book is a reason why we should not even read, still less try to understand, what the Spirit of God has inspired? Shall we hold it perilous to study what the Holy Spirit has pronounced it blessed to read, and, by fair inference, possible to understand? We may read it in a

presumptuous spirit—that is sinful; but to attempt to understand it, in a reverent and prayerful spirit—that is blessed. Lay aside the presumption that dictates as eternal truths its own hasty conclusions; but do not give up the prayerful study and perusal of the book, on the very vestibule of which the Spirit of God has written—“Blessed are they that read and hear the words of this prophecy.” Far be it from me to couceal, that there is an awful and a solemn anathema pronounced upon all who shall attempt to subtract from or add to “the things that are written in this book.” At the close of it, it is said—“If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book. And if any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life, and out of the holy city, and from the things which are written in this book.” This is an awful announcement, which ought to solemnize the mind of every student of it: but if it be perilous to misinterpret it, can it be safe not to read it at all? Would not the legitimate conclusion be, not to lay it aside, because there is an anathema on him who perverts it, but to open the book, and diligently study it, and pray for the Spirit of God to enlighten our minds, and lead them to a sober and true exposition? and then we shall be lifted from the anathema that descends upon the wilful misinterpreter, and shall be placed under the blessing that lights on him who reads and understands it.

I regard this book, not as a dark and inexplicable hieroglyphic, which it is humility and duty to leave unopened, but as a light that shines on the dark and troubled waters of time—those waters over which the church of the redeemed is ploughing her arduous and perilous way; not like a light upon the stern, leaving useless brilliancy in her wake, but a light upon the prow, showing before the beacons it is our safety to avoid, and the course it becomes our duty to pursue, till that day break upon the waste of waters, when the great Pilot himself shall enter into the vessel, and say to the stormy waves around it, “Be still,” and guide her to a haven of perpetual peace.

Now, while I feel that there is much, in the past history of the interpretation of this book, to make us cautious and prayerful, I

still think there is nothing to warrant neglect. Edward Irving, one of the most gifted minds, but all but fatally shipwrecked, it is true, grafted upon this book the most extravagant and monstrous delusions; and because he left behind him explanations as unsound as mischievous, it is argued, that we should not attempt to study and understand where so gifted a genius has failed. But it seems to me that misinterpretation in the past, instead of being a reason for neglect, is only a new reason for more prayerful and earnest efforts after just and proper interpretation for the future. Abuse is not certainly a reason against use; past error in the pursuit of truth does not make future success impossible; and may it not be true, that the failures of former expositors shall prove the surest pioneers of success on the part of those that follow? Every ship that is wrecked in our Channel serves to show to succeeding navies the safe course they are thereafter to pursue. It is thus that the failures of gifted minds who have preceded us as interpreters, will help us to make nearer approximations to a clear exposition of that beautiful and holy book, which the Spirit of God has written for our learning. If the people would study the Revelation more, their ministers would be likely to indulge in fancies less. It is because you know so little about the book, that ministers have been suffered to make so many misinterpretations of its meaning. Study well its history and contents, ponder prayerfully its predictions, and your knowledge will be the best check upon the imagination of the minister. Light in the pew necessitates light in the pulpit. The Bible in the hands and hearts of the people is the surest guarantee for truth from the lips of the preacher. I know that some excellent Christians entertain the notion, that their personal salvation is all they have to do with. Far be it from me for one moment to undervalue the necessity of a deep and solemn interest in our personal acceptance before God. What shall it profit a man if he should be able to explain all the mysteries of the prophets, or gain the whole world, and inflict on his soul that loss which never can be retrieved? But, my dear friends, while this is true, and ought to be felt to be true, are we to forget that there is an end even higher than the safety of the soul—not, indeed, in reference to us, but in reference to God? The glory of God is the end of the

universe, and ought to be the first aim of intelligent creatures. If I address members of other communions, let me lay before you a piece of splendid philosophy, as well as true theology, by telling you the first question and answer contained in the catechism which our Scottish children are taught from their earliest infancy. "What is the chief end of man?" Not to save himself: that is not said. "The chief end of man is *to glorify God*, and to enjoy him for ever." We are called on to consult the glory of God first, and our salvation next. Yet it is in the pursuit of the former that we never can lose the latter. And while, therefore, our personal acceptance before God is an essential thing, which no interest can be a substitute for, which no duty can supersede, we must recollect that if God has revealed a book to evolve his glory, it is not for man, surely not for a Christian, to say, "I have no interest in that glory, nor shall I take any part in making the meaning of the mysteries which reflect it intelligible to others."

There are various classes of interpreters, who take different views of the Apocalypse. One class consists of Professor Lee, one of the best Hebrew scholars in England, and Moses Stewart, an able scholar in America, who believe that the whole of the Apocalypse was fulfilled in the first three or four centuries of the Christian church. This belief I think as untenable as it is absurd. Let any person read the Apocalypse, not in the light of criticism, or with the opinions of learned men, but in the exercise of his own unbiassed judgment, and he will see there are prophecies which have not been performed, visions of glory which have never dawned upon our world, and scenes to be realized, and circumstances to evolve, and dates to be reconciled, of which there is no trace of fulfilment in the past, and certainly no appearance in the present.

There is another class of interpreters, however, who take just an opposite view from that of those to whom I have alluded: these consist of Burgh, Todd, and Maitland—studious and learned men, who believe, that with the exception of the first three chapters, not one single particular of the rest of the Apocalypse has yet been fulfilled. Moses Stewart and Dr. Lee believe that it was all compressed within the first three or four centuries; Burgh,



Todd, and Maitland believe that it must all be compressed into the last three or four years of the Christian era.

There is another class, represented by Mr. Birks, an able and acute writer on the subject of prophecy, and Mr. Elliott, (in his *Horæ*, which will occupy a place, in reference to unfulfilled prophecy, that Newton's *Principia* has occupied in reference to science,) and many other living ministers of the age, who believe that much of the Apocalypse has been fulfilled, but that much more remains yet to be fulfilled; and that it is our duty to review the first, that we may see light shed on the history of the past; and to study the second, that we may learn duties, responsibilities, and privileges, in the prospect of what is yet to come.

I may mention, that some of one class especially, known by the name of Futurists, (that is, persons who believe that the whole of the Apocalypse yet remains to be fulfilled,) are actuated in their views by strong sympathy with Romish tenets—I say so, because it is obvious from their writings, that some of those (though not all) who believe the Apocalypse will be fulfilled entirely in the future, have adopted that reasoning because they love and would justify the Church of Rome. It has been the belief of the soundest divines, since and before the days of Martin Luther, that the Babylon delineated there—the woman stained with crimes and intoxicated with the blood of the saints—is the great Western apostasy; but these Tractarian Futurists do not like this interpretation; it is fatal to their views; it rebukes their sympathies; they cannot, however, get rid of the book, and therefore they have tried to get rid of the interpretation, and thus be left free to welcome Rome as their sister, and proclaim the Vatican as “Christ’s holy home.” But it must be evident that all such reasoning is false in its premises, and must therefore be pernicious in its conclusions. And I do hope, if you will give me your patient attention, in the course of a few succeeding Sunday evenings, that you will be satisfied that the main views of Mr. Elliott—I do not say all—are as rational as they are scriptural and instructive.

In expounding this book, I must beg to suggest some necessary cautions. We must not seek to be explicit in that which God’s Holy Spirit has been pleased to leave dimly revealed.

Rash hands must not tear, but sacred hands must reverently draw aside the apocalyptic vail; we may not "rush in where angels fear to tread;" we must not dogmatize where the Spirit of God has not spoken decidedly; we must be content to be ignorant in many places, thankful to be instructed in others, and patient students throughout the whole.

There is one most important point I wish to impress upon you, and it is this: we must not do as Edward Irving did—pronounce our views of unfulfilled prophecy to be among the very essentials of salvation; we must not give the least countenance to the idea, that the great truths of evangelical religion are at all to be placed in the same category with any theory of interpretation of unfulfilled prophecy. The first seven seals may or may not refer to the decline of the Roman empire; but there is no doubt that "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin:" the seven last vials may or may not have been begun at the French Revolution; but it is indisputably true that "Christ is the propitiation for our sins." The first *may* be true; the last *must* be true: the first is revealed in symbols; the last is clearly brought to light. We may use *peradventures* when we speak of our view of things that are in the future; we must use none when we speak of vital and essential truths. I will allow you to differ from me in explaining prophecy—I will allow you to reject my expositions of the Apocalypse, as far as its symbols are involved; but I cannot for one moment consent that there should be any question whether my Saviour be God, or whether his "blood cleanseth from all sin," or whether his righteousness be my only covering, his sacrifice my only trust, his cross the only foundation of my safety, and his crown my happy and imperishable hope. All that I say on unfulfilled prophecy may be wrong—what I preach of the gospel I know to be true: "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed to him against that day."

But we are not less earnestly to study the future as far as we are invited to do so; just as the pious Jews read their prophecies of a suffering Christ, we Christians should study the prophecies of a coming and a glorified Christ. The Jews were taught to look through prophecies to a Christ who was to come and suffer—we are

taught to look for the same Christ in glory. We are taught to take a retrospective view of his sufferings, and a prospective view of his glory; and as the believing Israelite was cheered by the prospect of the Saviour's advent, as his sacrifice, so the pious Christian, with his foot upon the cross, and his eye upon the throne, ought to be cheered, sustained, and comforted by the prospect of his Saviour, who is to "come again the second time, without sin unto salvation, unto all them that look for him." Sound thoughts on prophecy would seem to me to be especially useful in the day in which our lot is cast. Mr. Faber, Mr. Elliott, Dr. M'Neile, Mr. Bickersteth, the most eminent of those who have directed their attention to the subject, believe that we are upon the verge of the last days. Nor do appearances contradict their views. All moral, social, and political parties are broken and torn asunder, in order, I believe, to make room for the advent of more glorious things, the triumph of more precious principles: and those will not be least blessed, who shall be found at that day with their loins girt and their lamps burning.

But while discoursing upon prophecy, I must not omit to define the characters that prophecy should interest. I wish not to gratify the curiosity of the unconverted, but to comfort the hearts and instruct the minds of the people of God. You who are strangers to the gospel, have yet to learn its alphabet; you must have your souls cleansed in Christ's atoning blood, before you may venture to anticipate his presence as with joy.

Let me ask you, then, Are you among the people of God? Have you gone to the Saviour, in the depths of your conscious ruin—in despair of salvation from any other source, and cast yourselves at his feet, and asked for mercy and forgiveness *gratis*, through his precious blood? Those to whom John wrote the Apocalypse, and whose perusal of it he especially desired, are those, We are told in the very chapter from which my text is taken, who sing—"Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, unto him be glory for ever and ever." Can you say so? Can you say—"That Saviour is mine; that sacrifice is mine, and forgiveness for its sake?" If the great changes predicted in the Apocalypse do not overtake us, we may be called upon to see personally, each for himself, a change as

great. Were that beating heart to stand still, were death to lay his hand upon you this night, were the summons to be issued from the throne—"Cut him down!"—let me ask you, my dear brother, my dear sister, would it be well with you? Is all right between God and you? Do politics interest your affections? Do the affairs of your household absorb all your thoughts? Does mammon occupy your affections? And have you never sat down, and in the calm and solemn light of eternity asked your conscience that question, to which you must one day and ought now to give an instant response—"Am I still 'dead in sins,' or am I 'a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven?'"

My dear brethren, I hope no one in this vast assembly is hoping that all is right because he has been baptized, or is a member of a Christian church. My dear friends, do you, can you think that baptism gives to all its subjects new hearts? Can baptism give you that divine life, without which you must die for ever? I believe, that those who think so, misapprehend altogether man's state by nature. If man's state were a mere swoon, or a mere faint from the influence of sin, then a little water sprinkled on his brow by a minister of Christ from the baptismal font might resuscitate him; but man is "dead in trespasses and sins;" and nothing but that voice which shall echo at the last day through the sepulchres of the dead, can quicken that soul which is "dead in trespasses and sins." Be not deceived. Pause and ponder. "Christ and him crucified," the ground of your acceptance; the Spirit and him sanctifying, your fitness for heaven; justification by faith alone, the article of a standing or a falling church; regeneration by the Spirit of God, the article of a living or a dying church; our personal safety—our acceptance before God—our title to heaven, and our fitness for its enjoyments,—are matters of instant and overwhelming interest. No inquiries into unfulfilled prophecy may be made apologies for indifference here. Whether in the pages of the evangelist, or in those of the seer, it is "the pure in heart" only that "see God." Christians only can understand the Apocalypse; for them it was written. All other attempts by any besides to interpret must end in fanaticism or folly.

## LECTURE II.

## THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO THE APOCALYPSE.

“Unto him that loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father, to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever.”—*Revelation* i. 5, 6.

SOME have objected to all expositions of the Apocalypse, as if such were not preaching the gospel, nor useful and instructive to those that hear them. This is grievous misapprehension. Whatever God has written is surely entitled to our study, as it was meant for our good, and cannot be otherwise than useful to those for whose learning it was inspired: “all Scripture,” says the apostle, “is profitable.” The Apocalypse, so far from not being the gospel, is replete with its most precious truths, is inlaid with the testimony, fragrant with the excellence, and illuminated with the glory of the Son of God. It refers backward to the Man of sorrows, and looks forward to the throned Lamb. Christ is its alpha and omega, and the testimony of Jesus its woof and warp. But for the sake of them, who shrink from expositions of this book, who look at the Apocalypse through the mists of prejudice, the misapprehensions of ignorance, or any other similar cause, I will address myself this evening to the task of showing how full, how clear, how beautiful is the gospel according to the Apocalypse.

Leaving my text, which is an epitome of the gospel, I request your attention to such passages as these—Rev. v. 9. “Thou art worthy to take the book and to open the seals thereof, for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and nation.” This is surely the very music of Calvary floating down from heaven, and breaking on our ears—shall I rather say our hearts, this evening in Exeter Hall. This text alone is an epitome of the gospel. Rev. v. 12.—“Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and

blessing"—words that come like the chimes of the waves of that sea of glory that spread out their waters about the throne of God, and reflect its glory.

Rev. vii. 13.—“What are these which are arrayed in white robes, and whence came they? These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple.” This is an apocalypse of heaven—the character of its tenantry, and the way to reach it. Rev. xiv. 13.—“And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them.” This is the trumpet of jubilee sounding in the grave, the finger of God writing their epitaphs on the pious dead—the gospel transfiguring, by its presence, the very ashes of the dead. Rev. xxi. 6.—“I will give to him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely.”

Rev. xxii. 17.—“And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely.” Here is the gospel call as unequivocally stated as in any part of the New Testament.

Thus, in no portion of the Bible are the grand characteristics of Christianity more frequently or fully stated. The drapery of the throne does not conceal the Lamb that is in the midst of it; and the intense splendour of the “many crowns” that are on the brow of “the King of kings,” does not dim or conceal that cross on which he hung in agony as the “Man of sorrows.”

These passages which we have quoted are like stars in the apocalyptic firmament, of greater or lesser magnitude, each shining in the light of the Sun of righteousness: these are fragments of the rich and beautiful embroidery on the mystic vail, significant of yet richer excellencies beyond it; these are snatches, mellowed but not spent in their transit from the skies, of the awful and solemn harmonies that break and roll before the throne of God. But in all Christ is all. The Apocalypse is the record of what Christ is and does, since he ascended from the earth, and a cloud

received him out of sight. It is the history of his post-resurrection glory. It is an illuminated commentary on Zech. vi. 13: "He shall sit and rule upon his throne, and he shall be a priest upon his throne;" a Priest to offer sacrifice for our guilt—a King to rescue us from our enemies, and subdue us to himself; a Priest to expiate our sins—a King to extirpate them; a Priest to take away the guilt of sin—a King to break its power; a Priest to pardon—a King to purify; a Priest to give a title to heaven—a King to create fitness for it. As a Priest he makes it possible for God to pardon us—as a King he makes us willing to receive that pardon; as a Priest he restores us to the Divine favour—as a King he communicates to us the Divine image; the majesty of the King tempered by the mercy of the Priest, is the light he lives in: and the Book of Revelation is the holy window through which we see these things—the contents and the inmates of the upper sanctuary. It is not less necessary that we should see Christ a King than Christ a Sufferer. I cannot but add, also, that this book contains the history of the doings of Christ in all places; of his presence also, and evidence of that presence everywhere. It is a reflection of the panorama of seven thousand years, on the concave of the sky, and the revelation of its connection with Christ. It shows him to be in the history of nations, the change of dynasties, the eclipse of kingdoms, the wreck of empires—restraining, overruling, directing, sanctifying. Josephus becomes unconsciously the chronicler of his presence in the fall of Jerusalem; and Gibbon, in spite of himself, the faithful witness of his interposition in the decline of the Roman empire. Wheresoever the ploughshare of Vespasian tore, or the cimeter of the Moslem mowed, or the foot of the Goth trod down,—wheresoever the persecutor drove the Christian, from Pella to the Cottian Alps,—wheresoever the wild beasts devoured or the flame consumed,—wheresoever the crescent waxed or the cross waned,—where Trent thundered its anathemas and Luther echoed his protests,—in the Sicilian vespers—at the massacre of Bartholomew—on the pavements of Smithfield—in the French Revolution—on the field of Waterloo—in all facts—in all occurrences—Christ was and is; and this sublime book is the evidence that it is so.

"Unto him that loved us," is the ascription written in my text. Who can this be, who to John was so plainly familiar, and yet so great and so glorious that he omits even his name, as if no one could mistake him, as if every reader must instantly apprehend him? No angel in heaven, nor ancient patriarch, no apostle nor king can this be. None of these had love to dare, nor strength to do what is here ascribed to "him." He must have been man, for he had blood to shed; he must have been a man of sorrows, for he shed that blood. This Christ was,—man in all that the word comprehends, in its infirmities, and tears, and trials, and sorrows. Sin he had not, for it is no part of humanity—it is its disease, its corruption, and from this he was infinitely distant. He was man, but holy man; a suffering, but from first to last a sinless man; but he must also have been God. The fact that he laid down his life voluntarily implies this. No creature has his life at his own disposal: a creature giving up his life unbidden would be a suicide. Besides, were Christ not God, what he has done would go far to make every creature worship him as God; for he that redeems, and pardons, and saves me, and at such an expenditure as that of Calvary, must gather to himself my adoration, my trust, my love. I cannot but worship him who saves me from eternal perdition, and lifts me to eternal joy. If Christ be not God, the foresight of this tendency would have filled the apostolic epistles with warnings against the idolatry which would have inevitably and justly become all but the universal worship of Christians. But he is God as truly as man; worship and confidence are his due, just as much as they are our sacred duty.

"He loved us," and this antecedently to our loving him; his love to us originated our love to him, as the sound creates its echo. How great, how sovereign that love which lighted upon us, in whom there was nothing to attract, deserve, or retain it; but, on the contrary, much to provoke, weary, and repel it! He loved us, in spite of what we were, not because of what we were; not on account of excellencies in us, but to create excellencies that were not in us. Man loves, because he sees something in the loved to attract his affections—God loves, in order to create in the loved something to retain his love. It is this that makes



our conscious debt to grace exceed all computation, and defy all repayment. We may conceive the intensity of this love by numbering, and estimating, if we can, the difficulties through which it had to wade. He had to save sinners, not in spite of the law, but according to the law, to show God's law righteous while it condemns, and righteous still while it acquits; God true while he stands by his testimony, "the soul that sins shall die;" and no less true while he makes real his declaration, "he that believeth in the Son of God hath everlasting life;"—God just while he justifies the ungodly, and holy while he takes sinners to his bosom. These are some of the seeming impossibilities that love had to do—the innumerable contrarieties it had to reconcile—the infinite obstructions through which it had to work its way, to reach us. The height from which it came is the throne of Deity; the depth to which it descends is the ruin from which it plucks us; its breadth is the earth which it circles as with a zone, and its length from first to last is Eternity.

"He washed us from our sins in his own blood." This is the scriptural phrase employed to denote his atoning expiatory sufferings. Nothing else but the life of the Son of God expended on the cross could insure the forgiveness of the least and fewest of these sins of ours. No other element had virtue. No voice from height or depth in the universe could say, with authority, to the least transgressor, "thy sins be forgiven thee." No fasting, mortification, or penance, or absolution of the priest, or indulgence of pope or jubilee, ever approached the inner seat of the soul's disquiet; none of these rise high enough to reach God, or descend low enough to reach us. The accusations of conscience in the midst of all these "refuges of lies," outnumber its excuses, and the law of God, in spite of these and thousands more, will fulminate and make felt its lightnings. Nor does sin ever exhaust its penalties, and thus render forgiveness unnecessary, and the shedding of that blood uncalled for. A convict banished for a definite period, exhausts his sentence, and thus becomes free; but were that convict to commit, in the course of his exile, a new crime, a new sentence would fasten on him, and add to the years of his banishment; we sin while we suffer, we add to our punishment by adding to our guilt, and thus, by the very nature and

necessity of the case, sin is an eternal evil—never working out its cure, but ever its perpetuity; it is a self-generating evil—eternity does not exhaust it, it adds to it. An atonement was essential to our restoration; without shedding of blood there could be no remission of sins—and what an atonement! it has touched the deep spot of anger in the bosom of God, and, descending along its dark line to its utmost havoc and curse, it has rescued, reconciled, restored us. Christ pardons us while we sin, and draws us off while he pardons alike from the love and practice of sin.

It was *his own* blood that made this atonement, and it alone. No other element mingled with it, nothing could heighten its value—it needed nothing. He trod the wine-press alone. He suffered alone, and his suffering was sufficient. He obeyed alone, and his obedience was all that was required. His is all the merit of the process, and therefore all the glory of the result. He paid all we owed to God, and purchased more than God owed to us. He began it in the manger, and finished it upon the cross. He humbled himself to merit, and he is exalted to bestow salvation. What depth of dye must there be in sin! what intensity of evil in that terrible monosyllable! what concentrated poison, seeing no less illustrious a victim, no less costly a price was required for its expiation, and no less precious a thing than the blood of Christ could wash it away. Tremble at sin. Plague, pestilence, and famine are nothing to sin. These scathe the body, it blasts the soul. These have but a temporary effect, while sin creates an eternal wo. But through Christ I am washed from my sins by that precious blood, alike from their curse, their condemnation, and all their penal consequences. The law remains in all its force, its sacredness, and its stability, and yet it has no hold of me. All my guilt is put away, all my demerits are cancelled, and from no spot in the wide universe can a sentence of condemnation come upon me, or the thunder of a violated law smite me. But I see in the atonement of Jesus not merely a channel for the efflux of the love and forgiving mercy of God, but a standing proof of that love, its measure, its exponent, and representative. It not only shows me that God *can* forgive me consistently with all his attributes, but also that he *delights* to do so. Hence what

this sacrifice expresses, is as precious as what it does. It is evidence to me that my salvation is not a mere provision for a bare escape from punishment, but the proof of the existence of a love in God my Father that longs to embrace me. It meets precisely what I need—it supplies what I long and thirst to know. I require to know, in order to have peace, not only that God shall not punish me, but that he will love me—not only freedom from the curse, but friendship with God. I cannot be happy with mere safety. I require reconciliation. I cannot consent to enter heaven, and spend its cycles as a pardoned convict, tolerated, spared, but no more—I long, I pant to be there, an adopted son. I feel that God must not only let me go, but take me back, ere I can be happy. I must be placed, not merely beyond the penalties of the law, but beneath the love of God. I require to be raised higher than pardon, justification, and sanctification; I must not only pass the tribunal of the legislator; I cannot rest till I repose in the bosom, or rest amid the sunshine of the reconciled countenance of my Father. I see all this embodied, expressed, and secured in the atonement of Jesus. It is not only the way to heaven, but the measure and the pledge of the welcome that awaits me there. It is thus I hear richer music in the words, “It is finished,” than I ever heard before. Now can I say and sing with an emphasis I never felt before, “Unto him that loved me, and washed me from my sins in his own blood; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever.”

But safety from the curse and reinstatement in the love of God does not exhaust the destiny that awaits the children of God. He that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, makes us kings and priests unto God. It is not enough to save us—to love us. He will also dignify us. The safety of the pardoned, the joy of the restored, the adoption of sons, are heightened by the superadded dignity of kings and the sacredness of priests. The crown of beauty and of empire we lost in Adam, is restored in Christ. “Ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood.” Paradise regained, includes man’s sovereignty restored. How precious that sacrifice, which not only saves from destruction, and restores to love, but lifts also to a dignity beside which all earthly

royalty is but a gleam on the troubled waters of earth ! We are kings, hid it may be, but true and real.

We are also made priests. "Ye are a royal priesthood." If priests, we must have sacrifices : what are these ? "To do good, and to communicate, forget not ; with such sacrifices God is well pleased." "I beseech you, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." Our altar is no perishable one ; "we have an altar of which they have no right to eat, which serve the tabernacle." "By HIM let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually." Thus Christ is the eternal altar that sanctifies all that is laid on it, the widow's mite, the royal dowry, and the angel's anthem. Man shall once more be replaced in his pristine position, as the priest of the world,—the eye of the earth, to see above it that innumerable host in the overshadowing sky, the sentinels and outposts of which only we now catch a glimpse of, and God throned in the midst of them ; the ear of earth, to hear the voice of God,—the mind of the earth, to know God,—the heart of the earth, to love him ; and all this that he may be the priest of the earth, to devote, in ceaseless offering, all its treasures to him whose will called them into being, and, like the priests of Levi, to have no portion save God, the portion that includes all besides. To him who thus loved us, we give all the "glory."

Ours is the enjoyment of the blessing. His is the glory ; this is the light of heaven, this the language of the redeemed, the key-note of their songs, the expression of their inmost hearts. Not one voice in that innumerable multitude will be lifted up in praise of itself ; were there such a voice, it would be intolerable discord. All the inhabitants of heaven feel that they can never overpraise "Him who loved them, and washed them from their sins in his own blood." There are no Socinians in heaven, for all there adore and worship the Lamb. Nor are there any Romanists there, for the undivided glory is given to him who sits upon the throne ; all tribes, and nations, and people, and tongues are there, but in virtue of the sacrifice of Jesus ; circumstantially different as tongue and tribe can make them, essentially one, as the blood of Christ alone can constitute them.

Dwellers on the Mississippi and Missouri, and in the backwoods of Canada, and the prairies of the West, are there. Millions from the Andes, and the isles of the Pacific, from the mountains of Thibet, and the cities of China, from every jungle of India, and from every pagoda of Hindostan, the untutored Arab, and the uncultivated Druse, and the "tribes of the weary foot," the children of Salem are there, and Abraham, and Job, and Isaiah, and John and Peter, and Augustine, and Wickliffe, and Luther, are there also, and many we in our uncharitableness, or bigotry, or exclusiveness, or ignorance, excluded from heaven, will be there also; and our sires, and sons, and babes, and parents will be there, completed circles, never again to be broken; and their united voices will give utterance to their deep and enduring gratitude: "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God, even the Father, to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever, Amen."

Dear brethren, do not say the Book of Revelation is not the gospel.

John and those associated with him show their sense of the obligations and mercies of which they are the happy recipients, by ascribing unto the Fountain of them all "the glory and the dominion for ever." We thus show our gratitude on earth by ascribing audibly to our Eternal Benefactor the glory of all. We cannot be silent even in this world, as the children of such and so countless benefits. We will not consent to wrap our blessings in a napkin, or bury them in oblivion. We are not so unaffected by them that we can easily forget them, nor so ashamed to acknowledge them that we shall refuse audibly to proclaim them. While we never forget on earth the sins by which we have dishonoured God, we can never forget the rich grace in the exercise of which he has most graciously forgiven them. The recollection of the former will keep us truly humble, and the recollection of the latter will preserve us eminently thankful. It is related, that when the Greeks heard that the Macedonian invader was overthrown, a whole nation raised to the skies so loud a shout, σωτηρ, σωτηρ; Saviour! Saviour! that birds upon the wing dropped down. Fable should become fact in our case. They

felt such overpowering gratitude at a temporal deliverance : what gratitude ought we to feel, what songs ought we to raise in order to express our obligations to him that “loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood !”

Of this we may be assured, that unrecognised blessings are always unprofitable ones. What is nothing in our eyes exercises no sanctifying influence on our hearts : slighted mercies provoke the sharpest judgments. God will no more endure his kindness to be slighted than his holiness to be trodden under foot, and hence he will not be a long or a quiet possessor of blessings, if it be possible to be such a possessor, who does not acknowledge them. But it never can be the characteristic of a Christian to be loud in asking, and dumb in acknowledging ; to recognise God when we are in want, and to forget God when we are full—to be Christians when prayer is our duty and privilege, and atheists when praise becomes us. The gospel unveiled in the Apocalypse teaches us far different things. Saints on earth and saints in glory audibly express the gratitude they deeply feel, in ceaseless songs : “Unto him that loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father, to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever, Amen.” John had so impressive a recollection of mercies, that he reverses the usual order, and begins, as embodied in the text, with praise and ends with prayer, as in chap. xxii. 20, “Even so come, Lord Jesus.”

Brethren, it is one thing to learn that the gospel is contained in the Apocalypse ; it is quite another to feel its transforming power in the depths and recesses of our own souls : we may pass to the very outermost darkness of hell, versed in all the visions of the seer of Patmos,—we may perish from the midst of Apocalyptic studies. The only thing that can save us, is the application of atoning blood to our hearts and consciences ; and the only evidence of its realization is found in the peace, and purity, and joy, and hope, which grow and bloom in that heart which the blood of the Lamb has sprinkled, and the Spirit of the Lamb has taken possession of. I cannot for one moment conceal from you, that there is no room for you to entertain questions in prophecy till you have first opened your heart to the personal reception of him

who is the only Saviour. Yet some repudiate the name and gospel of Christ, and live as if Calvary and Gethsemane, and judgment and eternity, were dreams and phantoms, and not the most solemn realities that history records, or the universe unbosoms. "There is none other name given among men whereby we can be saved." "No man cometh to the Father but by me." "Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish." Some neglect the gospel: they admit it is true in words; they deny it in their life and practice. This is emphatically criminal. It is worse than rejecting—it is insult added to infidelity: it virtually says, "That which engaged the wisdom and expressed the mercy of God—that which necessitated the atonement and all its awful accompaniments is not worth our attention." "How shall we escape if we neglect so great a salvation!"

Some abuse the gospel. Because grace abounds they think sin may abound also: this is grievous perversion. Some obscure the gospel; they mingle with the truth the traditions of men: this is very sinful, and very mischievous. It is brightest in its own original lustre,—it needs no ornament from without. But others embrace, admire, and love it,—celebrate the love they respond to, and spread according to their means, among others, the blessings they have tasted themselves. Every Christian becomes a missionary. It is, indeed, utterly impossible that any can taste the blessings of the gospel of Christ, and fail to make efforts corresponding to his means, to circulate the tidings which have sounded so musical to his ear. He feels that he has the unction of the saint only that he may enter on the duties of the servant. The moment he ceases to be a steward for others, that moment he ceases to act like a son of God. Grace, like the human heart, ceases to live the instant it ceases to circulate. It is, in its essence, diffusive,—it has no sympathy with selfish monopoly,—it glories in self-sacrifice,—it grows by giving,—like the widow's cruse of oil and barrel of meal, it increases ever as it is expended: till none become so rich in grace as they who have spread around them, with the most unsparing liberality, its glorious treasures. The labours of the living, and of those who have preceded us to immortality and glory, will not be lost: the seed they sowed, and watered with their tears, cannot die. Tokens of these ultimate

triumphs are already looming into view. In many a land the altars of paganism are crumbling to ruins, and the shrines of Popery parting with their remaining meretricious splendours. The cloisters of the priest, and the alhambra of the Moslem, will soon hear the voice of the Son of God. Christianity is on her colossal march. Her sentinels are awakened by the first rays of the approaching sun. The song that has been sung by the few by the rivers of Babylon will, ere long, be sung by a mighty multitude whom no man can number: "Unto him that loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us priests and kings unto God and his Father, unto him be glory and dominion, for ever and ever. Amen."

Brethren, do not say the Apocalypse is not the gospel. The name of Christ lies under every symbol, and the blood of the everlasting covenant gives its colouring to every truth. It may happen that where the gospel, as uttered from the lips of the Man of sorrows in the streets of Jerusalem, has not been productive of its just effect, the same gospel sounding forth from the Lord of glory, wearing many crowns, and seated on the throne of the universe, may create deep, saving, and indelible impressions. We thus pray. We patiently wait.



## LECTURE III.

## THE OPENING OF THE SEVEN SEALS.

"After this I looked, and, behold, a door was opened in heaven: and the first voice which I heard was as it were of a trumpet talking with me; which said, Come up hither, and I will show thee things which must be hereafter.

"And immediately I was in the spirit: and, behold, a throne was set in heaven, and one sat on the throne.

"And he that sat was to look upon like a jasper and a sardine stone: and there was a rainbow round about the throne, in sight like unto an emerald.

"And round about the throne were four and twenty seats: and upon the seats I saw four and twenty elders sitting, clothed in white raiment; and they had on their heads crowns of gold.

"And out of the throne proceeded lightnings and thunderings and voices; and there were seven lamps of fire burning before the throne, which are the seven Spirits of God.

"And before the throne there was a sea of glass like unto crystal: and in the midst of the throne, and round about the throne, were four beasts full of eyes before and behind.

"And the first beast was like a lion, and the second beast like a calf, and the third beast had a face as a man, and the fourth beast was like a flying eagle.

"And the four beasts had each of them six wings about him; and they were full of eyes within: and they rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come.

"And when those beasts give glory and honour and thanks to him that sat on the throne, who liveth for ever and ever,

"The four and twenty elders fall down before him that sat on the throne, and worship him that liveth for ever and ever, and cast their crowns before the throne, saying,

"Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honour and power: for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created."—*Revelation* iv.

JOHN sees "a door" in the walls of heaven, and through that door he beholds, and in this chapter describes, its interior glory. He witnesses there in that vast panorama the dawning scenes of centuries to come, each century sweeping past in solemn procession. First, however, he unveils the heavenly state just as he sees it. Foremost in the scene he beholds the Son of God arrayed and radiant with his evangelical glory; the sardine or co-

lour of flesh indicating his humanity as the visible shrine of Deity, and the rainbow,—that thing woven out of sunbeams and raindrops,—smiles and tears, he recognises as the emblem of a covenant in all things ordered and sure; the predominating green, the colour that prevails in creation, because softest and most suitable to the eye, indicates the softening influence of the humanity of Jesus on the rays of the otherwise inapproachable glory that shone through it. This in fact is the character of heaven. The crown of Jesus is visible in the subduing light of his cross—his very throne of glory lies in the light of Calvary, and Paradise regained wears still in heaven the aspect of Gethsemane. Four living creatures, (*ζωα*,) improperly translated “beasts,” (which last is the proper rendering of *θηρία*, a word that occurs in subsequent parts of this book,) and four and twenty elders are revealed to John in the celestial scene.

The four living creatures, it is probable, refer to the Jewish church, and are meant to personate it, as seems to be indicated by their respective Jewish characteristics. The twelve tribes were arranged, in their marching, into four divisions, and each division had its appropriate symbol. Judah and his two tribes had the symbol of a lion; Reuben and his two, that of a man; Ephraim and his two, that of a bull; Dan and his two, that of an eagle. The four and twenty elders very probably represent the Gentile church, being in no respect signalized by Levitical symbols. At all events the two parties, the living creatures and the elders, are of the Redeemed church, and not angelic beings, as is obvious from their anthem, chap. v. 8, 9—“And when he had taken the book the four living creatures and four and twenty elders fell down before the Lamb, having every one of them harps and golden vials full of odours, which are the prayers of saints,” or holy ones, *i. e.* of themselves; “and they sung a new song, saying, Thou art worthy to take the book and to open the seals thereof, for thou wast slain, *and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood*, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation; and hast made us unto our God kings and priests: and we shall reign on the earth.” These worshipping ones, evidently a company of redeemed gathered from the church below, are also represented as casting their crowns before the throne. This is

evidence, by an expressive action, of their conscious obligation to Him that loved them. They see on each crown the image of the Lamb and the superscription of his name, and each gem seems to them radiant with his lustre, and this fact gives emphasis to every feeling and eloquence to every song. The sins of the lost will never be over-punished, and the mercies of the saved will never be over-acknowledged. The former will never cease to blame themselves. The latter will never cease to praise the Lord. The "seven Spirits" referred to in verse 5, and likened to seven lamps of fire, are apocalyptic representations of the Holy Spirit of God. The number seven is employed in Scripture as the numerical representative of perfection. Thus, the seven churches represent the one universal visible church; and in the use of this number there seems to be a usage borne out by corresponding analogies in the material world. All know that seven colours are the component elements of pure light; and seven notes is the range of the musical scale; and thus the sacred symbol may be laid in the nature of things.\*

It may here too be proper to answer the question, why symbols are employed, when abstract and naked ideas might have been set forth. Symbols are the most permanent exponents of thought, as well as universally intelligible, because the great facts and leading phenomena of creation are the same in all countries and in all ages, and convey at the same time most vividly, as well as most intelligibly, universally, and permanently, the truths of which they are the vehicles; but, in fact, there was a necessity, as far as we can see, for the use of symbols in the divine book that describes the future. If utterly unintelligible, they would have been useless either as prefigurations of truth or evidences by comparison of its fulfilment, and if too obvious, they would have interfered with the responsibility of man and the freedom of the movements of the world. They are perfect, just as the Holy Spirit has given them.

The inspired seer then gives his vision of the book with seven

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\* The seven Spirits are quoted by Romanists in defence of angel worship. But Augustine, in his exposition of Psalm cl., and Gregory Nazianzen, in his forty-first Oration, and Ambrose, on Luke, Book IX., all apply the passage to the Holy Ghost or Septiform Spirit.

seals, in chap. v. 1-7. "And I saw in the right hand of him that sat on the throne a book written within and on the backside, sealed with seven seals. And I saw a strong angel proclaiming with a loud voice, Who is worthy to open the book, and to loose the seals thereof? And no man in heaven nor in earth, neither under the earth, was able to open the book, neither to look thereon. And I wept much, because no man was found worthy to open and to read the book, neither to look thereon. And one of the elders saith unto me, Weep not: behold, the Lion of the tribe of Juda, the Root of David, hath prevailed to open the book, and to loose the seven seals thereof. And I beheld, and, lo, in the midst of the throne and of the four beasts, and in the midst of the elders, stood a Lamb as it had been slain, having seven horns and seven eyes, which are the seven Spirits of God sent forth into all the earth. And he came and took the book out of the right hand of him that sat upon the throne."

This chapter opens with an account of the mysterious book, which contained things to come, that is, things subsequent to the date of the apocalyptic vision. The explanation of its being written "within" and "without" is ascertained by a reference to the structure of the ancient book or volume. It was a skin of parchment, with a roller at each end. The reader having read the writing on the skin in the part between the two rollers, unwound a portion from the left-hand roller, and after reading it, wound it on the right, and when the whole of one side had thus been perused in successive portions, he turned toward himself the opposite ends of the rollers, and wound and unwound as before, till all the manuscript on the other side had been likewise read. The book seen by the seer and thus constructed, had seven seals attached to it—seals, that serve to indicate that they were secret, and also seals, to indicate that they were to be broken or opened. Each seal was the compendium of a distinct prophecy of events and circumstances to evolve. Various theories have been given by way of explanation; the most celebrated are those of Cunningham of Lainshaw, and Elliott. The first six seals contain the history of the temporal glory and decline of Rome Pagan, the most illustrious empire of the ancient earth. This is my strong, and I think demonstrable conviction. The first six trum-

pets, which are comprehended in the seventh seal, contain the desolation of Rome Christian by the Goths, the Saracens, and the Turks. The first six vials, which are comprehended in the seventh trumpet, embody the events that occurred subsequent to the breaking forth of the great European revolution in 1793. Thus the twenty-one apocalyptic symbols, the seven seals, the seven trumpets, and the seven vials, represent in succession the progress of the church along the obstructions of time, her vicissitudes of experience, her trials, her cruel mockings, her perils, and her final triumph and permanent prosperity, contemporaneously with overwhelming judgments on the nations, and on the apostasy. John says, verse 4, "I wept much, because no man was found worthy to open and to read the book." The sacred seer thus showed an earnest and anxious desire to understand unfulfilled prophecy, and thereby to learn things that were to come. Such desire was not sinful, nay, within the proper limits, it was as dutiful as it was blessed. If no symbol had been exhibited significant of events to come, he would have had no right to inquire, "for secret things belong unto the Lord." But as a symbol was shown him, it was the instinct of nature and the evidence of grace to seek reverently and humbly after its significance, for "things revealed belong to us and to our children;" but we are not left to conjecture on the nature of this curiosity, for one of the elders showed it was lawful when he said unto him, "Weep not, the Lion of the tribe of Juda, the Root of David, hath prevailed to open the book, and to loose the seven seals thereof;" and on John looking up, he saw "in the midst of the throne a Lamb as it had been slain, having seven horns and seven eyes, which are the seven Spirits of God sent forth into all the earth. And he came and took the book out of the right hand of him that sat upon the throne." Thus, Jesus of Nazareth, the Saviour of sinners, in the exercise of his prophetic office, represented by seven eyes, the great symbol of omniscience, and by the seven horns, the symbol of omnipotent power, and in virtue of his perfect atonement and its perpetual efficacy as "the Lamb slain," broke the seals, and opened the book, and unvailed for us its wonderful contents. He is now as ever the Lion of the tribe of Judah, that is, strength and royalty, power and jurisdiction

combined. He is now also as ever the root of all being, the fountain of all life. He is seated on the throne: but even the lustre of that throne cannot conceal the lowliness and loveliness of the most interesting spectacle in glory, the Lamb slain. The word *ἐσφαγμένον*, here rendered "as it had been slain," means literally killed in sacrifice, and as if just newly so killed, and conveys beyond the power of English to express the continual freshness and applicability of the atoning and expiatory efficacy of the blood of Christ, and teaches us the precious truth, that there is the same virtue in the atonement this very moment as there was when that atonement was first made. Years do not waste its virtue, and the successive millions that have drawn from it do not exhaust its fulness. When the Lamb had thus taken the book, and stood ready to open it, the four living creatures and the four and twenty elders, being designed to represent the first-fruits and precursors of the redeemed in glory, sang a new song with harps, and golden vials full of incense, which are the prayers of, literally, the holy ones, that is, themselves; and they sang a new song, (v. 9,) saying, "Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof, for Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood out of every kindred and tongue and people and nation." And the angels also took up the flying strains and, according to their experience and nature, sang, ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands being their number, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing; and every creature in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, added, Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, even unto the Lamb for ever and ever." There was displayed on this august occasion, on Christ's part, a new manifestation of his character, a new evolution of his glory; and they that beheld it, in order to express the all but inexpressible feeling stirred within them by that new and glorious apocalypse, sang a new song—its theme, atoning blood—its key-note, redeeming love—its harmony, the sustained and blended voices of adoring spirits—and the choir that sang it, the redeemed tenantry of heaven and earth, the angels of the sky, and the grateful inmates.

of the ocean and the air. Thus it is now, and thus it will be for ever. The songs of psalmists praise him—the harps of prophets praise him—the records of evangelists and the eloquence of apostles praise him—the seals, the trumpets, and the vials praise him—the glorious company of the apostles praise him—the goodly fellowship of the prophets praise him—the noble army of martyrs praise him—the past, the present, and the future praise him—all things bear the impress of his love—exhibit the evidence and the influence of his wisdom and the inspiration of his power, and become the organs of the ceaseless manifestation of his glory.

Chap. vi. begins with the opening of the first seal, “And I saw when the Lamb opened one of the seals, and I heard, as it were the noise of thunder, one of the four living creatures, saying, Come and see. And I saw, and behold a white horse; and he that sat on him had a bow; and a crown was given unto him, and he went forth conquering and to conquer.” The first four seals have one great characteristic in common, viz. the symbol of a horse. It is the basis of each. This must indicate something which they share in common. Is there any clue to the solution of this symbol suggested by its historical, or national, or local import? There is. Almost every nation has some emblem as its national exponent and characteristic. Thus the thistle is the symbol of Scotland; the rose, of England; and the shamrock, of Ireland. These are the national hieroglyphs. Were any one to write an apocalyptic history of Ireland, for instance, during the last twelvemonths, he would probably write, that the shamrock lost much of its verdure, and ultimately withered and died in the autumn of 1846, but that it recovered all its pristine beauty in the course of 1847; and no one acquainted with the literal historical facts would be likely to mistake the meaning of such an allusion. Now the horse was strictly a national emblem of Rome, as the thistle is of Scotland, the rose of England, or the lily of France, or the shamrock of Ireland. Medals are still in existence with alto-relievo figures of the horse, and the word ROMA inscribed below. The Romans also called themselves *Gens Mavortia*, that is, the people of Mars; and the horse, in

their mythology, was sacred to Mars.\* Thus, therefore, there can be little doubt, that the four first seals refer to and represent the Roman empire in its pagan state. The *colours* of the horses point out successive stages of prosperity, suffering, conquest, or decay—the *riders* on the horses represent the agents employed to bring about its various phases or conditions—and the *crown*, the *bow*, and the *balance* represent the class, or family, or nation, to which these agents respectively belonged. By adhering to these very natural explanations, we shall be able to open up much that would be otherwise enigmatical, if not impenetrable, and to show consistency where all would be confusion.

The colour of the first horse—viz. white—indicates a state of prosperity, victory, and expansion, as the characteristic of the Roman empire during the period comprehended in this seal. White is the common symbol of prosperity; and in triumphal processions the Roman horses were covered with white. The meaning of this symbol is therefore plain, and its application obvious. Now, was there any period beginning at the date of this vision, signalized by such marked prosperity as is here symbolically set forth? There was. During the reigns of Nerva, Trajan, Adrian, and the two Antonines, a period commencing A. D. 97, and closing A. D. 180, the Roman empire experienced a condition of almost unclouded national prosperity: Trajan's victories were so numerous and splendid that he was called the Roman Alexander; and Trajan's column stands to this day, a retrospective monument of the splendour of his reign. Gibbon, in this, as in most other instances, unconsciously and undesignedly furnishes in his history evidence of the truth of prophecy. "The empire," he says, "was governed by wisdom and virtue, unstained by civil blood, undisturbed by revolution. The period when the human race was most happy extended from the death of Domitian to the accession of Commodus." The crown upon the rider's head indicates that imperial agency was the source of this state of happiness; and that we are right in fixing the era indicated by this seal in the first and second centuries, is made still more clear by referring to the original

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\* Fuit equus Marti sacer propter usum belli, et quotannis ei Romæ immolabatur.—*Facciolati*.



Greek word here translated *crown*, στέφανος, (stephanos,) wreath, or laurel crown. The διαδῆγμα (diadema) was not worn till centuries afterward, and the allusion therefore to the laurel crown, and not to the diadem, is corroborative evidence of the correctness of the chronology, or periodal history, illustrative of this seal. In the rider's hand was a bow, a symbol which long perplexed apocalyptic commentators. Mr. Elliott alone seems to have reached the true solution of it, and on the same pervading principle on which he has so consistently prosecuted his researches, viz. that the symbols were always selected with a reference to the age, the country, or the manners and customs of the people. Crete was the chief ancient place that was celebrated for the manufacture of bows; so much so, that Cretan bows were as popular in Rome as Sheffield cutlery or Staffordshire earthen-wares are throughout Europe. One proof of the meaning of the bow employed as a symbol is found in a Greek epigram on a female, with an explanation which assigns her a magpie to denote her loquacity, a cup her drunkenness, and a bow to show that she was a Cretan by birth. As if to exhibit the perfect minuteness of the apocalyptic symbols, and still more to confirm the justice of our reference of this seal to the period we have fixed, we are informed in history, that on Nerva's accession there was introduced a new dynasty to the imperial throne. Nerva\* was the first emperor of *Cretan family* and origin, and his immediate successors were Cretan also.

"And when he had opened the second seal, I heard the second beast say, Come and see. And there went out another horse that was red, and power was given to him that sat thereon to take peace from the earth, and that they should kill one another; and there was given unto him a great sword." (Ver. 3, 4.) In this seal, also, the Roman empire (the horse) is the subject of description. Red is the popular and all but universal symbol of bloodshed. The sword, when presented to any one within a circuit of a hundred miles of Rome, at the era referred to in this seal, was equivalent to his appointment or investiture to be pretorian prefect. This, therefore, would indicate that the agency employed under this seal was pretorian. "Killing one

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\* Quid enim Nerva Cretensi prudentior?—*Aurelius Vict.*

another" is the language of civil war. The peace taken from the earth has in the original the definite article, and this shows that the commission issued to the rider was to take away *the* peace that was created or prevailed during the first seal. Is there any thing recorded in history which exhausts and illustrates these symbols? We appeal to Gibbon. He shows that the bright and happy era which we have just referred to was succeeded by intestine and incessant civil wars. Dion Cassius calls it "a transition from a golden to an iron age." The pretorian guards, under their chief, murdered nine Roman emperors in succession; and during a period of sixty years, that is, from the close of the first seal, A. D. 180, to the close of the second seal, A. D. 240, they exercised exterminating cruelties, and created a Roman reign of terror. Gibbon writes, "Their licentious fury was the first symptom and cause of the decline of the Roman empire."

"And when he had opened the third seal, I heard the third beast say, Come and see. And I beheld, and lo a black horse, and he that sat on him had a pair of balances in his hand. And I heard a voice in the midst of the four beasts, saying, A measure of wheat for a penny, and three measures of barley for a penny, and see thou hurt not the oil and the wine." (Ver. 5, 6.) The Roman empire is again the subject of this scenic or chorographic description. "Black" is the all but universal emblem of mourning and distress. The language used implies a state of want, famine, and oppression. The caution, "hurt not the oil and wine," ought to be translated, "hurt not with regard to the oil and the wine," that is, be just in selling these commodities to the poor. Give them proper measure, the worth of their money; a caution that would naturally be urged during a state of national penury. The balance shows that the proconsuls, or provincial governors, were the agency employed on this occasion to bring about this state of destitution, "a balance" being a proconsular ensign, as is evident from the fact, that proconsular coins are still extant, having struck upon them a balance and an ear of corn. At the close of the events described in the preceding seal, Caracalla enforced, and the provincial governors carried into effect, the most grinding taxation, and plunged the empire in

widespread ruin. Formerly only one of the three commodities, wheat, oil, and wine, was exacted for the emperor and court. Now, all three were exacted—the national finance was exhausted—commerce was stagnant, and agricultural depression descended to its lowest point; and Gibbon refers to the edict of Caracalla as of peculiar importance in its effect on the decay and exhaustion of the empire.

“And when he had opened the fourth seal, I heard the voice of the fourth beast say, Come and see. And I looked, and behold a pale horse: and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell (or properly, Hades, or the Grave) followed with him. And power was given unto them over the fourth part of the earth, to kill with the sword, and with hunger, and with death, and with the beasts of the earth.” (Ver. 7, 8.) This seal almost explains itself. It represents Death riding rough-shod over the length and breadth of the empire, mowing down its population in successive thousands, and Hades, or the Grave, following at his heels, to receive the victims as they fell; and here again history casts its light upon prophecy, for it was during this seal, that is, from A. D. 248 to A. D. 268, that there occurred the most terrible contemporaneous combination of sword, famine, and pestilence that was ever visited on a guilty population. Gibbon thus describes it:—“The empire approached dissolution, every province was invaded by barbarous military tyrants. There was general famine—a dreadful plague, so that 4500 persons died each day at Rome.” And still further, to show the minute and scrupulous precision of the apocalyptic symbols, a heathen writer states that “the wild beasts invaded the cities, as the natural consequence of the decay of man.”

“And when he had opened the fifth seal, I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held: and they cried with a loud voice, saying, How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth? And white robes were given unto every one of them; and it was said unto them, that they should rest yet for a little season, until their fellow-servants also and their brethren, that should be killed as they were, should be fulfilled.” (Ver. 9–11.) This

seal comprehends, as its language plainly enough proves, the era beginning at the close of the third century, justly and universally called the Era of the Martyrs. The Christians were slaughtered in vast numbers—their blood was poured out like that of victims at the foot of the altar, and there, like Abel's, it sent its piercing cry to the heavens, saying, "How long?" The churches were overturned, the congregations scattered; their Bibles burned; the holiest and best "tortured, not accepting deliverance." The Jewish religion was tolerated at Rome, because it was designed for Jews only; the Egyptian religion was tolerated for an analogous reason: but the Christian was proscribed as *religio illicita*, and on the ground that Christians declared that their faith was not for a province, a country, or a continent, but for the wide world. It was the missionary character of the early Christians that provoked their murderers and precipitated their martyrdom. To the cry of these martyrs in their agony a response was given from on high. They received "white robes," the evidence of acquittal and justification before God; and they were told that they must rest until subsequent martyrs, the victims of anti-Christian, that is, Papal, persecution, the complement of the noble army, should be numbered with them, that both might thus rejoice together.

"And I beheld when he had opened the sixth seal, and, lo, there was a great earthquake; and the sun became black as sackcloth of hair, and the moon became as blood; and the stars of heaven fell unto the earth, even as a fig-tree casteth her untimely figs, when she is shaken of a mighty wind. And the heaven departed as a scroll when it is rolled together; and every mountain and island were moved out of their places. And the kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains, and the mighty men, and every bondman, and every freeman, hid themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains; and said to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb: for the great day of his wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand?" (Ver. 12-17.) This language unquestionably implies the occurrence of a vast revo-

lution on the scene of the events and facts represented by the previous seals. Strong as it is, it cannot describe the day of judgment; for the sequel, as well as the whole chronology of the Apocalypse, disproves this. Is, then, the strong language employed in it capable of application to any less momentous occurrence? We think it is. Certainly, similar language is applied in Scripture to less important events. Thus, Jeremiah, in chap. iv. 23, 24, describes Jerusalem under judgment:—"I beheld the earth, (viz. Judea,) and, lo, it was without form and void; and the heavens, and they had no light. I beheld the mountains, and, lo, they trembled, and all the hills moved lightly." (Ver. 28.) "For this shall the earth mourn, and the heavens above be black." (Ver. 29.) "They shall go into the thickets, and climb up upon the rocks." And in Hosea, (x. 8.) the following language is thus used to describe the judgments pronounced upon Israel:—"The thorn and the thistle shall come up on their altars; and they shall say to the mountains, Cover us; and to the hills, Fall on us." We may, in fact we must, therefore, apply the language of the sixth seal to some great revolution less conclusive than the final judgment. That revolution we believe to have been the final downfall of paganism, and the adoption of Christianity by the emperor Constantine, in the fourth century. Our chronology also confirms this application. We can scarcely conceive a transition more stupendous. The champions of paganism, Maximin, Galerius, and Dioclesian, were crushed. Its sun set, its stars were quenched, its firmament covered with blackness; and before the majestic progress of the Christian religion, lifted from the depths of depression to the very highest platform of imperial grandeur and national power, literally and truly, the opposing kings, and generals, and soldiers, and freemen, fled. Christianity reigned at that day without a rival. Whatever opinion may be formed of the national recognition of Christianity by Constantine; whether it be thought to have been wrong in principle, and injurious in its effects, or the reverse; (and this point has nothing to do with my present position;) it must be admitted, that his conversion to a faith which all his imperial predecessors proscribed and persecuted—the detested cross glittering on the helmets, en-

graven on the shields, interwoven on the banners, and placed on the top of the Labarum of the empire—was a revolution, at least not unworthy of the vivid and expressive language applied to this seal by the Apocalyptic seer. These seem to me rational, consistent, and historical illustrations of the symbols referred to. I have read nothing at all tending to disprove my interpretations.

But I cannot let you depart this evening without exhibiting what is suggested by the subject—a distinguishing doctrine of the gospel of Jesus. John saw, it is said, what the blood of the everlasting covenant alone had created—"a door in heaven." What door was this?

Not, surely, our primeval innocence; for "all have sinned;" "there is none righteous, no not one." Not our sufferings; for, in tears, in trials, in martyrdom, in death, there is no atoning virtue. Not our own deeds; for by deeds of law, however excellent and self-sacrificing in themselves, no flesh can be saved. Not baptism; it admits to the visible, not to the spiritual church.

Christ alone is that door. "I am the door." "I am the way." "No man cometh unto the Father but by me." He is "a new and living way." He satisfied the exactions of law, bare all the penalties of sin, and removed from between me and my reconciled God every interposing obstruction, and bears me upward to his presence. It is through Him that we can see or anticipate any thing in the future.

By that door, thus revealed in every page of Christianity, there is the only egress for the love of God. The atonement is not the creation of a love that was not, but purely an egress for a love that was and is—for mercy to forgive, grace to help, and peace to keep us. That door, too, is ingress for us, as well as egress for God. By it, our prayers, our praises, and our souls may rise and enter into the upper sanctuary, and hold communion with Deity. We enter now by faith; we shall enter by-and-by in fact. They who have already entered have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. They now stand before the throne, and serve him day and night; they see the Lamb in the midst of the throne; they celebrate his

praise perpetually, and dwell in that glorious land, to delineate the features of which, the seer, in chap. xxi., exhausts all poetry and borrows all imagery, and, after all, helps us to see it only through a glass, darkly.

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It is wide enough for all. You need not try to make room for yourselves by pushing aside your nearest neighbour. None are excluded who do not exclude themselves. None fail who really try. "Strive to enter in," for one day it will be shut to you for ever. Sometimes God shuts it to some even on earth, as when He says, "He is joined to idols; let him alone." "My Spirit will not strive with him any more."

To all who have not entered by this door in life, it is shut at death for ever. (Matt. xxv. 11-13.) "Afterward came also the other virgins, saying, Lord, Lord, open unto us. But he answered and said, Verily, I say unto you, I know you not. Watch, therefore." And, (Luke xiii. 24,) "Strive to enter in at the strait gate: for many, I say unto you, will strive to enter in, and shall not be able. When once the Master of the house is risen up, and hath shut to the door, and ye begin to stand without, and to knock at the door, saying, Lord! Lord! open unto us; and he shall answer and say unto you, I know you not, whence ye are."

Have you entered in? Have you crossed that threshold which separates the sons of God from the children of time? Do not postpone this momentous question. Heaven and hell are suspended on the answer. On this side are "the mount that might be touched, and that burned with fire, and blackness, and darkness, and tempest, and the sound of a trumpet, and the voice of words;" scenes so awful that the meek Moses could not endure them. But on the other side, to which I invite you, are "Mount Zion and the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and an innumerable company of angels, and the general assembly and church of the first-born which are written in heaven, and God the Judge of all, and the spirits of just men made perfect,

and Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant, and the blood of sprinkling that speaketh better things than the blood of Abel. See that ye refuse not Him that speaketh." Cross the boundary. Do not hesitate. All heaven welcomes you. Neither earth nor hell can hold back the willing soul.



## LECTURE IV.

## GOD'S SEALED ONES.

"And after these things I saw four angels standing on the four corners of the earth, holding the four winds of the earth, that the wind should not blow on the earth, nor on the sea, nor on any tree.

"And I saw another angel ascending from the east, having the seal of the living God; and he cried with a loud voice to the four angels, to whom it was given to hurt the earth and the sea,

"Saying, Hurt not the earth, neither the sea, nor the trees, till we have sealed the servants of our God in their foreheads.

"And I heard the number of them which were sealed: and there were sealed an hundred and forty and four thousand of all the tribes of the children of Israel.

"Of the tribe of Judah were sealed twelve thousand. Of the tribe of Reuben were sealed twelve thousand. Of the tribe of Gad were sealed twelve thousand.

"Of the tribe of Aser were sealed twelve thousand. Of the tribe of Nephthalim were sealed twelve thousand. Of the tribe of Manasses were sealed twelve thousand.

"Of the tribe of Simeon were sealed twelve thousand. Of the tribe of Levi were sealed twelve thousand. Of the tribe of Issachar were sealed twelve thousand.

"Of the tribe of Zabulon were sealed twelve thousand. Of the tribe of Joseph were sealed twelve thousand. Of the tribe of Benjamin were sealed twelve thousand.

"After this I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands;

"And cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb.

"And all the angels stood round about the throne, and about the elders and the four beasts, and fell before the throne on their faces, and worshipped God,

"Saying, Amen: Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen.

"And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they?

"And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

"Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night, in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.

"They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.

"For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."—*Revelation vii.*

It would appear that soon after the temporary peace that followed the powerful patronage of the truth by Constantine, and even during the sunshine of that unexampled patronage, new and electric clouds were gathering on the horizon of the Roman world, and preparing to explode and devastate the Roman earth. The prey was there, and the eagles were hovering near it. Corruption was in the heart, and iniquity stained the hands of the nation, and therefore the denounced and corresponding judgments were converging upon it. And accordingly the vision discloses to us four angels commissioned to restrain the impending storm, or keep back the menaced and deserved judgments, till another angel, according to his mission, seals the servants of the living God—that is, sets them apart, as chosen and precious, and preserves them from the desolations that were about to descend on the unsealed, because guilty ones. Now, in the order of the chronology which we have pursued in our discussion of the meaning of the seals, and in ascertaining what takes place immediately after the opening of the sixth, is there any record of any judgment threatened about this time, and seen to be ready to light upon the empire, and scourge its guilty inhabitants? Again, we refer to Gibbon, who says, "The threatening tempest of barbarians which so soon subverted the foundations of Roman greatness, was still repelled or suspended on the frontiers." This is the language that just translates the apocalyptic symbol. Now, these judgments, restrained by the angels, or, as interpreted by Gibbon, "suspended on the frontiers," are embodied and let loose in the symbols called the trumpets, which we will explain in our next. But the preliminary question naturally suggests itself, What were the sins or demerits of the church, now so prosperous, or of the empire, now so dutiful, to all appearance, which provoked so unsparing judgments? All seems tranquillity

and peace, and religion throned and visibly triumphant. We shall discover the cause of these judgments partly from history, and partly from the characteristics of the sealed ones, which last, by implication and contrast, reveal to us the errors and apostasies of the church of Constantine, the peculiar excellencies of the sealed disclosing the peculiar sins of the unsealed. The truth is, the church suffered more in the sunshine of the royal countenance than amid the blaze of burning fagots: the persecution of the heathen did not injure her so much as the patronage of the professing Christian. In the one case, she grasped her white robes more closely around her; in the other, and in unsuspecting moments, she let them go. Forgetting that this world was not her rest, she laid aside, in the intoxication of her visible prosperity, her diadem of beauty, her raiment of victory—parted with her eyesight, and put on the livery of Cæsar, and ground at his mill a miserable drudge; and all the seeds of the apostasy predicted in the Scriptures, and sown broadcast by Satan in the days of persecution, shot up, under the imperial patronage, into a disastrous and rapid harvest. After the adoption of Christianity by Constantine, the profession of the gospel became fashionable; it was the religion of the court, the aristocracy, and the higher classes of society; its creed was no longer a loss, but a profit; the principles that once preceded their earnest advocates to prison, to the stake, and to the wild beasts, now paved the pathway to honour, office, and preferment. Christianity, in short, became a qualification for office, a recommendation to Cæsar, a passport to honour. The catacombs in which the early Christians had worshipped in silence and secrecy heretofore, and in which, as recorded by Dr. Maitland, they had left so many inscriptions that demonstrate the primitive character of Protestantism, were now exchanged for magnificent cathedrals; the tombs around which the persecuted clustered, as the only unmolested places on the earth in which they could worship the God that made it, were abandoned for temples towering to the skies; the earthen vessels used heretofore in the celebration of the communion, were displaced by golden and silver chalices; ceremonies became outwardly splendid; the once lowly ministers of the cross became the companions of kings, and mitres adorned with precious stones

covered those heads that were recently exposed to winds and rains, and all the elements of heaven. The baptismal font was surrounded with innumerable candidates, drawn to it rather by the prospect of temporal preferment than by attachment to Christian truth, and the visible church at length rose above the state, and dictated terms to the monarchs of the world, little remembering that such a height was real depression. Medals were struck with the image of the phoenix, as the symbol of the rising prosperity of the Christian church; and the enthusiasm felt by Christians was almost unbounded. Mistaking the spiritual character of the church of Christ, and identifying its earthly grandeur with its real success, they believed that the millennium had at last dawned upon the world; and even in more modern times, such writers as Grotius and Hammond, and even the venerable martyrologist Fox, were so struck with the visible prosperity of this era, that they have recorded their conviction that the reign of Constantine was the realization of the millennium of the Apocalypse. Eusebius, an historian of the age, thus writes of the church of his day:—"It looked like the very image of the kingdom of Christ, and altogether more like a dream than a reality. What so many of the Lord's saints and confessors before our time desired to see, and saw not, and to hear, and heard not, that is now before our eyes. It was of us the prophet spake, 'The wilderness shall rejoice, and the solitary place blossom as the rose;' whereas the church was widowed and desolate, her children have now to exclaim to her, 'Enlarge thy borders, the place is too strait.' The promise is now fulfilling. 'All thy children shall be taught of God, and great shall be the peace of thy children.'"

All this was grievous misconception, as we shall presently see. The great multitude consisted of mere professors, or embryo Papists. It was not the millennium, as Eusebius dreamed, but the mystery of iniquity ripening and maturing. What we call Puseyism in the nineteenth century, was the predominating religion of the fourth. And this explains the reason of Tractarian sympathy with the fourth century. Almost every element of Popery was in full action, the apostolic church had become to a great extent apostate, the fountain of living waters had been renounced for the broken cisterns of the church, and having lost

the Sun of Righteousness, the ministers of that day were walking amid sparks of their own kindling. The first seed of the apostasy was the universal perversion of the sacrament of baptism, and the invention of new ceremonies in the celebration of it—it was now understood to require a priest (*ἐρεβς*) to administer it. The very loftiest epithets of excellence and virtue were used to describe it: it was called “the Lord’s mark,” “the illumination,” “the preservative,” “the investiture of incorruption,” “the salvation.” Cyril, an eminent father of that day, thus defines it:—“Baptism is the ransom to captives, the remission of offences, the death of sin, the regeneration of the soul, the garment of light, the chariot to heaven, the luxury of paradise, the gift of adoption.” New and superstitious rites were added to it: at one time the baptized turned to the west while the priest uttered the accustomed exorcism; at another time, he turned to the east, to receive the light of the Holy Spirit. He was then clothed in a white dress, received a crown of victory, and was enrolled as one of the elect; and all Christians, by being baptized, were pronounced saints, believers, elect; and such was the universal confidence in the regenerative efficacy of this sacrament, *ex opere operato*, that vast numbers of converts, in order to enjoy the world as long as they could, delayed it to the hour and agony of death, and then were baptized as their passport to heaven. Among others was Constantine, as is shown by a medal with the relieve of that illustrious personage, bearing the inscription, “NATUS BAPTIZATUS;” that is, born again by baptism. In fact, this beautiful initiatory ordinance had ceased to be what its Divine Author had constituted it, and instead, it had been caricatured into an amulet—an exorcism—a potent chemical drug that served as an antidote to sin, and a specific for regeneration. Milner, the historian, justly remarks of this period, “There was much outward religion, but the true doctrine of justification was scarcely seen; and real conversion was very much lost, and external baptism placed in its stead.” Tradition and the doctrine of reserve had superseded Scripture, and overlaid the distinguishing truths of the gospel. Human priests, and spurious propitiatory sacrifices, and ecclesiastical altars, and processions and ceremonies, constituted the only visible Christianity from A. D. 324 onward

to A. D. 395—the period during which the sealing by the angel takes place. Satan had succeeded in corrupting what he could not extirpate; and out of an amalgamation of paganism, Judaism, and Christianity, had concocted a system too unholy to be of heaven, and too subtle to be of earth—his own masterpiece, Popery. This state of things provoked the judgments that were only suspended in the hands of the restraining angels, until the process which we now proceed to describe was accomplished. This sealing was the election of the faithful few who were to be spared the calamities that were to fall fast on all besides—the selection of a church from the midst of a church—the numbering of the spiritual Israel, in order to be marked by God with that more precious than paschal blood, which would shield them from the judgments inflicted by the Goth, and save them from the contamination of the prevailing apostasy, originated and matured by Satan. Sealing implies the fact of their secrecy—they were God's "hidden ones;" "the world knew them not;" their "life was hid with Christ in God;" the springs of their joy, their sorrow, their hope, their happiness, were such as the world did not understand, and a stranger could not intermeddle with. This sealing implies also their safety. They were set apart for God, to be preserved to his kingdom and glory, and they were taught and enabled to sing while they were sealed, "There is no condemnation to us who are in Christ Jesus." Satan hath sought to sift us, but our great High-Priest has prayed that our faith fail not. "Who shall separate us from the love of God? Shall tribulation, or affliction, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us." This sealing also implies property in the thing sealed. We seal only what is our own. These were not their own: they were bought with a price—the precious blood of a Lamb without spot or blemish. And lastly, we seal only what is of value. Worthless things are not fit for being sealed; but these were God's "jewels," his "portion," his "inheritance." Though the language employed be Jewish, yet they who were sealed were not literal Jews, but Christian believers. They were Gentile Christians, described in similar language in other portions of Scripture, such as, "If Christ's, then Abraham's seed;" and

again, "Peace on all the Israel of God;" and again, to be "without Christ," is spiritually equivalent to being "aliens from the commonwealth of Israel." Thus, Jewish phraseology is employed to describe Christian character. And the tribe of Levi is enumerated with the rest to show that there is no distinctive sacrificing priesthood under the evangelical economy, but that all are kings and priests unto God. It was first "the few" chosen out of "the many called"—the God-baptized selected from the man-baptized—the baptized with the Spirit from the multitude baptized with the water only. While we are not to pronounce where God has not definitely spoken, we cannot but notice here, and indeed throughout the Scriptures, the intimation of the multitude of the perishing—the paucity of the saved. Yet we must not, with the Antinomian, lessen those few, or, with the latitudinarian, unscripturally augment them. Let this alone be our personal feeling and resolve, if two only shall be saved, I will try to be one; and let us not judge after the senses—never let us forget that circumstances sometimes conceal far more beautiful and holy characters than we are disposed to think. There are dim and distant stars lighting up their own orbits, though we see them not; and there are flowers in the regions of perpetual snow, unknown, untrodden by the traveller's foot, but seen by God and executing their mission there. The most precious gems can be reached only by rending the rocks that bury them, and kingly eyes alone can prize them when they are brought to light.

The character of the apostasy of the Constantine era is discovered, as I have said before, by the complete antagonism of their features to the characteristics of the sealed ones, who are described from verse 14 to the close of the chapter. Did great numbers rush to the baptismal font for baptism? The God-sealed were "a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindred, and people, and tongues." Did the baptized receive white garments? These sealed ones were "arrayed in white robes." Did the former receive crowns and palms? These latter had fadeless palms and crowns of glory. Were the first purified in the waters of baptism? These last had "washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." Did the first come forth from the Constantine prosperity and visible

splendour? The second came "out of great tribulation." Were the former in the outward visible church? The latter were in the inner church or true holy place. Thus, each clause that describes an excellence of the sealed ones, reflects its light on a corresponding corruption of the unsealed or apostate. At this very period, a noble specimen of the sealed ones was allowed to come within the horizon, as if to indicate by the contrast the character of the age, viz. Augustine, bishop of Hippo. He is revealed specially as an instance. He was converted, A. D. 385, by the ministry of Ambrose, and appointed to his office, A. D. 395. The doctrine on which he most frequently and eloquently expatiated, was the doctrine of election, or the sovereignty of the grace of God. He describes, in fact, that very process, viz. election, which was the distinctive process of his age; his "City of God" was written to show the distinction between true Christians and the merely baptized. True Christians he calls "the elect Israelites," "God's sealed ones," the 144,000: as if the prophetic language of the Apocalypse was felt by Augustine to be descriptive of the Christians indeed of his day, and as if he felt he was raised to extend it by his mission, as well as to call attention to the distinguishing work which Christ was then carrying on. The enlightened evangelical views embodied and eloquently enforced in the writings of Augustine were very much the means, in the absence of Scripture, of perpetuating vital truth through the dreary ages of the history of medieval Europe. Luther, an Augustinian monk, owns his obligation to Augustine; Pascal and Quesnel derived their purest light from his lamp; and in that long chain of faithful witnesses which connects the Protestantism of the 19th century with the Christianity of the first, Augustine was not the least resplendent link, or least effective conductor of true evangelical religion.

In reading the beautiful characteristics and consummation of the sealed ones which follow in this chapter, one can sympathize with the poetic sensibilities of Burns, who said he could never read this passage without tears. Its poetry must touch where its vital and sanctifying power may be unfelt. In this bright Apocalypse of the safety of the saints on earth, and their happiness in heaven, it is worthy of remark, there is not one touch



on character or feature local, sectarian, or national; as if it were designed to condemn and crush, by the contrast, the predominating feeling of the fourth century, which made the chair—the church—the ceremony, every thing,—and vital religion nothing. Has this vision no lesson for us also? If we will only look through the door which John saw open in heaven, we shall see this at least, that the questions about which Christians quarrel on earth are not known in glory; that subjects that have agitated men's passions in the church below, are not even mooted in the church above; and names that have filled the wide world with their sound are hushed beside the Throne of God. What fierce sectarians have been proud of is there seen to have evaporated as worthless. What millions undervalue is there seen to endure for ever.

Those revealed in this vision appear to have shared in little of the prosperity of the Constantine era; for it is said, they came out of great tribulation. Some had pined in dungeons, or perished in the devouring flames; others had died in exile, or had been devoured by the wild beasts: their blood had tinged every river, and their ashes had been strewn over every acre of the earth; all elements of power, charged with all fiendish passions, had been let loose upon them. Many, too, in the midst of the Constantine prosperity of the church, had endured in private a life-long martyrdom from friends and relations, unseen by the world, but no less real and painful and true. All, however, came out of it, and came to heaven, and are there now, and ever will be. They were not born in heaven like the angels, but introduced into heaven as saints. Is there not something of the character of Constantine Christianity visible in our day? Abounding formalism,—fashionable religion,—growing apostasy,—increase of ceremony,—and sympathy with Rome, are tokens and signs too palpable to be overlooked or mistaken: and if it be so, the sealed ones of the nineteenth century will also have to taste the tribulation which was meted out to the sealed ones of the fourth century, and that too very soon. In such tribulation, however, the serenity felt within will lighten the darkness that closes from without—the inner light turns into rainbow glories the outer tribulation; the hardest storm is always the shortest; and all

tribulations, however numerous or severe, are left at the threshold of heaven. The waves of this world's troubled sea scarcely kiss the shores of eternity. All the tribulation, however, that we feel in our course to glory, we learn from this passage, is not the cause, but the concomitant only of our salvation. The ground of the acceptance of these martyrs was not their own tears, or sufferings, or excellencies. The tears of repentance are beautiful and holy—the fruits of a pure life fair and precious—but to trust in the one or in the other as the foundation of our hope, is to turn the fragrant blossom into corruption, the delicious fruit into instant decay, and our holiest ornament into shame. Nor was it their own blood that placed them there. These saints were martyrs, and if ever human blood had virtue to expiate sin, that blood was theirs, but it had no expiatory virtue; they neither so believed nor so suffered; it was not the blood they shed for Christ, but the blood which Christ shed for them, that saved them; his sufferings alone are expiatory, his soul alone was made an offering for sin—in him alone we have redemption, through his blood—he drank the cup alone, he trod the wine-press alone; he suffered alone, he conquered and rose alone; man had no part in his sufferings, and man can have no share in the glory that results from them. The special virtue here attributed to that blood is that of cleansing or pardoning. The stain of sin was so deep that nothing short of this could expunge it, and its heinousness so great that no other could pardon it, while the extent of its efficacy is still to-day so boundless, if we have recourse to it, that though our sins be as scarlet they shall be as wool, and though they be like purple they shall be as snow. It is not venial sin only, or original sin only, or actual sin only, but *all* sin from which it cleanses. 1 Cor. vi. 9–11 gives the catalogue of those who had felt its virtues, and had been justified and sanctified. These saints in heaven, it is obvious, must *personally* have had recourse to this sacrifice, for it is said “they washed their robes.” Bread must be eaten before it can nourish us; the provision is not enough unless we personally apprehend it. Christ's death must be personally received and rested on by faith in order to be our life. The sole cause of the introduction of these saints into glory was this great fact, for it is added,

"*therefore* are they before the throne." It was not their election from eternity, however true this may have been, but their acceptance of the Saviour's sacrifice that is here declared to have constituted their right to heaven. How beautiful too are the features of the worship of these glorified ones: it is unsuspended by the calls of Cæsar, or the wanderings of the heart, or the frailties of humanity; it is presented "day and night," and by a beautiful paradox, "they rest," and yet "they rest not." It was a united worship, for all nations, and kindreds, and tongues were there. There was no strife in their hearts, and therefore no discord in their songs; there is a greater mixture in heaven than there is this evening in Exeter Hall. Adam, Abel, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Isaiah, John, Peter, Augustine, Martin Luther, and innumerable others, constitute that celestial choir, and contribute to its ceaseless harmonies. They "*stand*," the true attitude of praise, as if conscious they were welcome, and yet they give the glory to the Lamb, as conscious they deserve nothing; and they "*stand before the throne of God*," to show that they may enter where the high-priest alone, and none besides, entered once a year, even the Holy of Holies. But while they have thus the position of priests and the palms of conquerors, they are not discharged from the duties of servants, for "*they serve him day and night*." Dependency is the order of heaven, it ought to be the law on earth, as it is of the very essence of the creature. But while they thus praise and serve the Lamb on their part, "*he dwells among them*," like the Shechinah of old, and feeds them with the hidden manna, and refreshes them from fountains of living water, and all tears are not only *wiped away*, which might leave it possible for them to flow again, but they are, as the word means when translated literally, *wiped out*; as if to teach us, that not only the marks and channels of tears shall be blotted out, but that the very springs and fountains of them shall be utterly and for ever annihilated.

In contemplating these magnificent pictures of the better land, are we not sometimes tempted to exclaim with David—"Oh that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest. Lo, then would I wander far off; I would hasten my escape from the windy storm and tempest." David felt what

we feel more or less, that there is no spot between the nadir and the zenith, or from the polar snow to the equatorial sunshine, in this nether world, which we can pronounce to be our rest. All creation is too poor to make the soul rich, and too low to make it happy. Satiety produces new restlessness, and the song of flattery soon becomes hackneyed; and fairest spots, by enjoyment, lose their charms. The culminating point of the soul's happiness is the throne of Deity alone; and if we have any foretaste or earnest within us of heaven, it will increase our desire to meet and mingle with those sealed ones whom the Lamb leads to living fountains of waters. In that land there will not only be no tears, and no spring or fountain of tears, but there will be nothing to excite them. There will be no sickness, for "the inhabitant shall not say, I am sick;" and there will be no more death, for the last enemy is destroyed: and standing on the shores of that peaceful sea, we shall strike a nobler than Miriam's harp, and celebrate the utter destruction of all that defiles or grieves the sealed ones of our God and his Christ.

Amid that throng, not only will the illustrious names we have enumerated appear in robes of shining glory, but those too we loved and laboured to retain yet a little longer on earth, will also meet us there. Our relatives in eternity outnumber our relatives in time. The catalogue of the living we love becomes less, and in anticipation we see the perpetually lengthening train of the departed; and by their flight our affections grow gradually less glued to earth, and more allied to heaven. It is not in vain that the images of our departed children, and near and dear ones, are laid up in memory, as in a picture gallery, from which the ceaseless surge of this world's cares cannot obliterate them: they wait there for the light of the resurrection day, to stand forth holy, beautiful and happy—our fellow-worshippers for ever.

There, too, distracting and perplexing doubts and cares, the cold and chilling shadows of which fall so often on the sunniest soul, shall have disappeared for ever. We are here too remote from the Sun of Righteousness, to be wholly rid of them. But there we are in the presence of Christ himself, who is light, and no dim smoke darkens the rays of that glory, and no exhalations rise and rest upon that clear, beautiful, and illimitable horizon.

All those disputes that agitate the church die the instant they touch the confines of glory. Bitter controversies are unheard—angry expressions are alien to the language of heaven; and amid the swell of perpetual anthems and hallelujahs, not the least rich is the harmony of kindred hearts and accordant spirits.

All temptations, and the very tempter himself, are removed to the distance of infinitude from the confines of glory. There are neither fears within, nor fightings without. There is neither the poverty which is a burden, nor the wealth which is a snare—nor the smiles which sting—nor the applause which poisons. Want shall not tempt to do wrongly, nor passion provoke to act rashly. There will be no fear, because no possibility of falling. There will be, in one word, perfect satisfaction—that which the heart of every man yearns for on earth, and of which the Christian's heart alone enjoys a prelibation and foretaste:—"when I awake I shall be satisfied;" "we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is;"—all veils rent—all glasses broken—all clouds scattered, and the faint twinklings of night lost in the effulgence of eternal noon. The river of life shall flow through us for ever. "Now, Lord," we may well pray, "lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." "I desire to depart and be with Christ."

In order to reach this state of felicity, and be for ever with those sealed ones, and the Angel of the Covenant who seals them, we must renounce all right or title, or merit in ourselves, and all hope of purchase, at any price, that man, priest, or pope can pay;—the price is the precious blood of the Lamb. In Christ alone is our right to heaven—our hope of glory—our certainty of acceptance. He seals or sets apart for heaven those only who have washed their robes and made them white in his blood. This is God's own immutable arrangement. No other way leads to those "living fountains of waters." No other name has power. We must be in him on earth, in order to be with him in heaven. Unless we realize here that communion of our spirit with Christ's spirit—directly, and not indirectly only through the medium of truth—unless we become one with Christ as really as we are one in nature and responsibility with Adam—unless we are wholly represented in and by Christ here, we cannot expect to reign and rejoice with him hereafter.

Let us study the lineaments of the coming glory, as these are revealed in the blessed Bible. The most effective way to dislodge an evil, or inferior preference, is to bring the heart into contact—with a higher and holier, that is—with heaven. The sun shining puts out the fire; so the lustre and overpowering glory of the home of the sealed ones will so pale all that man thinks magnificent, that we shall thirst for that day which knows no night, and to be one of those of whom it is written—"These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple, and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Brethren, what evidence without—what consciousness within have you of a share and interest and lot with this illustrious throng. All its virtues, its attributes, its fruits, are this day freely offered you from the throne of God. Christ invites, beseeches you through his ministers, to flee from that alienation and state of wrath in which sin has plunged you, and to lay hold on that sacrifice of unchanging efficacy—that ransom of infinite virtue, than which there is no other passport to everlasting glory. You are not mere auditors of these truths this evening, having no interest at stake. That book which decides all disputes, and discloses all responsibilities, points to us as vitally concerned in these momentous questions, that we are lost by nature and perishing from the earth every instant, and that our restoration to the friendship of God and to the hopes of heaven is suspended on our reception or rejection of the Lord Jesus Christ. We are within either of two attractions. We are the subjects of one or other of two processes. We are still sinners by nature or now saints by grace. Where and what are you? Answer it to your own consciences—answer it to that God who is greater than conscience.

## LECTURE V.

## THE FOUR FIRST TRUMPETS.

"And when he had opened the seventh seal, there was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour.

"And I saw the seven angels which stood before God; and to them were given seven trumpets.

"And another angel came and stood at the altar, having a golden censer; and there was given unto him much incense, that he should offer it with the prayers of all saints upon the golden altar which was before the throne.

"And the smoke of the incense, which came with the prayers of the saints, ascended up before God out of the angel's hand.

"And the angel took the censer, and filled it with fire of the altar, and cast it into the earth: and there were voices, and thunderings, and lightnings, and an earthquake.

"And the seven angels which had the seven trumpets prepared themselves to sound.

The first angel sounded, and there followed hail and fire mingled with blood, and they were cast upon the earth: and the third part of trees was burnt up, and all green grass was burnt up.

"And the second angel sounded, and as it were a great mountain burning with fire was cast into the sea: and the third part of the sea became blood;

"And the third part of the creatures which were in the sea, and had life, died; and the third part of the ships were destroyed.

"And the third angel sounded, and there fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp, and it fell upon the third part of the rivers, and upon the fountains of waters;

"And the name of the star is called Wormwood; and the third part of the waters became wormwood; and many men died of the waters, because they were made bitter.

"And the fourth angel sounded, and the third part of the sun was smitten, and the third part of the moon, and the third part of the stars; so as the third part of them was darkened, and the day shone not for a third part of it, and the night likewise.

"And I beheld, and heard an angel flying through the midst of heaven, saying with a loud voice, Wo, wo, wo, to the inhabitants of the earth by reason of the other voices of the trumpet of the three angels, which are yet to sound!"—*Revelations viii.*

It is here stated that there had been silence in heaven during the space of half an hour. It is obvious, that this silence must be that which existed during the restraint of the impending

storms intrusted to the four angels, as I described in the previous lecture, when, in the language of Gibbon, "the threatening tempests of barbarians were repelled or suspended on the frontier." This was a solemn pause—an opportunity of repentance—a respite of judgment, but was unheeded by those who were most deeply interested. To be able to estimate the length of time contained in an Apocalyptic half-hour, we must bear in mind, that all the visions embodied in the Apocalypse, extending from the year 97 to 1800 years and upward, passed in chorographic procession before the eyes of John in the course of the Lord's day, that is, in the course of a period of twelve literal hours. That Lord's day was a miniature chronology of the world. If this be as we have stated it, then each hour of the 12 hours constituting the Lord's day from sunrise to sunset, would be the exponent of 150 years, and half an hour of 75 years, or thereabouts. If this calculation be an approximation to the truth, as we think it is, there will be found recorded in the pages of history, a respite, or repose, of 75 years, about the time indicated by that point in the chronology of the Apocalypse, at which we have arrived. Accordingly we find, that from the final triumph of Constantine to the invasion of the empire by Alaric, that is, from A. D. 324 to 395, there intervened the repose, or rather suspension of judgment, so dramatically embodied in the clause, "there was," or rather there had been, "silence in heaven for about the space of half an hour."

There is then seen by the Evangelist, before the sounding of the trumpet, another angel, who stood at the altar, having a golden censer, offering incense with the prayers of all saints upon the golden altar, which was before the throne. That this angel is the Angel of the everlasting Covenant, the Son of God, the great High-Priest, there can scarcely be a doubt; for, first, he occupied the holy place which the typical high-priest alone, under the Jewish economy, might approach—and in the next place, he had a *golden* censer, which was the distinctive possession of the high-priest, the other priests having *silver* ones; and in the last place, none but He, who is God as well as man, could have received and have offered up the prayers of all saints, of any one period, or of all ages upon earth, or have rendered them



acceptable through the incense of his priestly intercession. There is no proof here of the propriety of angel worship. If we read the description here given, in the light of the Epistle to the Hebrews, we shall have no doubt.

I stated in a previous lecture, that the characteristic features of the sealed or selected thousands, pointed out, by implication and by contrast, the prevailing features of the apostasy, peculiar to that day. The prominent truth was then, as it is now, the correlative of the prevailing error. We may, therefore, fully expect that the portrait of truth with which this chapter begins, is designed and fitted to reflect its light upon the corresponding errors and corruptions of the era. Now, the two great truths set forth in this exhibition of Christ at the altar, are, first, his one perfect propitiatory sacrifice, once for all, by which alone there is forgiveness and remission of sins, here symbolized by Christ, at the brazen or sacrificial altar; and, secondly, the no less vital doctrine of the prevailing and perpetual intercession of Christ, in virtue of which he saves to the uttermost all that come unto God by him, represented by the golden altar of incense. Were these two doctrines, then, at all obscured, perverted, or denied, during this period? were the peculiar heresies that impugn them prevalent? these two great truths were all but eclipsed, and in this eclipse began the development of the features and elements of the rapidly maturing apostasy. This is an historical fact. The period specified, viz. about A. D. 395, was notorious for the proposal and adoption of new ways of propitiating God, alien and contrary to the truths revealed in the gospel, and utterly inconsistent with the doctrines of the cross, as well as by the invocation of saints and relics, as if these were endued with meditorial and intercessory virtue. The great and perfect sacrifice of Calvary was superseded by spurious offerings; and the intercession of the great High-Priest, the only intercession in the skies, was lost sight of, and the worshippers implored and leaned on the so-called intercessions of saints. "The Ante-Nicene Christians," says Waddington, "shrank from idolatry, but in A. D. 395, there was the stupid veneration of bones and relics, and prayer was thought never so efficacious as when offered at the tomb of a saint." Gibbon says, "a profane spectacle suc-

ceeded to the pure and spiritual worship of the Christian congregation; the smoke of incense, the glare of lamps and tapers, and prayers directed to the bones and ashes of saints." So popular was this miserable declension from true Christianity, and so truly debased were priests and people both, that the monks earned a livelihood by gathering and hawking the reputed relics of pseudo saints; and the misguided people parted freely with liberal sums of money, in order to possess the alleged depositaries of awful and saving virtues. The mystery of iniquity rapidly approached its predicted maturity. Antichrist loomed into view. In the words of Coleridge, "the pastors of the church had gradually changed the life and light of the gospel into the very superstition they were commissioned to disperse, and thus paganized Christianity in order to christen paganism." Human sufferings were substituted as propitiatory sacrifices for the sufferings of Christ, which alone, by their very nature, are truly expiatory and vicarious—human merits took the place and were associated with the infinite perfection of his righteousness, and the supposititious prayers of glorified martyrs were had recourse to instead of the mediation of Him who ever liveth to make intercession for us. With few exceptions, the Fathers of this century were tainted by the predominant Puseyism. Even Jerome, the learned and talented advocate of presbytery as the primitive government of the church, was utterly corrupted by the contagion of the almost universal apostasy, and became the eloquent and strenuous, and very often the acrimonious advocate, not only of the monkery he personally practised, but of the duty and advantage of the worship of saints and of the virtues of relics, the ubiquity of which, in the fury of his fanaticism, he did not hesitate boldly to maintain. Augustine and Vigilantius, the former in the main truly evangelical, and the latter emphatically Protestant, were the two most brilliant exceptions, and were apparently raised up amid the almost universal declension to uphold and maintain the glory of Christ, as Priest, and Sacrifice, and Altar, as before. The first stood up, especially, for the Sovereignty of God on the one hand, and for that regenerating work, which is exclusively the prerogative of the Holy Spirit, on the other. Very beautifully, therefore, as if in

the conscious discharge of the duties of his special mission, does Augustine now write, A. D. 400: "Whom shall I look to as my mediator? shall I go to angels? A mediator between God and man must have the nature of both. The true Mediator, *whom in thy secret mercy thou hast shown to the humble*, the man Christ Jesus, hath appeared as Mediator between mortal sinners and the immortal One—that by his Divine righteousness he might justify the ungodly. How hast thou loved us, O Father, in delivering up thy Son for us; for when He, our Priest and Sacrifice, was subject to death, well may my hope be strong in such an intercessor." This was indirect but powerful refutation of error. So beautifully applicable is Augustine's theology to that age.

We learn from the facts of this period, that it is impossible to be morally neutral. Apostasy from truth is necessarily the adoption of falsehood; the egress of the one is, of necessity, the ingress of the other; the soul, like nature, abhors a vacuum; we have not a choice between the reception of truth and remaining indifferent or passive; our choice really lies between the reception of truth and the reception of a lie—it is now, as it always has been, Christ or Antichrist, the gospel or the apostasy. "He that is not with me is against me." There never has been in the history of the past, nor will there ever be in the arrangements of futurity, any position of real indifference, with respect to truth and error, or of absolute neutrality, with respect to Christ and Antichrist. We must either hate the gospel as the most detestable imposture, or we must love it with all the energies of our heart. In the presence of the stupendous facts it asserts, and in the hearing of its demand of instant decision, it is impossible to be neutral. True religion, from its intrinsic importance, demands our intensest love; and a false religion, from its mischievous effects, our intensest hatred. Our only safety against the intrusive influence of deadly error, is profounder appreciation of eternal truths. We need to know and feel this in these days.

We now come to an analysis of the Trumpet Symbols enumerated in this chapter. It will throw some light upon this remarkable imagery, if we ascertain the uses of trumpets under

the Levitical economy. These were, 1st, To proclaim the Sabbaths, the various festivals, and hours and occasions of thanksgiving and praise. 2dly, To announce and give the signal for the forward movements of the camp in the wilderness; and 3dly, To proclaim war against the enemies of Israel. These were substantially the moral ends of the sounding of the trumpets in this book. To the one hundred and forty-four thousand, the sealed, and pardoned, and sanctified ones, the representatives of the children of God, the true Israel, these trumpets proclaimed prosperity, peace, and perpetual progress. To the Apostate Church, they sounded the tocsin of battle, the clang of conflict, the approach of judgment, defeat, destruction. And as the seven trumpet-blasts, on seven successive days, preceded the destruction of Jericho, so these seven trumpet soundings precede the destruction of its great antitype, the Apostasy.

In order to explain the allusion in this, and in succeeding chapters, to "the third part of the earth," and "the third part of the sea," and "the third part of the rivers," and "the third part of the sun," I may state, what will again serve to illustrate the minute accuracy of the Apocalyptic allusions—that in the time of Constantine, the Roman empire was divided into three great sections: to Constantine was assigned Gaul, Spain, Britain, Italy, Africa—to Licinius, the Illyrian Prefecture—to Maximin, the Asiatic Provinces and Egypt; each section had its share of the Mediterranean, and its frontier river, the Rhine, the Danube, or the Euphrates—the four first trumpets apply to the western third of the empire, and proclaim the awful and deserved judgments that fell successively upon it.

The first trumpet sounds, and the following is the dramatic picture of its effects: a storm bursts on the western division of the empire—sweeps over Italy—darkens the gigantic Alps, and lowers upon the peaks of the Apennines—Gaul and Spain are desolated by it—"blood," that is, life, perishes—what was the garden of the Lord before it becomes the blasted desert behind it. This storm was the incursion of Alaric and the Goths on the Roman provinces in A. D. 396. This Gothic chief started into prominence like a supernatural meteor, as if he had descended from the clouds, or emerged from the deep. He

was inaugurated by the Gothic chiefs as king of the Visi-Goths, by being seated or throned upon a shield, an inauguration truly explanatory of his mission; as if aware of what lay before him, he told a monk that he felt a secret and preternatural impulse, that impelled his march to the gates of Rome. Onward therefore he moved forthwith like the storm-cloud, portentous and desolating, borne by a force not his own; havoc and destruction in his path, victory in his van, and ruin in his rear. The capital was soon reached, and his firebrands were seen blazing amid the proud palaces of Imperial Rome; and the "consuming flames of war," writes Gibbon, "spread from the banks of the Rhine over the seventeen provinces of Gaul"—and the scene of peace and prosperity was changed into a desert. "This passage of the Rhine," adds Gibbon, "by the Vandals, may be considered as the fall of the Roman empire." It was during this period, from A. D. 400 to A. D. 410, that the Apostate Church, true to its character, had recourse, in litanies, processions and other public exhibitions, for safety and protection, to the intercession of patron saints. This added to its sins, but not to its deliverance. Alaric soon accomplished his mission, and ceased when it was done. The last echoes of the first trumpet died on the desert air, and Alaric died also, and was buried as strangely and as speedily as he was throned. A sepulchre was dug for him by Roman prisoners in the bed of a river, and the Vandal chief was laid in it, adorned with the richest spoils of Rome, while the prisoners who dug it were instantly killed, lest they should disclose the secret of his resting-place. How complete is the coincidence between the storm-cloud careering on the winds, and leaving desolation behind it, and the course of the northern Goth, stamping the traces of his presence in desolated fields, smouldering ruins, and widows and orphans. Is not the coincidence so strong as to justify the application, were there even no other grounds than the comparison?

The second trumpet sounds, and a new storm sweeps over the Mediterranean Sea, and convulses the islands that slept peacefully on its bosom. A volcano or burning mountain falls amid the waves, the Adriatic boils from its depths, the whole

coast of Africa is lashed with intermingling flames and floods, ships are set on fire, and blood is shed. This imagery is used by Jeremiah, when he likens Babylon to a burning mountain, just as the former imagery of the first trumpet is employed by Isaiah to describe Shalmaneser and the Assyrians. Have we then an explanation of this trumpet in the facts of history chronologically and pictorially true? We have. GENESERIC appears upon the stage, the equal of ALARIC, and falls like a burning mountain upon those very shores and islands, which his predecessor Alarie had spared—he and his Vandals crossed the African sea—laid siege to Hippo, the city in which Augustine laboured, who, as if to present us with evidence of the faithfulness of God to his promises, was removed by death, about that time, to the white-robed company in glory, that he might be spared from witnessing or being injured by the devastations that followed. Hippo, his bishopric, and Carthage, were taken by the Goth and burned, the Vandal fleet swept the Mediterranean,—its isles were subjugated—its coasts ravaged—and its people put to the sword. Perhaps it may illustrate the all but unearthly character of Geneseric, if we quote the question put to him by his pilot. What course shall I steer? The reply of the chief was, “Leave that to the winds, they will transport us to the guilty coasts whose inhabitants have provoked the Divine justice.” Twice the Romans mustered all their war ships to destroy him, and twice he annihilated them; and this he did, as if to prove his being the agent intended by the Spirit, chiefly by sending fire-ships into the midst of their fleet. He was the great destroyer of the sea, his march was on its waters, its bosom was his battle-field, the chimes of its waves the sounds that summoned to the battle. “He spread desolation,” says Gibbon, “from the Columns of Hercules to the mouths of the Nile;” and having finished the work assigned him under this trumpet, he also dies, and disappears from the scene, and lives only on the page of history to attest the truth of the predictions of Christ.

The third trumpet sounds—a burning meteor descends and lights upon the rivers, and springs, and fountains of the earth—it sweeps along the Danube and the Teiss, poisoning their waters,

and spreading incalculable mischief wherever the glaciers melt at the breasts of the parent Alps, and pour down their waters on the valleys below.

Was there any calamity about A. D. 450 corresponding to, and sufficient to exhaust, the imagery here employed? At this very time arose **ATTILA**, commonly called the Scourge of God, fierce, powerful, indomitable—his subject princes deemed him supernatural—barbarous kings, says the historian, would not presume to gaze with steady eye on what they deemed his divine majesty. Attila and his victorious Huns moved along the Danube, depopulating and wasting its banks; they next poured down the Rhine, leaving its fair valley a scene of havoc and wo—reducing to ashes Strasburg, Worms, Spires, Mentz, Treves. After having thus burned up the rivers, he pushed his victorious forces toward the fountains contiguous to the Alps. Pavia, Verona, Mantua, Milan, successively were imbibtered with wormwood, and were made to drink waters of gall, and were scorched and destroyed by the heat of this “great star, burning as a lamp.” Suddenly, and apparently without cause, he returns, recrosses the Danube, and is struck dead with apoplexy—the meteor, having done its work, was quenched, and its last lurid rays mingled with the expiring echoes of the third trumpet.

The fourth trumpet sounds.—The Western empire has been desolated by land, by sea, and along its rivers—but its sun, and moon and stars were still shining. Suddenly one-third of each of these luminaries is darkened, and the whole firmament over that third is covered with blackness. How was this fulfilled? Thus: The Roman empire had lost its provinces, its maritime possessions, its armies and navies, and all the sinews of its strength—but it still retained the titles and insignia of sovereignty, it had the outward splendour without the solid foundations of a nation. One other blow, and only one, was required to be struck to complete the entire desolation of the Western third—the work was to be done—the workman was at hand. **ODOACER**, one of the chiefs of **ATTILA**, starts suddenly into prominence—marches at the head of the Heruli into the very heart of Italy, and commands that the office of Roman Emperor of the West shall be abolished, and the last shadow of departing

sovereignty—Romulus Augustus—a name that ominously embraced those of the founder and of the greatest ruler of the empire, abdicated without an attempt at resistance, and the imperial insignia were transferred to Constantinople, and the Emperor of the East exercised the sovereignty thenceforth. Thus one-third of the Imperial Sun was extinguished, and after senators and consuls had twinkled for a little, a night of darkness and of unparalleled calamities fell upon the mistress of the earth—the queen of nations—the persecutor of the saints. Its foundations, righteousness and truth, perished, and it fell. Romans ruined Rome—moral disease marked out the pathways along which the Goths, the Huns, and Vandals converged and marched to the capital, and reduced that great empire to a wreck.

After these four trumpets had sounded, and between the fourth and the fifth—a wo is pronounced from heaven, and is heard by the inhabitants of the earth—the hearts of the nations responded to this cry of wo, and almost universal presentiments of its approach were felt and expressed. Of this we have abundant evidence in the writings of the Fathers, who almost universally expected about this time the end of the world—they believed that St. Paul's prediction, 2 Thess. ii. 3, referred to the rise and development of Antichrist—and that the expression "he who lets," described the Roman sovereignty and empire as the only obstacle to the development of that apostasy, and this antichristian apostasy they thought would immediately precede the destruction of the earth. Tertullian writes, "The end of the world is kept back by the intervention of the Roman empire." Jerome cried, from his monastery, "The Roman world rushes to destruction—the hinderance to Antichrist's way is removing." Martin of Tours said, "Antichrist is already born:" and when John the Faster, of Constantinople, assumed the title of Universal Bishop, Gregory declared, that "he who did so is the forerunner of Antichrist." In a Missive, then the most public document in the world, Gregory expressed his conviction that the last judgment was at hand; earthquakes and plagues desolated the earth, and in one, at Constantinople, 10,000 are stated to have died daily; and a writer—Procopius—quoted by Gibbon,



says that one hundred millions were exterminated in the age of Justinian, by plague and pestilence and famine. Thus the angel proclaimed from heaven, Wo! wo! wo! and Fathers, and Popes, and Earthquake, and Plague, responded amid the smouldering ruins of the empire, Wo! wo! wo! A wo was pronounced from heaven, and humanity recognised in its denunciation the voice of God, and expected it and trembled. Nor was it a small portion or prelibation of the coming wo, that Antichrist was now completely developed. Purgatory, private confession, the worship of relics, the merits and mediation of saints, were now recognised doctrines. The Bishop of Rome assumed the name of "Vicar of Christ," that is, called himself Antichrist, a word which does not mean opposed to Christ, but in the room or place of Christ. The approach of this Apostasy was worthy of the name of Wo, for never did so colossal a wo oppress the earth, or wear out its inhabitants. What happy hearts has it blighted! what fair lands has it spoiled of beauty! what wars has it kindled! what murders has it committed, yea, and consecrated also! what martyrs has it made! what souls has it slain! Assuming the name of Christ, it has done the work of Satan; calling itself Christian, it has perpetrated under the shadow of that name, the most terrible evils; pretending to set its affections above the world, it has lived and laboured only to subjugate the world to its ambition. I have seen the eagle rise and soar with outstretched wing, until he seemed to touch the firmamental ceiling, and bathe his plumage amid sunshine—it seemed as if his heart was set on something beyond the sky, and his eye kindling to catch a vision of it; but, in reality, his heart and eye were riveted upon the prey or the quarry that lay below; so has it been with Antichrist—he seemed to aim at heaven only to enable him to possess more surely the earth.

The fifth and sixth trumpets I will postpone to a future discussion.

Meantime let us learn from all this, that no one in the history of the earth appears, or speaks, or acts at random. All are under the overruling direction of God. Kings, and emperors, and great captains, and sagacious statesmen, take, as they imagine, their own way, and in the end each is seen to have been the unconscious agent of the purposes of God: the leaf that falls

from the tree, and the monarch that is smitten from his throne, the storm that howls amid the mountains or sweeps the earth, and the tide of war that devastates an empire, are all sent, or suffered, and superintended by God. Chance is the great atheistic monosyllable. It is the atheist's creed, his worship, his God; but it has no place in the Christian's Bible, and it ought to have none in a Christian's heart. Providence and Revelation equally proscribe it.

How uncongenial to the world is the gospel of Christ! Persecution and persuasion have been employed against it by turns. The bribe of the statesman and the bayonet of the soldier have been had recourse to in turns, in order to crush it; but it has risen from every conflict radiant with greater beauty: the hundred hands of infidelity cannot destroy it; the branch of the oak may as soon be broken by the wasps that settle on it, or the rock be uprooted by the sea-birds that caw above it, as Christianity be put down by its opponents, or finally and fatally betrayed by its professed friends. The church may be in danger, but Christianity never; the chapel may be deserted, but Christ will have a people; the minister may become apostate, but Jesus Christ remains the same, yesterday, to-day, and for ever; the earthen vessel may be broken in shivers, but its precious contents will be unscathed, and its fragrance spread only the wider.

In sunshine and in storm, by night and by day, through good report and through bad report, the great mission of the gospel has been carried on with various success. Its sacred banner has been borne by saints and martyrs, with the wind and against the wind, from the Jordan to the Tiber, the Thames, the Nile, and the Mississippi. Its glad sound has been lifted up and heard on the sea-waves, amid the noise of cataracts, and the tumults of the people; the communion table has been spread in all places of the earth; and the baptismal font has been filled from all waters, from the fountains of Nubia, and from the roaring geysers of Northern lands. And, wherever that blessed gospel has been received in simplicity, it has achieved the most beneficent results. It has no sooner laid its consecrating hand upon the poor, than they have felt unspeakably rich. It has no sooner touched the shackles of the slave, than, disenthralled and unfettered, he has

stepped into that freedom with which the truth makes free. Crushed and controverted as it has been at every step, it has dotted the broad earth with holy temples as with stars, and made them the rallying places for the overburdened hearts and the shattered hopes of the children of men. In spite of fierce opposition, it has been woven into the literature of nations, and into the languages of the earth. At this day it gives some of its colouring to the conversaciones of coteries, and to the talk of the streets. It still enters palaces with the majesty of a queen, and descends into cottages with the cordiality and kindness of a mother or a sister. It mingles with our griefs, and waits upon our sicknesses. It hallows the ties of marriage, and mitigates the separation and the sorrows of the grave. It is the joy of the good, the strength of the feeble, the hope of the wise, the glory of saints—and, blessed be God, it shall know no end; its “silver cord” never shall be loosed, its “golden bowl” shall never be broken.

Beneficent as the gospel is, it is painful to learn that its least victories have been the fruits of tears and suffering. It “came by blood,” and by blood it has been perpetuated. But it has been found, as it has been clearly shown in every cycle of its progress, that the truths thus written in blood have been more widely read, as well as more enduring, than if engraven with the point of a diamond on the rocks of every quarter of the globe. From Pope Pharaoh to Pope Pius IX.—from the College of Baal to that of the Congregation of Sacred Rites at Rome—from the massacre of the innocents at Bethlehem to that of St. Bartholomew and the Sicilian Vespers—the meek-hearted followers of the Cross have been “sawn asunder,” and burned, and endured “cruel mockings;” but all this and incalculably more persecution has failed to arrest its progress. It has rather fanned its hallowed flame. It has blown far and wide the ashes of the martyrs over many a land, there to take root and grow up and bear Cadmean harvests of yet more holy, more undaunted men.

Philosophy, with its cobwebs, tried to perplex its witnesses; and Power, with its weapons, strove to extirpate them. Vial after vial was poured out upon the meek confessors of the Christian faith, constituting a series of successive persecutions, unpa-

ralleled for cruelty in the history of mankind. But the death of the martyr was not the destruction of his creed. On the contrary, his blood fell as dew upon the truth, and made it flourish the more. The air became as the trumpet of jubilee, and the winds of heaven as winged angels, wafting the tones of the gospel from sea to sea. Opposition served only to brighten the hallowed lights, or to concentrate their scattered rays into an intenser focus; rendering more visible, and thereby more glorious, the sainted ones that suffered—and more monstrous still the surrounding grim and spectral superstitions of the earth. The gospel, in spite of opposition, was eventually throned above the Cæsars.

The trees of the forest have fallen, but the Vine brought out of Egypt has been rooted by the tempest. Its branches have been swept by successive storms, and its boughs have been hewn and trodden down by the Cains, and Herods, and Neros, and Hildebrands of the earth; but, like the banyan tree, it has only multiplied its roots and spread the more. The philosophical mythologies of Greece, and the warlike rites of Rome, have passed away; the priesthood of Levi and the flamens of Quirinus have retired from their altars, and the wide earth scarcely renders back one echo of their voices; but the gospel endures—nay, it flourishes, deriving fresh strength from the wrecks of error, and new beauty from the contentions of truth.

In the worst of times, and in the most terrible apostasy, God has a people. In the most unfavourable circumstances, and in the least suspected ages, they are and have been found; bleak indeed must that desert be in which there is no oasis, and Alpine snows must have more than Alpine cold amid which no floweret blooms; we may not see them, but God does; and even we, dim as our vision is, if we will only look below the turbid and agitated surface, shall see a silver stream that flows onward in beauty and in splendour to the main. We see at every stage of the providential dealings of God, punishment seizing on priest and people the moment they apostatize from the gospel of Jesus. We have, in those early instances in the history of Europe, a rehearsal on a greater or smaller scale of the future history of Christendom—we have the lesson writ on ruins, on battle-fields, that it is an evil and a bitter thing to depart from God.

What a monument of this truth has Britain been! When the continent of Papal Europe was overrun by the ruthless conqueror—when its cities were turned into barracks for his troops, and its cathedrals into stables for its cavalry; when national destruction swept them with its besom, England was spared, like Judah amid the tribes. Pestilence, famine, war, lowered in the far distant horizon, but dared not converge. She alone prospered. Her sun set not. Her renown went forth among the nations. The sword that was invincible everywhere had no edge when lifted up against her. This was owing to nothing but her Protestantism; her recognition of the God of truth—her grasp of the Bible—her prevailing protest against Popery, were her strength, her glory, her palladium, and her shield. Let us be faithful, even if all around should become apostate—let us cleave to truth, even if kings should come down from their thrones to patronize, and prelates from their palaces to consecrate a lie; and when other Alarics and Attilas shall come forth at the bidding of God, to scourge the apostate, either we shall be preserved amid the desolation, or, like Augustine, we shall be removed from it to the realms of eternal peace. Our only safety is our highest duty. Faithfulness to truth is our only defence: we are here for this end. To protest against error—to stand up for the gospel—to spread it at all sacrifice—to be pioneers, and thus prepare the way of its progress, if we cannot be missionaries and preachers—to be the salt that unobtrusively leavens, if we cannot be the lights that visibly illuminate—to have no aim paramount but the glory of God—this is Christianity; this is privilege; this is peace.

## LECTURE VI.

## THE FIFTH TRUMPET; OR, THE SARACENIC WO.

"And the fifth angel sounded, and I saw a star fall from heaven unto the earth: and to him was given the key of the bottomless pit.

"And he opened the bottomless pit; and there arose a smoke out of the pit, as the smoke of a great furnace; and the sun and the air were darkened by reason of the smoke of the pit.

"And there came out of the smoke locusts upon the earth: and unto them was given power, as the scorpions of the earth have power.

"And it was commanded them that they should not hurt the grass of the earth, neither any green thing, neither any tree; but only those men who have not the seal of God in their foreheads.

"And to them it was given that they should not kill them, but that they should be tormented five months: and their torment was as the torment of a scorpion, when he striketh a man.

"And in those days shall men seek death, and shall not find it; and shall desire to die, and death shall flee from them.

"And the shapes of the locusts were like unto horses prepared unto battle; and on their heads were as it were crowns like gold, and their faces were as the faces of men.

"And they had hair as the hair of women, and their teeth were as the teeth of lions.

"And they had breastplates, as it were breastplates of iron; and the sound of their wings was as the sound of chariots of many horses running to battle.

"And they had tails like unto scorpions, and there were stings in their tails: and their power was to hurt men five months.

"And they had a king over them, which is the angel of the bottomless pit, whose name in the Hebrew tongue is Abaddon, but in the Greek tongue hath his name Apollyon."—*Revelation ix. 1-11.*

THE great body of professing Christendom had become more and more almost entirely apostate; its career was retrograde every hour, its corruptions rose to the heavens, and the successive Gothic judgments had failed to exert upon the system any purifying power, or upon its agents and emissaries any awakening impression. God, therefore, according to a plan frequently illustrated in the history of his dealing with churches and nations, as may

be seen in Amos iv. 6-12, proceeded with other and more startling judgments to smite them yet more severely.

Accordingly, we read in the passage we have quoted the history of one of the most overwhelming woes that had yet fallen upon apostate Christendom—a wo big with exterminating calamities—menaced long, and long disregarded. It descended on the sounding of the fifth trumpet, and may be ascertained by analyzing the peculiar hieroglyphic, or Apocalyptic symbols, used to describe it.

These symbols, as Mr. Elliott has shown, are invariably to be explained on the principle of local, historical, or national allusion. This, in fact, is the key to all the symbols of Scripture. The fig-tree and the vine, for instance, are the emblems of Judah; the reed and the crocodile, of Egypt; the willow denotes Babylon, the wild ass Ishmael, the eagle Edom, and the ship Tyre. It is by following out these precedents of interpreted symbols already set us in Scripture, that we arrive at a consistent exposition of the symbols used in the Apocalypse.

The composite character of the locust creature employed in the description of this wo, violating, as it does, all the facts of natural history, shows plainly that it is a symbol, and as such is to be explained. The locust symbol indicates that the invader of the guilty lands marked out for punishment would rush forward in countless swarms, after the manner of locusts. The horse-like appearance denotes that the invading forces would consist mainly of hordes of cavalry. The lion-likeness intimates their daring and irresistible ferocity, and the scorpion sting, which does not kill the sufferer, indicates the torment they would inflict on those whom they would not be allowed to destroy. The locality from which they would come is plainly shown to be the East. Thus, in Exodus, tenth chapter, thirteenth verse, it is written, "The east wind brought the locusts" into Egypt from Arabia; and Volney, the skeptic historian, states that locusts come constantly from the deserts of Arabia. And in Judges, sixth chapter, fifth verse, the name *Arbah* for a locust, is plainly associated with the name *Arbi*, an Arab, when it is stated that they, the Arabs, came as locusts for multitude.

Thus, then, by carefully attending to these allusions, we arrive

at the conclusion—a conclusion borne out by Scripture usage and unquestionable historic facts—that the invading hordes of cavalry commissioned to execute the judgments of God upon apostate Christendom, would come from Arabia; in fact, one of the emissaries of the wo, the scorpion, is invariably traced in Scripture to Arabia, as when Moses says, “the wilderness,” *i. e.* the Arabian wilderness, “where are fiery serpents and scorpions.” The horse is regarded in this, and I believe in every modern country, as peculiarly Arabic. The whole zoology of the symbol is therefore purely Arabian; but superadded to these nationally characteristic symbols, are certain other features, which more minutely and clearly specify the people and the nation referred to. They are represented to have “faces as men,” “the long hair of women,” “breastplates,” and “crowns” adorned with gold upon their heads; that is, the courage and the aspect of the man, the effeminacy of the woman, invulnerability in battle, and continuous victory. That the Goths are not included in this symbol, must be obvious from the fact that the Romans described them as having woman-like faces, from their practice of shaving the upper lip; that the parties alluded to were neither Greeks nor Romans, is equally apparent from the circumstance that they wore long or woman-like hair, a feature abhorrent to Greek and Roman customs. We are, therefore, directed to a totally different race, a race, too, that meets and fulfils the symbol perfectly. Pliny describes the Arabs as wearing the moustache on the upper lip, having long hair and crowns, or turbans, on their heads. In the *Antar*, an Arabic poem, belonging to the age which we are now describing, we have frequent mention of the long hair of the Arabs streaming from beneath their turbans; and the Arabs have a proverb at this day descriptive of themselves. “God has bestowed four things on the Arabs: their turbans for diadems, tents for walls and houses, swords for entrenchments, and poems for laws;” and the Koran specifies the breastplate as one of God’s gifts to the Arabs.

The Abyss is used in the Old and New Testament scriptures to describe the region of the lost, as might be shown by a reference to a variety of texts. The smoke that emanated from it describes



some deadly error, or false religion, that should spring from its very depths, and darken the atmosphere of heaven.

Let us then inquire, if at the opening of the seventh century there arose any false system of religion, that, like a smoke from the bottomless abyss, darkened the light of Christendom; and if there issued from the midst of this smoke, saturated with its principles, hordes of Arabs, who desolated the Roman earth with a new and more terrible wo. In this very century, Mohammedanism appeared in Arabia; that terrible smoke which darkens still so large and so beautiful a portion of the earth—a system replete with fanaticism, fraud, sensualism, pride; which crushes wherever it conquers, and has extinguished the energy, the life, the freedom of every country of which it has taken possession. And it was after embracing the tenets and imbibing the spirit of this false superstition, that the Saracen hordes of cavalry issued in propagandist swarms with the fierceness of lions, and the fleetness of horses, and the stings of scorpions, upon guilty Christendom; they were resolved on victory or death; for in the one case, they anticipated license upon earth; and in the other, sensual indulgence as the reward of their exploits, in heaven. “The religion of Mohammed,” says Hallam, “is essentially a military system; the people of Arabia found in the law of their prophet, not a license, but a command to desolate the world.”

“The Arabs or Saracens,” says Gibbon, “had languished in poverty and contempt till Mohammed breathed into those savage hordes the soul of enthusiasm.” Schlegel, who was at once the philosopher and historian, in true apocalyptic terms, called Mohammedanism “the infernal spirit” (smoke from the bottomless pit) “that produced that antichristian combination of spiritual and temporal authority.” The two great principles explained in the Koran and embodied in the Mohammedan creed, which have always exercised a powerful influence on Mohammedans, are predestination or fatalism, and the promise of special sensual enjoyment to those who should fall on the field of battle. To a sensual, and yet daring race, these were resistless stimulants, and, exercised and roused to the very highest pitch of enthusiasm, they fell upon a race obnoxious to them from their difference of creed,

and given up by God on account of their unrepented and unfor-saken iniquities.

What remarkably identifies the symbol in the text with the people to whom we have applied it, is the commission to hurt "only those men which have not the seal of God in their fore-heads." Mohammed himself told his followers that their mission was to execute judgment against the idolaters of the earth, and specially against the Christians of the Roman empire, who, by their worship of the Virgin Mary, even in the judgment of Mohammed, had become idolaters. Gibbon also states, that the Christians of the seventh century had "relapsed into the semblance of paganism, their public and private vows were addressed to images and relics that disgraced the temples of the earth, and the throne of the Almighty was darkened by a cloud of martyrs, saints, and angels, the objects of popular veneration." Thus the skeptic historian attests the apostate character of those the false prophet believed himself commissioned to punish. It was also commanded them, we read, that "they should not hurt the grass of the earth, neither any tree." This was almost verbatim the commission given to the Saracens; for the Caliph, in conformity with the prescription of the Koran, issued this order, "Destroy no palm-trees, nor any fields of corn, cut down no fruit-trees." And in this respect, the conduct of the Saracens presented a favourable contrast to the practice of the Goths, who invariably destroyed every trace of vegetation, and left what was a garden in their van, a desert in their rear.

The chief and originator of this system is described, in the commencement of the chapter, as a star fallen from heaven,—a symbol which accurately describes the social and political position of Mohammed. A firmamental star in prophecy denotes a civil or ecclesiastical ruler; and a fallen firmamental star, a ruler who has been degraded, or in some other way, in person or in his dynasty, has lost his dignity and rank. Mohammed was of a royal house, the descendant of a princely race—the governors of Mecca; but on the death of his father and grandfather, he was left a destitute orphan. He was thus a star dropped from the firmament, the place of dignity and lustre, and fallen to the earth, the scene of degradation.

That a star thus denotes a ruler will be obvious from such passages of Scripture as Num. xxiv. 17: "There shall come a star out of Jacob;" and Isaiah xiv. 12: "How art thou fallen from heaven, Lucifer, son of the morning!" and in Antar, the ancient Arabic poem, to which allusion has been made already, it is written: "The chiefs were stars in the eyes of the beholders."

Mr. Elliott, to whom I am so deeply indebted, thus remarks on this application: "Mohammed was by birth of the princely house of Koreish, governors of Mecca. Originally the principality had been in the hands of the Jorhamites. But one of the Koreish had bought from them the key of the Caaba, and that which went with the key, the principality of Mecca, which from him descended lineally to Mohammed's grandfather, and was in fact in his hands at the time of his grandson's birth. Now this principality and government was one of no small eminence among the Arabs." "Of the many small states into which Arabia was divided at this time, most seemed to have looked up to Mecca," says Hallam, "as the capital of their nation, and chief seat of religious worship."

Gibbon writes, "The tribe of Koreish, by fraud or force, had acquired the custody of the Caaba. The sacerdotal office devolved, through four lineal descents, to the grandfather of Mohammed; the family of the Hashamites, whence he sprang, was the most respectable and sacred in the eyes of their country." "Mohammed was educated in the bosom of the noblest race of his country."

"The grandfather of Mohammed, and his lineal ancestors," says Gibbon, "appeared in foreign and domestic transactions as the princes of their country." "They were," writes Mr. Elliott, "in the view of the Syrian Greeks, as among the stars in the horizon of the political heaven. But just after his birth his father died, and very soon after his grandfather also, and the governorship of Mecca, headship of the tribe, and keys of the Caaba, passed into the hands of another branch of the family. His prospects of greatness seemed all blasted by their deaths. He found himself, so he recounted his own history afterward, a neglected and destitute orphan; though by birth a star in the horizon of the political firmament, he was now, at the opening of the seventh century, a star falling to the ground, and must so have appeared to

the Romans and Syrians, when in the character of servant of the widow Cadijah he came to traffic in the markets of Damascus." It is in referring to this very period of his life, that Mohammed observes, "Cadijah believed in me, when men despised me; she relieved my wants, when I was poor and persecuted by the world."

I have thus fortified, as strongly as possible, this historical fact, not because I have any doubt or difficulty about it, but because it has been least attended to, and by some previous interpreters of the Apocalypse it has been utterly misapprehended. Thus drawn from the archives of history, it presents itself as the thing contemplated in Apocalyptic prophecy, and not only solves a difficulty, but presents an additional corroborative proof of the minute accuracy of the predictions of the Spirit of God.

Mohammed was no ordinary man. Like Marius amid the marshes of Minturnæ, he cherished the most ambitious designs; he had lost the key of the Caaba, or the holy place of paganism, but soon received another key of another place from the father of lies. Brooding over his decay, he retired to the cave of Hera, three miles distant from Mecca, and from it, as if from the orifice of the bottomless abyss, he enunciated his mission. He had no sooner done so, than he was denounced and driven from Mecca, by the ruling powers and popular influence, as an impostor, but after "an exile of seven years," says Gibbon, "the fugitive missionary was enthroned as prince and prophet of his native country. It was then that he assumed to have the key of God, and made it to the Islamites what the cross was to the Christians." And as a memorial of the identity of fact with Apocalyptic prediction, the gate of justice of the Moorish Alhambra has a key in alto-relievo on the very centre of its arch, a standing symbol of Mohammedanism. The ignominious expulsion or flight of the false prophet from Mecca is now canonized by Mohammedans as the Hegira, from which they date their history, as we date ours from the birth of Christ.

Mr. Elliott adds, "The very emblem of the key, here figured as given to Mohammed, might almost seem to have been selected in *allusive* contrast to its counterpart in the Koran. In the latter, the key of God is asserted to have been given to the prophet; that which was to open to believers the portals of the true religion

and of heaven. Hence it was borne by his followers subsequently, at least by those of them who achieved the Western conquests of Islam, even as the holy cross by Christians, as both a religious and a national emblem, and the sculpture on the proud gate of justice in the Moorish Alhambra still retains and exhibits this symbol. But the Apocalyptic vision more truly represented it as the key of the abyss, and the smoke which rose from the abyss on his opening it as the fumes and the pestilential darkness of hell."

The Koran itself constantly refers to the key of God, which opened to Mohammedans the gates of the world and of religion. "Did not God," it is written in the Koran, "give to his legate the power of heaven which is above, and fire which is beneath? with the key did he not give him the title and power of a porter, that he may open to those whom he shall have chosen?"

Mr. Elliott gives in his first volume an engraving of the arch of the gate of justice in the Alhambra, with the key on the key-stone. Here, again, we have fresh evidence of the microscopic accuracy of the Apocalypse. Facts occur as if just to explain it. Men act as if they meant to fill up its magnificent outline, and the Koran of the Moslem and the pen of the skeptic turn commentators on the book which neither of them believe.

At this very age, then, we find that a vast body of Saracens, inspired by the dogmas of Mohammed, burst upon Western Christendom, and inflicted on its guilty people the most desolating judgments; and we shall see, by an impartial reference to their history, the completest evidence of the fulfilment of the Apocalyptic prediction. In the year 629, the Saracens first issued from the desert; and in A. D. 636, they came down upon Damascus and Jerusalem, like a resistless and overflowing torrent; and before A. D. 637, a Mohammedan mosque was built upon the very site of the ancient temple of Solomon, and the cry of the Muezzim was heard where the voice of inspiration had been uttered before—the crescent waved victorious over Egypt, Spain, Persia, and India. In ten years—that is, from A. D. 634 to A. D. 644, the Saracens reduced 3060 cities, destroyed 4000 churches, and raised 1400 mosques; and, as if to show how truly the punishment they inflicted was as the torment of a scorpion

when he striketh a man, and that "in those days shall men seek death and shall not find it, and shall desire to die, and death shall flee from them," the Christians they spared were tormented with the most cruel and protracted oppression—their rites were mocked at, their worship degraded, their persons assailed, and insults, without ceasing, were heaped upon their churches, and the common language addressed to them was, "Ye Christian dogs, ye know your option—the Koran, the tribute, or the sword!"

"The bitter contempt and hatred flowing out from the Moslem faith toward them could not but be felt perpetually. It was marked in the very terms of appellation—Christian dogs and infidels. The enactments of the capitulations granted them were then every-day remembrances of it. Deprived of the use of arms, like the Helots of old, and with tribute enforced as their annual life-redemption tax—with a different dress enjoined them from their masters, and a more humble mode of riding—an obligation to rise up deferentially in the presence of the meanest Moslem, and to receive and gratuitously entertain, for a certain time, whosoever of the Moslems, when on a journey, might require it—such were the marks of personal degradation ordained in the capitulations. And then, in token of the degradation of their religion, that to which, notwithstanding all their superstitions, they clung with fond attachment, there was the prohibition to build new churches, or to chime the bells in those retained by them, or to refuse the admission of the scoffing Moslem into them, though they regarded his presence as defilement. Add to this, the inducements to apostasy to Mohammedanism, operating to an incalculable extent on the young and thoughtless in families more especially, and then the penalty of death against those returning to the Christian faith—the insults, moreover, to Christian females, and a thousand indefinable injuries and oppressions; and how could it be but that the bitterness of their lot should be felt, and the poison rankle within them, even as it was in other days with the Jewish captives in Babylon? 'And in those days shall men seek death, and shall not find it, and shall desire to die, and death shall flee from them;' as it is said of the Jews in Jeremiah viii. 3: 'And death shall be chosen rather than life by all the

residue of them that remain of this evil family, which remain in all the places whither I have driven them.' ”

It is next stated that they had a king over them—a characteristic which seems to denote that they never renounced, in the countries they invaded, their allegiance to him who gave them their religion and their laws : this was fulfilled, in fact, and constitutes a peculiar feature of Mohammedan conquests. The Goths and Vandals left their own religion behind them, and embraced the principles and practised the worship of the country they invaded ; but the Saracens carried with them the Koran, the embodied spirit of their prophet and king, and having destroyed all the existing laws and usages of the conquered, they substituted their own, and insisted on their universal and unqualified observance. So minute is the prediction ! so true to it is the history !

There was, however, a limit to the action of this wo. It was sent, as the imagery of the fifth trumpet plainly implies, not to annihilate, but to “torment” the apostate Christians of the Roman empire ; hence, wheresoever the Saracens attempted to exceed the limits of their mission, they were foiled—a restraining and coercive power, unseen, but felt, kept them back. Gibbon, ever the impartial but undesigned commentator on the Apocalypse, makes the remark—“The calm historian must study to explain by what means the church and the state were saved from this impending and inevitable danger ;” and Hallam observes, “These conquests are less perplexing than their cessation.” The solution of the otherwise inexplicable mystery is, that God, who sent them to inflict the judgment, had limited alike the time and the place of its operation : twice they tried to destroy Constantinople, and twice they failed ; once they made an incursion into France, and if it had fallen before their arms, Europe had fallen also ; and, humanly speaking, the mosque would now have occupied in England the site of the Christian temple, and the Dervish of the East the place of the Tractarian of the West. The Franks, however, under Charles Martel, called “the Hammer,” repulsed them ; and, says the historian, Europe owes its existence, its religion, and its liberty, to his victory. We shall see, also, that not only the range, but the period of the duration of this wo is

distinctly fixed in the Apocalypse. They were to torment for five months—that is, 150 prophetic days, or 150 literal years. Let us now see if the chronology of history sustains the prediction in the Apocalypse. In 612, Mohammed first proclaimed his mission:—"Who," said he, "will be my vizier?" Ali replied, "O Prophet! I am the man! Whoever rises against thee, I will dash out his teeth, tear out his eyes, break his legs, and rip him up!" This date was, therefore, the commencement of the Saracenic invasion. After Mohammed had thus appointed one to begin that terrible course of ruthless and inexorable proselytism, which imparted to that system its temporary success, and after the conquests and occasional repulses which we have described, the dynasty of the Ommiades was supplanted in the caliphate by the dynasty of Abassides, in 755; and the caliphate, heretofore so powerful, from its unity, was rent in twain, and the dynasty of the East became the antagonist of that of the West. Another capital, Medinat al Salem, or the city of peace, farther eastward of Christendom, was selected, A. D. 862, and there the turbaned locusts settled. "The Colossus," says Sismondi, "that had bestridden the whole South, was broken; and this revolution did more for the deliverance of Europe from the Mussulman arms than even the battle of Poitiers." "War," says Gibbon, "was now no longer the passion of the Saracens: there the luxury of the caliphs relaxed the nerves, and terminated the progress of the Arabian empire."

"Thus, then, far east in Bagdad," writes Mr. Elliott, "after a brief temporary splendour and revival into military enterprise and success, from 781 to 805, under the reigns of Mohadi and Haroun Al Rashed, we must think of the once terrible power of the Saracens as declined and declining, luxury and licentiousness working their usual sure process of decay with both prince and people, and the fervour of religious fanaticism passed away. At length, in the year 841, the reigning caliph, distrusting the martial spirit of the Arabs, hired a band of 50,000 Turkmans from beyond the Oxus, to be the support of the caliphate at Bagdad; and these, acting precisely the same part as the Roman pretorian guards before them, revolted against, insulted, humiliated, and deposed the caliph, and so, in this case too, became a further and



powerful accelerating cause of their sovereign's downfall. At length, as the tenth century opened, the Fatimites, descendants of that Ali, Mohammed's first vizier, of whom we have spoken, and of his wife, Fatima, Mohammed's favourite daughter, asserted their rightful claims, not to independent political sovereignty only, but even to the caliphate itself. In the prosecution of this claim, they reduced Africa, Egypt, and Syria, and from Cairo, as their capital, became known as the third caliphate of Islamism; thus more and more dismembered, the Abassidean caliphate at Bagdad more and more languished, until the Persian independent Moslem dynasty of the Bowides, interposing on occasion of the factions then prevalent, advanced to Bagdad in the year 934, stripped the caliph of his secular office and supremacy, and reduced him to his spiritual functions as chief pontiff of Islamism, the mere phantom thenceforward of departed power." Thus we have clearly marked the rise and fall of this power.

From A. D. 612, the date of its rise, to A. D. 762, the date of its decay, is a period of one hundred and fifty years, or precisely the five prophetic months, or five times thirty prophetic days, that is, literal years, of the Apocalypse. These striking coincidences are surely not accidental. Gibbon had his mission, and that mission an important one. He is the reluctant commentator on the Apocalypse—the register of its prophecies fulfilled—the lasting evidence that God's word, which he denounced as false, is true.

These coincidences are so remarkable from first to last, that we cannot fail to recognise in them new evidence of the inspiration of Scripture, new proofs of the divinity of its predictions and the unity of God's plans. The historic keys, presented by the infidel historian, so exactly fit the prophetic wards, as described in the Apocalypse, that we are compelled to infer connection, adaptation, and design. The pen of truth records the prediction, and the finger of Providence translates it into fact; and the skeptic, ignorant of the one, but struck by the startling magnificence of the other, writes it down on the lasting tablets of history; and thus, were we to be asked to select the most impressive witness to the truth and reality of the text, "Holy men of old spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost," we would

select Volney as the evidence of the inspiration of Isaiah, and Gibbon as the best evidence of the inspiration of the Apocalypse.

The same God, we also learn, who is revealed in the Bible, is felt in Providence, and heard and seen in history. The shortest text, and the longest chapter, the most precious promise, and the most startling threatening in the Bible, are alike inspired by God. So in the history of the world, the minutest incident, and the most momentous revolution—the sparrow's flight, and the angel's worship, are alike under the cognizance, subject to the control, and associated with the ultimate purposes of God. All the action of Providence, notwithstanding its apparent antagonism, is really the continuous carrying out of the plans, predictions, and purposes of God. God pronounced the character of the future, and promotes what he has predicted without ceasing.

The little flock, the church of Christ, we see has outlived all trials, and survived all shocks, and has given evidence at every stage of its history and development, that the gates of hell shall never prevail against it. The church may be in danger, the chapel may be deserted, the ministers of both may become apostate, but the everlasting gospel survives, makes the tomb of all the platform on which it concentrates its force, that it may rise and soar with the speed and splendour of an angel's wing. Christ remains the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. His church shares in his glory. Let us always distinguish between the truth of Christ and the smoke that darkens it, or the apostasy that overlays it—the one goes, the other abides. The inexperienced eye, seeing the drift resting on the mountain top, concludes that it is part of the mountain itself; and when the wind sweeps the drift away, the unpractised spectator is apt to imagine that part of the mountain is gone—but it is not so; it still stands, to attract from the clouds that sweep over it the blessings which they bear, and to send them down its sides to refresh and moisten the drooping heath-bell, and to form streams which gladden, as they go, a thousand valleys, and sweep onward to the main. Thus superstitions, and apostasies, and errors, and controversies rage within and without, and all around the sides of the mountain of the Lord's house, and dart their lightnings, and emit their thunders, but they do not make nor unmake the mountain;

its glorious summit rises high above the tumult, and burns with perpetual sunshine, and all night long is visited by troops of stars. Heaven and earth may pass away ; the grass may wither, and the flower may fade ; but the word of the Lord endureth for ever ; and this is the word which by the gospel is preached unto you.

In conclusion, let me ask all of you, are ye members of this, the only true church ? Have you any part in the blood of the eternal covenant ? Are you united to Christ ? Have you any share in that blessed gospel which is adapted to the ignorance of man, illuminating it, to the guilt of man, expiating it, to the alienation of man, removing it ? “Be ye reconciled unto God,” is its bidding. “God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him might not perish, but have everlasting life,” is its blessed revelation. “He that believeth not the Son, shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth upon him,” is its solemn reiterated warning. To be ignorant of the meaning and the mysteries of the Apocalypse, is to be without the enjoyment of a great privilege ; but to have no interest in Christ, no experience of the efficacy of his atoning sacrifice, is to have no real peace upon earth, no sure prospect of happiness in heaven ; but, on the contrary, a fearful looking for of fiery indignation. “See, then, that ye refuse not him that speaketh ; for if they escaped not who refused him that spake on earth, much more shall not we escape if we turn away from him that speaketh from heaven.”

## LECTURE VII.

## THE SIXTH TRUMPET; OR, THE TURKISH WO.

“One wo is past; and, behold, there come two woes more hereafter.

“And the sixth angel sounded, and I heard a voice from the four horns of the golden altar which is before God,

“Saying to the sixth angel which had the trumpet, Loose the four angels which are bound in the great river Euphrates.

“And the four angels were loosed, which were prepared for an hour, and a day, and a month, and a year, for to slay the third part of men.

“And the number of the army of the horsemen were two hundred thousand thousand: and I heard the number of them.

“And thus I saw the horses in the vision, and them that sat on them, having breastplates of fire, and of jacinth, and brimstone: and the heads of the horses were as the heads of lions; and out of their mouths issued fire and smoke and brimstone.

“By these three was the third part of men killed, by the fire, and by the smoke, and by the brimstone, which issued out of their mouths.

“For their power is in their mouth, and in their tails: for their tails were like unto serpents, and had heads, and with them they do hurt.

“And the rest of the men which were not killed by these plagues yet repented not of the works of their hands, that they should not worship devils, and idols of gold, and silver, and brass, and stone, and of wood: which neither can see, nor hear, nor walk:

“Neither repented they of their murders, nor of their sorceries, nor of their fornication, nor of their thefts.”—*Revelation ix. 12-21.*

I MUST, in the present instance, be allowed again to express a sentiment which I have endeavoured before to inculcate, viz. that there must be drawn a broad and palpable line between those great evangelical truths which are clearly and plainly revealed to us, and those views of prophecy, fulfilled or unfulfilled, which are subjects of a probability more or less high. I wish you clearly to understand, that when I tell you there are acceptance and forgiveness in the name of Christ only, I enunciate a proposition which is far above the region of dispute; but when I express an opinion that the seals describe the Roman empire, or that the four first trumpets describe the Gothic eruption, or that the fifth trumpet is the epitome of the Saracenic wo, or that the sixth is

the history of the Turkish war or invasion, I convey views about which good men have differed in times past, on which Christians may still differ, but respecting which it appears to me to be the duty of the minister of Christ to give, at least, the result of his own researches, or the expression of his own sober mind. You will, therefore, bear in mind that my views of prophecy may be erroneous, but my expositions of the great tenets of the gospel are true as God's word and lasting as his throne. My exposition of the Apocalypse may be disputed, and I beg of you to canvass it, if you will do so, in a Christian spirit, and as becometh the gospel of Christ; but my convictions of evangelical and Bible religion I hold are so clearly and so plainly unfolded in the pages of the word of God, that he who doubts is lost, and he who hears and receives may rejoice in hope of everlasting glory.

In my last lecture I explained the fifth trumpet, and endeavoured to identify the Arabs of history with the locust symbols which are here so minutely described. I expressed my conviction that the fifth trumpet describes the judgments executed on apostate Christendom by the irruption of the Saracens. I showed you the striking identity between the Apocalyptic symbols used and the facts of history as recorded. Mohammed I identified with the star fallen from heaven. A star is the symbol of a prince, a ruler, or a king; a fallen firmamental star, a disrowned ruler. Thus Mohammed was of royal ancestry—of the royal but decayed house of Mecca, a prince without a sceptre—a monarch without a throne. He was thus a fallen firmamental star. To him was given a *key*—a key he thought to open heaven, but God says to unlock the bottomless pit. In this we have another evidence of the complete identity between the facts of history and the symbols of the Apocalypse: a key is one of the great characteristic ensigns of Mohammedanism; so much so, that on the principal arch of the court of justice, called the Alhambra, there is the figure of a key in alto-relievo, as the great symbol or characteristic mark of the Moor to this very day. I explained how Mohammedans, being likened to the smoke of a great furnace, darkening the sun, coming up out of the pit; and the Mohammedanism or Saracens, who embraced his system, being likened to locusts overspreading the whole earth; I showed you

that the symbol is plainly Arabic : when we speak of the rose, we refer to England ; or of the thistle, we refer to Scotland ; so in the Apocalypse, when symbols are used they have some national or characteristic allusion. The locust is used, as I showed you, to describe the Arab, and as this reference denotes that like locusts they will come in swarms, so when we refer to history, we find that such was the fact. Then "it was commanded them that they should not touch the grass of the earth, neither any green thing, neither any tree." There is a precept of Mohammed in the Koran and an express order of the caliph, that they, the Saracens, should not touch grass, nor green trees, nor any thing of the kind. The Goths left what was the garden of the Lord before them, a desolate wilderness behind them ; but the Mohammedans, wherever they invaded, left the green things undismantled, and the green trees undestroyed. I then referred to the crown on their head, which seems to signify the turban which was worn by the Arabs. I also referred to the fact, that "they had hair as the hair of women;" it is still the characteristic of the Arabs, the long black hair hanging down upon their shoulders ; and I cited instances to show that there is a national characteristic to explain that they had faces as the faces of men. Now the Goths were noted, and upbraided by the Romans, for having faces of women, because they removed the hair from the upper lip ; the Arabs are recorded in history as having the faces of men, from their retaining it ; which was regarded as the symbol of manliness.

I now enter upon the passage I have selected for this evening's exposition, viz. the sounding of the sixth trumpet, or what is called the second wo.

First of all, you will notice that a voice came "from the four corners of the golden altar that is before God, saying to the sixth angel, Loose the four angels which are bound in the great river Euphrates." Now you cannot have forgotten what I explained on a previous occasion, that where there is a voice emitted, or a scene witnessed of this description in the Apocalyptic firmament, we find it has an allusive reference to a corresponding but contrasting scene just then actualized on earth. The truth that is proclaimed from heaven indicates the cor-

relative error contemporaneously held on earth. The doctrine that is inculcated above is thus allusively an emphatic protest against the heresy taught below. A voice is heard on this occasion proceeding from the horns of the golden altar. Who alone, let me ask, had a right to be there? The high-priest alone, in the Jewish dispensation, and only once a year; and so our High-Priest, the Great Antitype, is there for ever, to make intercession for us. The doctrine, therefore, here taught in the Apocalyptic heaven, is the atoning sacrifice on earth and priestly intercession of Christ before the throne in heaven, and this is the great doctrine, therefore, to which there is here conveyed allusion, as being explained away, merged, or corrupted in the visible church. We have an illustrative instance of this allusive reference in such a passage as this:—"The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground:" that is, the cry of the innocent involves and silently utters the crime of the guilty. We therefore presume, from this disclosure, that at this period Christendom increased in its apostasy from this vital truth—that it still continued to corrupt, beyond all other doctrines, the great doctrine of the atonement, and of the priestly intercession of the Son of God, by errors grafted on them. This was the sin of the church, and therefore the corresponding judgment is sent, and is thus described.

The moment that the sixth trumpet sounded, we are told that the four angels were loosed from the Euphrates. Now these four angels are referred to in chapter seven as the tempest-restraining angels. The judgments which they were commissioned to execute had been going on under the previous symbols. But at Bagdad on the Euphrates, these ceased, for there the Saracenic empire was rent in twain, and the conquests of the Moors ceased; and there, consequently, the angels paused in their dread work and were bound. A commission was given to those four angels to arise from this spot where they were bound, and to let loose a new judgment. Do we then find at that period in our Apocalyptic chronology at which we are arrived, after the Saracens had passed away, and the Crescent had ceased for a while to be dominant, and Christendom had experienced a momentary pause in its torments, that there was any fresh invasion of Christendom after

this respite :—any facts, in short, embodied in the historie page which coincide with the symbols made use of in the Apocalypse? I think we do. The invasion thus set-forth was that of the Turks. Togrul Beg was declared to be head of the Turkish empire, and the protector and governor of Mecca. He forthwith declared war against Christendom—in other words, the instant the sixth trumpet sounded the four angels were let loose, and judgments immediately followed. The Turks, we are told, invaded Christendom, and commenced a war against it, under Alp Arslan, called the valiant Lion. He crossed the Euphrates in the year 1063, at the head of immense masses of Turkish cavalry. He carried victory in his van and havoc and destruction in his rear. He encompassed Constantinople. It did not fall, because its day was not yet come, but its monarch, Alexius, felt his weakness, trembled on his throne, and called upon the Christian nations of the West to join with him to repel the invaders. We read that it was only the crusades, which occupied the whole attention of Christendom, that as providential means prevented the ruin of Constantinople, which was the queen and mistress of the East, as, previous to her fall, Rome had been the mistress of the Western empire. Though the Turks failed in this, they profitably employed the interval in recruiting and consolidating their power. Hence at the end of the 14th century, after the crusades and all their glory had passed away, we read that the Turks, thus recruited, again crossed the Danube, and fell on Constantinople; and Gibbon, the historian, makes the remark, that for the first time in the history of Europe, “Constantinople was surrounded both on the Asiatic and the European side,” by the forces of the Turks, led by the Sultan Hunkiar, whose name in the Turkish language is, literally, the slayer of men; as if to describe his mission to be “to slay the third part of men,” as it is declared and defined in the Apocalypse. Mark the expression, too, which is here used, “the number of the army of the horsemen were two hundred thousand thousand.” Now you will recollect the Gothic forces consisted chiefly of infantry, but it was the great military characteristic of the Turks that their main force consisted of cavalry. It is said, by Gibbon himself, that at this time myriads of Turkish horse crossed the Danube, and swept



and overspread the whole length and breadth of the Grecian empire. It is added here, by St. John, "I heard the number of them." Now whenever an expression of this kind is used in the Apocalypse, it means that some public testimony was emitted; and in this case it intimates that there was some public declaration of the vast number of the invading forces. Accordingly we read, that not only Peter the Hermit, but the patriarch of Jerusalem, trembling for the safety of the sacred capital and its illustrious remains, sent a petition through Western Europe, imploring and entreating its princes to send forces to his aid: "for," said he, "we call for help: the forces of the Turks are more numerous than the forces of the Saracens: they already devour the whole world by anticipation."

In order still further to identify the historic illustrations that I have referred to, let us notice what is said in verse 17. It is there stated—"I saw the horses in the vision, and them that sat on them, having breastplates of fire, and of jacinth, and brimstone: and the heads of the horses were as the heads of lions; and out of their mouths issued fire and smoke and brimstone. By these three was the third part of men killed, by the fire, and by the smoke, and by the brimstone, which issued out of their mouths." These symbols long perplexed commentators upon the Apocalypse. It was difficult to determine what was their meaning. It is, however, ascertained to be a symbol which, like every other symbol of the sacred book, has its fixed and definite historic meaning. Now I do not assert that the exposition I give is infallible and beyond dispute; but I do assert that the coincidence between the fact I am now about to state, and the symbol that is employed, is so vivid and remarkable, that there is the best possible ground for the assumption that it is the solution of the difficulty. The symbols here employed, are fire and smoke and brimstone, and these are specified as the Turkman's weapons of destruction. Now the period at which we have arrived, as I have told you, is the close of the 14th and the commencement of the 15th century. The symbol we are opening up is that of the Turkish irruption on apostate Christendom, in order to punish it for its sins, and to execute the determined judgments of God. Was there any thing new or peculiar in the arms they employed?

was any new implement introduced by them into the warfare? have we, in contemporaneous history, any one fact that, in the least degree, seems to correspond with the characteristic terms used on this occasion? Let us consult history. We read that in the siege of Constantinople, the last stronghold of apostate Christendom, the fall of which was the most dreadful calamity to the East, as the fall of Rome was the most disastrous to the West, new elements of destruction were recently introduced in war—that gunpowder and cannon were employed: and it was only by their instrumentality that this illustrious city was reduced to ruins. At all events, this is the first Apocalyptic scene at which this new invention could be specified. Gunpowder is assigned traditionally a very early date, but really it was only recently introduced into war, and employed to batter down cities and fortifications. The sultan, on this occasion, hearing that a founder of cannon had deserted from the enemy, put the question to him, “Canst thou found a cannon large enough to batter down the walls of Constantinople?”—and in the course of a few months a whole park of artillery were pouring death and destruction on the devoted walls of that illustrious Eastern capital. And so much did this fact strike Gibbon, (and Gibbon, I have told you, was not the least desirous of explaining the Apocalypse, for he did not believe the Gospels, much less the Apocalypse; indeed I am doubtful if he ever believed in any thing but the greatness of his own genius, or cared for aught but the flattery and incense which he required to be offered to it,) that he states, in his history of the siege of Constantinople—after giving an account of that mysterious mixture of saltpetre, sulphur, and charcoal—that “fortifications that had stood for ages against the Goth, the Hun, the Vandal, and the Saracen, now fell before the mighty power of cannon.” Constantinople fell amid the groans of the Christian and the shouts of the Moslem, and the Empire of the East set never again to rise. Now I do not say that this is an infallible exposition of the Apocalyptic statement. But I do say that at the period of historic narrative at which we have arrived, and with consistency arrived, there is such a minute coincidence between the historic fact and the Apocalyptic symbol, taking into consideration the chronology of that event as the consistent chro-

nology of the Apocalypse, that we cannot resist the conclusion, that the invasion of the Turks was the wo that immediately followed the sounding of the sixth trumpet.

In order still more fully to identify this historical fact with the symbol, I must direct your attention to another allusion contained in verse 19: "For their power is in their tails: for their tails were like unto serpents, and had heads, and with them do they hurt." The same expression is used of the Saracens, who embraced the same religion—namely, Mohammedanism, that their power (*ἐξουσία*, jurisdiction, authority) was in their tails. Now this has long been regarded as an all but inexplicable symbol, and has greatly embarrassed many commentators on the Apocalypse. A crown is the symbol of a conquering monarch—this symbol we can easily understand. A diadem is the symbol and seal of a peaceful monarch—and this also we can understand. A sword, as we saw before under one of the seals, is the express symbol of a military prefect—this is perfectly natural. The balance, as we also saw under another seal, is the symbol of an administrator of justice: but the tail—and not the tail of the majestic lion, but of the Arab horse—what can this be the symbol of? how can we explain it? The solution has been found. It is recorded in history that one of the Turkish chiefs had lost his standard in the battle, and that on discovering his loss he cut off the tail of the horse on which he rode, mounted it on a pole, and announced to the Turks that it was to be the standard of their nation, and round it thenceforth they rallied to the havoc and to victory. From that moment the horse's tail became the most distinctive official symbol of the Turks; so much so, that at the present day it is the very word for honour and power: the number of tails a Turk has is the expression of the amount of official power to which he is raised. A pasha of one tail is of the lowest rank—of two tails, higher—and a pasha of three tails is a still higher rank. The fact fulfils the prophecy. The coincidence between this feature in Turkish history and the Apocalyptic symbol is striking. It is so startling, so unexpected, as to afford the strongest possible presumption, that the symbol of which I am speaking is fulfilled and explained by the historic facts I have now quoted.

It is added, in the next place, and “with these they do hurt.” Here our translation is at fault; the word translated “hurt” is *ἀδικοῦσι*, and its meaning is not so much to hurt in the sense of inflicting pain on the body; but to deal unjustly, to act unjustly—not to rule righteously—not to distribute even-handed justice to others. I need not quote the proverbial tyranny of sultans, I need not refer to the barbaric proscriptions of their pashas; travellers fail fully to enumerate the cruelties and oppressions endured by those under their yoke; and inflicted for no other reason than that the former have power, and the latter profess a different religion. The meaning is plain, this “tail” is the exponent of Turkish rule, and as such is the symbol of injustice, instead of being, like the rose of England, the symbol of justice, impartiality, and truth.

We have also stated here the period during which this wo was to last. It is said, they “were prepared for an hour, and a day, and a month, and a year,” that is to say, from the period when the Turks departed from Bagdad on the Euphrates, crossed that river, and subsequently the Danube, to the time when the last groans of the Christians of Constantinople mingled with the expiring echoes of the sixth Apocalyptic trumpet. The whole period, from the going forth of the Turks at Bagdad to the fall of Constantinople, includes the Apocalyptic period expressed in the words, an hour, a day, a month, and a year. Now it has been clearly established, and indeed can be proved, as I shall hereafter show you in these lectures, from a reference to Daniel, and other no less conclusive evidence, that a prophetic year may be taken at  $365\frac{1}{4}$  prophetic days, or literal years. The prophetic month is 30 prophetic days, or 30 literal years; a prophetic day is one literal year. And thus a *day* in the Apocalypse means a year; a year signifies  $365\frac{1}{4}$  such prophetic days, or literal years. And using this explanation, you will find that the hour, the day, the month, and the year, are thus exactly met; and, within a day, describe the period which extends from the time when the Turkish forces left Bagdad on the Euphrates, till the time that Constantinople fell, and all the grandeur of the East set in gloom and darkness, which has not yet been dissipated. We find  $365\frac{1}{4}$  years + a month or 30 years + a day or 1 year + an hour or 15 days,

make 396 years and 106 days. Now the time when the Turks left Bagdad was A. D. 1057; the time when Constantinople fell under their arms was A. D. 1453; the former period commencing January 18th, and the latter period ending on May the 29th, that is, 396 years and 106 days: the dates thus recorded in history correspond precisely with the prophetic period which we have here specified in the Apocalypse. And it is thus more decisive evidence that our identification of the sixth trumpet with the Turkish invasion and the fall of Constantinople, is a great and all but indubitable fact.

The two capitals of Christendom had fallen: the church in each had become apostate: churches as corporate bodies cease to exist in eternity, and therefore they are rewarded or punished upon earth. If there be one fact more striking than another in the history of the past, it is this, that whenever a nation has patronized the great Western apostasy, it has been judged, and invaded, and punished as it is recorded in the Apocalypse. I should look upon it, my dear friends, as a less ominous symptom of national ruin, that a nation should persecute the truth than that it should patronize the superstitions of Rome. The first would only stir up the Christians that remain to the crisis—consecrate their energies, and excite them to a more spiritual confidence in their principles—their heavenly patronage—their Bible promises; but the last would not only corrupt or divide, but would draw down the judgments of God upon them that thus apostatized from Him.

I have now to refer to the effects of these judgments on the apostasy during the Middle Ages.

I have, on previous occasions, referred to a work in which the author holds that the ages that I have pronounced to be those of accumulating and unrepented superstition were the ages of Faith. The author makes this statement: one of the most learned and able of the Fathers flourished in the 12th century; and he argues that the age which produced such a man as Bernard, could not be a dark or a barbarous one. Suppose that Bernard was all that he describes him to have been—that he was most eloquent and most devoted—that he was, notwithstanding his superstition, an intellectual phenomenon—suppose he was all that his eloquent advocate describes him to be; must we con-

clude, as he argues, that those ages that gave birth to such a man cannot have been dark ones? Might we not turn round upon such a reasoner and say, if, because the Middle Ages gave birth to St. Bernard, we are to conclude that they were ages of faith and light, surely the age that originated a Milton must be pre-eminently excellent and worthy of all praise? Yet, if you ask a churchman, such and so high as the author of this reasoning is, what was the characteristic of the age from which John Milton sprang, you will find by his description of it that he must either praise the Puritans, or cease to have confidence in his own reasoning.

It is also argued that all the most beautiful cathedrals originated in these ages; and that the ages which produced such magnificent buildings could not have been either barbarous or dark. Canterbury was built in 1023; York minster in 1193; Winchester in 1099; Lincoln cathedral in 1188: the argument is, that, if such monuments as these appeared in those ages, they could have been neither dark, barbarous, nor uncultivated ages. The answer is, these beautiful cathedrals, could they become animated and vocal, would many of them tell most terrible tales of their origin. They would speak of the plundered widows and bereaved orphans, who wept over the stones of which they were composed—they would speak of the blood that was shed, in order that the gold with which they were raised might be procured—they would speak of the fell superstition out of which they sprang—they would speak, too, of the damning marks of that very church, which taught that, to build a cathedral or to found a monastery, was better than “to do justly and love mercy.” Suppose that these cathedrals are, as they are, most beautiful, are they evidence of the existence of real religion at the time? Are architecture and orthodoxy twins? Siamese twins—inseparable? One rejoices when these edifices are consecrated again by the accents of truth. And I pray, and none can pray more fervently than I do, that for ages and centuries yet to come, they may resound with the word of truth—with the voice of multitudes crying, from their inmost hearts, “Thou art the King of glory, O Christ.” But I can tell you, my dear friends, of a temple more glorious and beautiful than York minster, or Canter-

bury. I will not take you to St. Peter's, when illuminated for some fête with its all but innumerable lamps; I will not take you to Antwerp, or Brussels, or Paris, or to any other city of architectural and cathedral monuments; I will rather take you to some sequestered glen in the midst of that land, the heather of which is now trodden by the footstep of our sovereign; I will take you to that lowly cottage which has only turf for its covering, and a few rude stones for its walls, into which all the winds of heaven can blow, and the rain and the snow may penetrate—but into which, such is the reality of British freedom, even the queen cannot enter without its owner's permission—I will take you to that peasant's cot; I will introduce you into it at eventide, and, if you are a member of the Church of England, you will hear prayer far more impressive than yours, justly called by Robert Hall the most beautiful of uninspired composition. His prayers rise from the very depths of his soul, the language is severely simple—the things he asks, grand and glorious beyond conception—as he prays for a blessing upon himself, and upon his children, and his children's children, unto the third and fourth generations. My dear friends, that is a more beautiful temple than the cathedral of Canterbury, or the minster of York; for that man is a temple of the Holy Ghost: God dwells in that man's heart, inlays it with holiness, and sheds over it the kindling rays of a celestial splendour. That temple is the product of Protestantism: the cathedrals of Canterbury and York—though now turned to holier uses, were nevertheless the product of a religion that sprang not from heaven—it is too corrupt for that; it came not from man—it is too subtle for that; but it came from Satan—it is the masterpiece of Satan—the great apostasy foretold of God.

I will now endeavour to show you what was the result of these judgments on the apostate church on which they fell. That church, as I have told you, was scourged by the Goth, the Hun, and the Saracen: it was all but exterminated by the Turk; but was any sanctified result produced on it? No, alas! for it is here stated, (ver. 19, 20,) “The rest of the men which were not killed by these plagues yet repented not of the work of their hands, that they should not worship devils, and idols of gold,

and silver, and brass, and stone, and of wood: which neither can see, nor hear, nor walk: neither repented they of their murders, nor of their sorceries, nor of their fornication, nor of their thefts." In other words, the statement here is, that these judgments did not soften them. God punished the apostate church, but they remained apostate still. It is here said they "repented not of the works of their hands, that they should not worship devils." The word *devils*\* is in this place mistranslated; the word in the original is *δαιμόνια*, *demons*, which means what the Greeks understood by demons, the glorified spirits, or supposed to be glorified spirits, of dead good men. The word used for the devil, is always *διάβολος*, or Satan, or some such expression. The expression *δαιμόνια* strictly intends not fallen angels or devils, but spirits of dead men separated from the body, though it be applied figuratively to Satan in some few passages. And therefore it is here said that they worshipped the spirits of dead men, which was one cause of the infliction of these judgments; and after the cessation of the judgment they continued to do so still. To show they so worshipped before, and continued to do so after, I will refer to the seventh General Council, (and every Roman Catholic in Christendom subscribes to that council,) namely, the second Council of Nice, A. D. 787, which passed the following law: "We honour and worship the image of the humanity of the Saviour, and of our Lady, the Holy Mother of God." Actio iv. And again, the same council says: "For the honour rendered to the image is transmitted to the prototype, and he who worships the figure worships the substance of that which is represented by it." Actio vii. And these laws, old as the eighth century, are still put in practice by the Church of Rome. It is altogether a mistake to say that the Romish religion is a novel religion: it is a very old religion; but my objection to it is that, old as it is, it is not old enough. Ours is the pure religion of the apostles: Popery is the religion of the fathers. Ours is the religion of the Bible—of the first age of Christianity: Popery is the religion concocted out of paganism, by the imaginations of men semi-pagan, and inspired and directed by Satan. I hold

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\* See Hes. Op. 121. Plat. Phædon, 108 B. Æschylus calls the deified Darius *δαιμών*.



in my hand a book referring to the 13th century, which presents a practical exemplification of the worship of demons sanctioned by the second Council of Nice, to which I have referred. This book is one of great value: it is called the "Psalter of the Blessed St. Bonaventura." This Bonaventure was one who flourished during the time when the judgments of God were thus inflicted upon the apostate church: he brings into practical development in worship the principles laid down by the second Council of Nice. To do so he took the Psalms of David, and wherever in any psalm the word "Lord" or "God" occurred, he expunged it, and substituted for it the name of the Virgin Mary. This document I hold now in my hand. I will give you a specimen of it, just to show you that, during the judgments that descended upon it, the apostate church repented not of its worship of demons, or departed spirits, but persisted in its idolatry still.

For instance, Psalm xix. is, "The heavens declare the glory of Mary; and the perfume of thine ointment is diffused among the nations. Pant after her, ye lost sinners, and she shall lead you to the haven of indulgence. \* \* \* Let the heaven of heavens praise her, and let all the earth glorify her name." Psalm xcv. "Oh come, let us sing unto our Lady; let us heartily rejoice in Mary, the queen of our salvation. Let us come before her presence with thanksgiving; and show forth her praise with psalms. Oh come, let us worship and fall down before her: let us confess our sins unto her with tears." Psalm li. is, "Have mercy upon me, O Lady; who art called the Mother of Mercy," and so on. The 23d is, "Our Lady is our shepherdess," &c. And, lest this should not be strong enough, there is given that sublime hymn, the Te Deum, subjected to the same process: "We praise thee, O Mary; we acknowledge thee to be the Virgin," and so on. He then proceeds with the Litany, not so treated generally, in the same manner. "O God the Father, have mercy on us. O God the Son, have mercy on us. O God the Spirit, have mercy on us." And then he goes on to say, "Be propitious to us, and spare us, O Lady, from all evil and mischief, from sin, from the crafts and assaults of the devil, and from thy wrath, and from the torments of the damned, deliver us, O Lady." I remember when I heard

the Liturgy of the Church of England for the first time, I attended an English parish church, where the minister did not *intone* it as Puseyites do, nor *read* it as others frequently do, but *prayed* it as Christians should do. I remember when he came to one part of that sublime Litany, my heart was touched, and my taste, as that of every one who has any must be, was gratified. The passage was this: "In all time of our tribulation; in all time of our wealth; in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment, good Lord, deliver us." I felt this alike comprehensive, scriptural, and beautiful! But how was I horrified when I found it thus parodied by a canonized Roman saint: "In all time of our tribulation, &c., *good LADY, deliver us.*" I have quoted Bonaventura, born in the 13th century, a Roman cardinal, to show that this apostate church repented not of the worship of demons. This is the evidence of it. But I am sure that most of those whom I am now addressing will say, surely the Church of Rome, which talks now so loud, as in the case of Pius IX., in defence of all political reform, must in the 19th century repudiate a document that reflects disgrace on the church, and discredit on its canonized or sainted defender. Not at all, she has done no such thing. In the service of the Church of Rome there is a collect, (and that collect is used once a year,) in which the worshipper prays that he may be instructed in the doctrine of the blessed St. Bonaventura. But you ask, is there any modern and accessible republication of this Psalter? With some care, and some trouble, I have procured ten successive editions of this very Psalter, published under the auspices of Gregory XVI. One edition, now before me, is dated 1836; the last edition that I have been able to procure, is dated 1844; and the Psalms, and the Te Deum, are blasphemously translated into Italian, and used by the laity of the Romish Church, just as I read them to you from the Latin edition which I now hold in my hand. I have also a French Te Deum, addressed to the Virgin, published under the sanction of the Archbishop of Paris. If this theology was infallible in the 14th, of course it is infallible in the 19th century: adopted once as orthodox, it can be rejected never; for the Church of Rome stereotypes her productions, and shows that, as far as doctrine is concerned, she is

unchanged, and unchangeable. I could produce innumerable and recent proofs of the awful idolatry of the Romish Church. In all her superstitions, idolatry, tyranny, cruelty, and proscriptio, there is no change for the better. She has not, therefore, even yet repented of the worship of demons. The streets, cathedrals, and churches of Belgium, I can state from personal knowledge, are painful proofs of this.

But the description in this passage indicates that the moral state of the church was no better. Let any one read the decrees and accompanying discussions of councils, that were assembled, among other things, to investigate the crimes of the priests, and he will have no difficulty in seeing the fulfilment of this prophecy. The very poems and ballads, and the historians of these ages, are confirmatory proof of their terrible degeneracy. Instead of repenting of their sins, they corrupted themselves, and sinned more and more. The very legends of the saints, read to the people as practical theology, were fitted by their indelicacy alone to contaminate their moral character. The system of auricular confession, which was introduced at this time, combined with the compulsory celibacy of the clergy, was suited to increase that contamination. There was a text-book, of which forty editions are extant, first issued in the Pontificate of John XXII., in which every crime had its absolution and every sin its forgiveness for a fixed sum of money. The bishops, even, of that day, licensed the very sin which is here strongly denounced, and much of the episcopal revenue was derived from licences granted to the sensual for living in that very sin. Gerson, in the Council of Constance, publicly denounced the nunneries as "prostibula meretricium," and he could not be contradicted.

But, it is added, they did not repent of their "sorceries." What were their sorceries? Who is ignorant of pretended visions, dreams, and "lying wonders," and miracles, and pious frauds? What lists of holy relics! What remains of the cross, and of the apparel of the Virgin. You will say, some of you, surely such sorceries are not practised now. Even now they have not repented of, or renounced them; they occur every day on the continent of Europe. It was only in 1846 that the Archbishop of Paris, with the sanction of his superior, the pope,

published the account of a miraculous medal, which is solemnly declared to be able to convert heretics and cure diseases. Only the other day, 1847, we have archiepiscopal sanction given to an account of an appearance of the Virgin to two children in La Salette, in which it is stated, the place she stood on became a spring, the waters of which operate miraculous cures. That no true Christian female, much less Mary, addressed the children on this occasion is plain, from the words put into Mary's mouth, "If my people will not be converted, I shall be compelled to allow them to fall into the hands of my Son"—a remark in which you may observe an essentially Popish idea. Our Saviour is represented as an offended judge, and Mary as an indulgent mediator, who sympathizes with us, in a way and to a degree in which Christ cannot. The way to propitiate Christ, as if he needed such propitiation, is, it is alleged, through Mary; and the only way of propitiating God, no less incensed, is through Christ. The Trinity is represented as all wrath, but Mary all love. The *Bible* says, that "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The Virgin may not come between us and Christ. We need her not. Through Christ, God can come down low as we have fallen, and we can rise as high as God is. Jesus is God: none can come between him and God. He is also man: none can come between Christ and me. As God-man, he fills the whole chasm that sin had made between heaven and earth. He lays his right hand on the throne of Deity, and his left hand on my heart, and so makes of twain one.

I need not remind you of Lord Shrewsbury's Adolaratas, which are purely mesmeric creations. His lordship believes that in each of the hands of one of these ladies are distinctly represented the stigmata or wounds of Christ, which bleed the instant the host or consecrated water is brought near, and cease bleeding whenever the host is withdrawn.\*

The next sin in this dark catalogue, of which the apostasy

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\* While this new edition of these lectures is passing through the press, I may add the fact of the recent discovery of the head of St. Andrew at Rome, and the devotional exercises in honour of it performed by Pius IX. and his cardinals.

repented not, is *theft*. Indulgences had long been sold publicly in the market, and the coffers of the Vatican were filled with the produce of the sale of relics, and of jubilees and pilgrimages. Clement VI., in his bull appointing the jubilee of 1350, says, "We also command the angels that they place his soul in paradise, entirely exempt from purgatory." Masses for the dead, the sale of ecclesiastical dignities, and the prices of licenses to the priests to live in sin were so great, that Pope Leo X. exclaimed of the gospel, "How profitable this fable of Jesus Christ has been to us!"

They repented not of their "murders." In the year 1179, the third Lateran denounced heretics with anathema, and commanded their goods to be confiscated. The fourth Lateran, A. D. 1215, commanded that "the secular power be admonished, and if needs be compelled, to exterminate heretics out of their land." Every Romish bishop swears still at his consecration, "I will persecute and attack all heretics and dissenters." Dominic began the Inquisition as an individual persecutor, and after his death the Inquisition was duly organized, A. D. 1233—that fell system of universal espionage, unsparing and ceaseless proscription, whose Argus-eyed police entered and analyzed every house, and made the human heart dread even the sound of its own beatings. In short, so little evidence of repentance was there just previous to the Reformation, that in 1460, Alan de la Roche revived the Rosary with its ten prayers to Mary, or *Aves*, for one Pater Noster, or prayer to God. Alexander VI., in his bull canonizing Anselm, writes, "Romanus Pontifex viros claros inter sanctos predictos debet collocare et ut sanctos ab omnibus Christi fidelibus coli venerari et adorari mandare." "The Roman Pontiff ought to place the foresaid eminent men among the saints, and to order them as such to be worshipped, venerated, and adored by all Christ's faithful people." At the bidding of Pope Innocent VIII. in 1488, eighteen thousand soldiers burst on the country of the Waldenses, and depopulated the Val Louise, leaving in its caves four hundred dead infants clinging to the breasts of their dead mothers. From the reorganization of the Inquisition in 1478, to the Reformation in 1517, thirteen thousand persons were burnt for heresy. All was fearful, dark, and

sanguinary. God at length interposed and said, as he alone can, "Let there be light;" and Martin Luther stepped upon the platform of Europe.

My dear friends, you and I, and all of us, are sinners in the sight of God. God calls upon you also to repent, not to exhibit the momentary tempest of remorse—but the lasting power—the abiding influence that renounces sin, and leads to God—that repentance in short which is not caused by fear of the punishment of sin, but by regret for sin itself. Such repentance is not natural to the heart of man—it is not indigenous—it is a flower of God's own planting. "Christ is exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance and remission of sins." My dear friends, think ye that those who were thus punished for their transgressions, and their unabjured apostasy, were sinners above all? "I tell you nay; but except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." Do you feel the force of these words: "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" I beseech you, by the mercy of God, by the preciousness of atoning blood, by the prospect of judgment to come, by all the happiness of heaven you would inherit, by the woes of the lost you would deprecate, that you will not suffer your eyes to sleep, nor your eyelids to slumber, until you feel that you have within you the dawn of peace with God, the first presentiment and earnest of the hope of glory.

Sinners! perishing sinners, believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and ye shall be saved. Turn to him with all your heart. Bow the knee of the soul at his throne. Does he not say, "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out?"

## LECTURE VIII.

## THE REFORMATION.

“And I saw another mighty angel come down from heaven, clothed with a cloud: and a rainbow was upon his head, and his face was as it were the sun, and his feet as pillars of fire:

“And he had in his hand a little book open: and he set his right foot upon the sea, and his left foot on the earth,

“And cried with a loud voice, as when a lion roareth: and when he had cried, seven thunders uttered their voices.

“And when the seven thunders had uttered their voices, I was about to write: and I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Seal up those things which the seven thunders uttered, and write them not.”—*Revelation* x. 1–4.

THOSE who were present last Lord's day evening will recollect that I gave you a portrait, very brief, as must have been necessarily the case, of the awful and overshadowing corruption under which Christendom groaned, prior to the Reformation. I showed you too, that, notwithstanding the Gothic judgment, four times inflicted upon it—next, the Saracenic wo, which almost consumed it—and finally, the Turkish wo, under which Constantinople fell; notwithstanding these and other judgments of God, the nations, in the language of the chapter, “repented not of the works of their hands, that they should not worship demons, and idols of gold, and silver, and brass, and stone, and of wood; which can neither see, nor hear, nor walk; neither repented they of their murders, nor of their sorceries, nor of their fornication, nor of their thefts.”

My previous lectures will show that we are arrived now just about the close of the 15th and commencement of the 16th century. If there be present those who have not heard the previous lectures, our fixing this epoch will seem to be a gratuitous assumption. But those who have heard the series will see that I have pursued at least a consistent and continuous chronology—a chronology that seems to me to grow more evident as we proceed.

The whole of it may be wrong, but parts of it scarcely can be so. If I am right in my premises, I can scarcely be wrong in my conclusions. If the principle of the exposition be, as it is possible it may be, a misapplication, then all my chronology is wrong; but if the principle on which we have fixed it be correct, (and I think that the evidence that it is so is all but overwhelming,) then the conclusions which I have deduced are logically and scripturally right.

This chapter, I believe, describes that most glorious event, the blessed Reformation. Tractarians may denounce it as a schism; one of their chief spirits may say, "it was a leg badly set, and must be broken again in order to be set right," as he has said: but I believe that, next to the great Pentecostal effusion, it was the brightest and the most blessed interposition of eternal truth that has occurred in the history of Christendom.

The Reformation—the scene described in this chapter, is set forth in vivid and impressive symbols. There appears an angel: that angel of whom we have read as the Angel of the Covenant—the Son of God. This illustrious Angel came down from heaven "clothed with the cloud." This last characteristic of the Angel is a sign that the Lord Jesus is referred to. He alone is represented as an angel clothed with the cloud; no created intelligence in the history of the services rendered by heaven to the church, or in the description of that history in the pages of the Apocalypse, is represented as thus clothed with the cloud. He had next a rainbow, it is stated, upon his head. That rainbow, as I have told you before, is the recognised symbol of his eternal covenant, "ordered in all things and sure." We believe, therefore, that this was a revealed manifestation of the Lord Jesus Christ, in all the glory of the gospel, just at the epoch at which we have arrived. Priests and people were without light or life. Christendom groaned beneath a system that had in it all the corruption of the dead, and beneath a sacerdotal despotism that was instinct with all the wickedness of the damned. The crisis was come: Christ must interpose, either to crush or to convert. The church must be extinguished, or it must be purified. Mercy, not judgment, was vouchsafed. Ruin was deserved: a Reformation came.



The nature of that Reformation is symbolically set forth in the language of this chapter. First, it is intimated that it would be a manifestation of Christ specially as the Sun of Righteousness, letting forth the beams of righteousness on a benighted earth; "his face was as it were the sun." In the next place, it must have been a manifestation of Christ associated in some way with his own blessed book—the book, for that is the meaning of the word Bible: *the Bible*—and with the preaching of its contents. In the third place, we gather from the accompaniment, "pillars of fire," a symbol that reminds us of the pillar of fire by night and the pillar of cloud by day, that went before the Israelites in the wilderness—that it must have been such a manifestation as cast around irradiating splendour that encouraged his people, and threw backward awe and darkness that damped the spirit and destroyed the power of his adversaries.

Now having noticed these three points, let us see if any thing occurred about the era that we have fixed in our chronology, that bears out and makes actual these symbols and signs. We read that at the close of the 15th and in the commencement of the 16th century, the Reformation burst upon the world. The distinctive revelation in that event was Christ as the Sun of Righteousness. For the great doctrine that shook the foundations of the Papal hierarchy, and made popes tremble on their thrones, was not a voice from beneath, or a political stratagem, or conquering battalions, but the announcement of a proposition that passed like a ploughshare through all the superstitions of the Vatican—"We are justified by the righteousness of Christ, and by that alone." This rent the Romish superstition into ten thousand fragments. Another feature of Christ's manifestation was, that he should speak, or roar, or utter his voice as the lion—the Lion of the tribe of Judah. This intimates the deep and terrible conflict—the din and tumult of an arduous and earnest controversy. It was not a peaceful expansion of the light of morn into the splendours of meridian day, as by the rising of the sun; but along with this a fell struggle between light and darkness; a desperate conflict between truth and error: and it was only after earth had been drenched with sainted blood, and the winds of heaven had wafted the ashes of holy martyrs to the very ends of the earth,

that that consummation, in the light and results of which we now live, was achieved and made permanent.

I refer to one well-known history of this era. In the continuation of Milner's Church History there is language used which forms an expressive commentary on the passage I have just read, as well as the evidence of its fulfilment: "After ages of superstition, and the reign of ignorance," says the historian, "we see the Sun of Righteousness rising over Europe, with healing under his wings."

In achieving this glorious event, God made use of instrumentality just as he has used it in previous epochs. He might have proclaimed the atonement by illuminating the concave of the sky with a cross, and writing on the firmament above, so as to be legible on earth, every text in the Bible. But he did not do so. Men were to be saved, and he employed men to preach and persuade. God works by means, when means will do—he works against them when they resist him—he works above them when they will not do. The Reformation was achieved in a similar manner. God might have shaken Christendom by an earthquake—he might have expunged by one sweep all the canons of councils, the decretals of popes, and the psalters of superstitious cardinals. He might have written Justification by Faith upon the noonday sun. He might have inscribed Regeneration by the Spirit alone upon every star that studs the blue firmament—he might have made the winds of heaven and the chimes of the desert sea to make melody in man's ear, by proving to man's heart the blessed gospel. But he did not do so. He chose man to be the instrument: and when God is about to accomplish a great work, he selects an instrument, if not adequate, at least suitable to the emergency. The instrument selected for the Reformation bears a name that has become a household word—a name that shines in greater lustre than the name of Milton, of Shakspeare, or of Newton—because associated with more glorious triumphs—a name that has left behind it a legacy that no other has rivalled—the legacy of an unshackled Christianity—an unclasped Bible—a preached gospel. Need I add, it is the name of MARTIN LUTHER.

In the year 1483 was born Martin Luther. He was the son,

as you are I dare say aware, of a poor miner of Mansfeld : and so poor was Martin Luther, that when at school he had sometimes literally to beg his bread from door to door, and to ask a morsel for the "love of God," to keep him from starving. And yet that schoolboy could not be starved. His bread and water were provided for him from everlasting ages. He had a work and mission which he alone was designed to do. The waves of the Nile could not bury Moses in his cradle of bulrushes,—and so not all the spirits in hell, nor all the priests of Rome, could crush the child of the poor miner of Mansfeld. The selection of such an instrument for achieving the Reformation, shows us "not many mighty men, not many noble men, hath God chosen : but he has chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty ; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are : that no flesh should glory in his presence." Yet, insignificant as he appeared to man, Europe waited for Martin Luther, and Martin Luther was preserved for Europe. Martin Luther ! It is a name ploughed into the hearts of millions, and all the insults of Tractarianism cannot efface it, and it will be mentioned with the veneration due to a great saint, though never with the worship that is the exclusive prerogative of the Deity. While we must not play the Papist by canonizing Luther, or any other saint, we must not prove ourselves ungrateful by erasing his name from the brightest place in the roll of the illustrious dead.

Luther entered the university of Erfurt in the year 1501. It is recorded that he made remarkable progress in his various studies ; he was distinguished for the strength of his intellect, the rapidity of his acquirements, and the facility with which he triumphed over the most difficult tasks prescribed to him. Luther excited the admiration, we are told by Merle D'Aubigné, of all his teachers. He showed himself to be a student of real intellect, and a labourer of indomitable perseverance. He showed he would shrink from no toil, and would be conquered by no difficulty. Auguries of success the most splendid were given forth by his professors and teachers. He was destined by some for the law—he was set apart by others for the church. It was predicted by

all that he would prove to be no ordinary man : and such he proved to be, though in a way unsuspected by his admirers. In the midst of his career, suddenly, and without giving notice to his teachers, or assigning one single reason to any of his companions, Luther determined to leave the university, and enter an Augustinian convent ; that is, a convent adopting the principles and bearing the name of the celebrated Latin father, St. Augustine, of whom I have spoken in a previous lecture. What could be the reason of so sudden and unpromising a change ? Why did Luther thus abandon the path that pointed to his realizing bright promises, and so cast a cloud upon brilliant prospects ? Why did he leave a university career of unrivalled promise, and immure himself in an Augustinian convent, where his usefulness might be utterly destroyed, his name obliterated, his talents buried as in a napkin, and his prospects were sure to be annihilated, as far as man could see, for ever ? There was a reason : that great mind, as if struck with some supernatural impulse, was stirred in the midst of his university career, with solemn and awful forebodings of death, and judgment, and eternity to come. That great heart which quailed at no perils, and was conscious of no fear of man, began to hear sounding in its own depths the very voice of God, preintimating to the student another course than that which university professors had assigned him. His soul felt its contact with the ocean of eternity ; and the waves and ripples of that sea began to overflow that spirit, and to reveal in its bosom, as in a brilliant mirror, that great tribunal, before which Luther felt that monks and monarchs, princes and peasants, must stand to receive judgment according to the deeds that they had done in the body. In the midst of university studies, he suddenly felt the reality of judgment and of God, and after the manner of the times he thought a convent was the only proper place for religious men.

What was the instrumental cause of this sudden movement in his mind ? What originated these struggles ? Luther was one day searching in the library of the university of Erfurt ; and, in the course of his searches, he found a large volume, with strong clasps, covered with dust, evidently not opened for half a century, or it might be more. Struck with the strangeness of its ap-

pearance, and with the bulk of the volume, he opened it: it was called the Bible. He had never seen it before. He knew nothing more of the Bible than the lessons extracted from it in the Missal, or the incidental histories given from it in the Breviary. He began to read that Bible. He found in it new and awakening facts—he read of the guilt of man, so deep that no tears could wash it away, and of the holiness of God, so awful that no sinner could meet it; and he felt, between his own conscience, in its calm and sequestered hours, and the delineation of man's conscience contained in that Bible, such an identity as satisfied that lonely youth that the God who made his conscience wrote that book called the Bible. And he looked at it again and again, and he found fresh proof that, while one page of it revealed a guilty world, the other page revealed a holy, a just, and a righteous God. Luther's great mind was, perhaps, touched by a celestial unction; he felt that if he was, what he knew he was, the chiefest of sinners, and if God was, what he read he was, a just and a righteous and a holy God, then there was no prospect of salvation for his soul beyond the grave. He trembled and he read: he read again and again; he trembled, and wept, and read. The Reformation depended upon this—whether Luther should read on, or whether he should shut the book, and place it where it was before. The Reformation, with all its issues, stretching into eternal ages, was contained in the dusty Bible Martin Luther discovered in the library of the university of Erfurt. But God said, Come forth, and nothing could repress it. God's providence seconded the leading of God's grace, for we read in the interesting history of Luther, by the pious Genevese historian, Merle D'Aubigné, that Luther was one day walking in the fields with a fellow-student, when there overtook them suddenly a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning; both ran for shelter, but, ere they reached a place of retreat, Luther's companion was struck by the lightning, and dropped dead at Luther's feet. Luther was unscathed. That companion the world could do without, but neither the world nor the church could do without Luther. This solemn event impressed and awed the spirit of Luther. He felt again with increasing force, Life, how short! Judgment, how near! Eternity, how terrible! And when he recollected

again what his own conscience felt, and what God's word declared, and thought that he also might be struck by the next flash, or overwhelmed by the next storm, and sent to stand shivering and naked and guilty at the judgment-seat of God, he endured an agony of spirit that was beyond all expression. What, he asked himself, what must I do to be saved? What can I do? He cried out, in the anguish of his soul, "Oh my sin! my sin! what, what can forgive me my sin?"

Now let me beg of you to take a retrospective glance at the sequestered convent of the Augustinians. Do you see that pale spectre shivering amid the corridors? Do you see that emaciated monk wandering with bowed head, and beating heart, and fevered eye, amid the cloisters of the convent? There is plenty to eat, brother Martin, abundance of raiment, right merry companions, men that fear not God, and care not for man; why be sorrowful? This was no comfort to his soul: like the stricken deer, he preferred to wander alone, separated from the rest; there was a barbed shaft rankling in his spirit, which no human hand could extract; and in that suffering, pained, emaciated, lonely monk, amid the corridors and the cloisters of the Augustinian convent, you have the living and the visible evidence of the reality of that solemn text, "a wounded spirit who can bear?"

But look at him again: he is determined to have peace, if it can be had at any price. He goes to the inmates of the convent; he speaks to his brother monks; he tells them of man a sinner, and God all holy; some laugh at him; some try to amuse him with other things; and the most serious among them prescribe to him an increase of fasting and penances. Luther took the only prescription that seemed an earnest one. He clothed himself with thorns, made long and weary pilgrimages, endured the most excruciating penances, went days without food, and fasted to an extent that the eremites of Tractarianism make but a very shabby imitation of, and endured a martyrdom while living that was not equalled or exceeded by the martyrdom once endured by saints that are dead. In all this he sought peace, by seeking to realize justification from sin. Did he find it? Far from it. No suffering of man reaches high enough to touch the offended heart of an offended God; and no penances or atonement of man de-

scend deep enough to reach the conscience and communicate to it peace. When you behold him fasting, and doing penance, and making pilgrimages, and living without bread or water, and covering his couch with his tears, in order to have peace with God, and, after all, reaching none, you learn another lesson, so short and simple in words, but so full of a sublime meaning—a text that would God it were written upon the lintel of every cathedral, and church, and chapel in the land! or rather, would God it were written, by the Spirit of God, upon the heart of every prelate, and minister, and preacher, and father of the church:—"By the deeds of the law no man living can be justified." In this state, then, of conviction—in this state of alarm that nothing could quell—in this state of perplexity that nothing could remove, Luther at last met with one who felt for him—one who was *in* the Church of Rome, but not *of* the Church of Rome. Staupitz was vicar-general of the convent, and, strange to say, a Christian and a Protestant, though called a Papist: there are such, I believe, still; but these are not the product of Popery, but the product of the Christianity that penetrates its darkness. Christians these are in spite of the system to which they belong; but they are not the products and results of that system. It is not unreasonable to expect that it should be so. Is there any desert in the length and breadth of the continent of Africa, in which there is not here and there a green and beautiful oasis? Is there any granite peak that towers to the skies, amid the Apennines or the Alps, in the clefts and interstices of which there is not some sweet violet that the frost has not nipped, some blossom that the storm has not blasted? And even in the Church of Rome, though the sirocco of a blasting superstition has swept it, and the cloud of awful and overshadowing apostasy hangs over it, yet such are the brightness and the power of the beams of God's truth, that they penetrate the cloud, and pour into the depths of the hearts of many who pant and thirst in the midst of that church for the light of life, and for the love of God. So was it here. Staupitz was a Christian, under a Papist in name—a Protestant, and yet a monk—a believer in the Bible, and yet a reader of the Breviary. This was inconsistent, no doubt, as far as we can see; but are there no inconsistencies with

us? He that knows his own heart best, and reads his own life most honestly, and above all, judges truly as well as charitably, will be the last to condemn. Luther found access to the vicar-general; he explained his case to him, and, to the amazement and delight of Luther, Staupitz said, "The righteousness of Christ is the only righteousness by which the sinner can be justified." "And the love of God in Christ," said Staupitz, to the vexed, torn, bleeding heart of Luther, "the love of God is the only fountain of genuine repentance." "But," said Luther, "my sin, my sin: how can I expect to have an interest in this? I am a great, a miserable sinner." Staupitz said, "Would you only be the semblance of a sinner? then you must expect only the semblance of a Saviour; but if you be what you say you are—a real sinner—then there is for you a real Saviour—in his blood, forgiveness—in his righteousness, a title to heaven and everlasting happiness." The clouds of night were successively swept from the mind of Luther, and the Sun of Righteousness, described in the chapter, shone forth upon his soul in meridian splendour; a new era dawned, a new career unfolded itself to his mind. Superstition, and will-worship, and voluntary humility departed, and in the light of that Sun he saw light. "He beheld," to use the language of the evangelist on another occasion, "he beheld the glory of Christ as the glory of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." The bitterness of Luther was gradually removed; his wounded spirit was healed; and he was heard, in the joy and excitement of his soul, to exclaim, "O happy sin that has introduced me to such a salvation!"

At this very time, the Church of Rome, not aware that the monk's cowl concealed an enlightened head and a Christian heart—the Church of Rome, ever subtle and watchful, was anxious to keep Luther quiet. I have heard it said, that when the celebrated Whitefield began to make too deep and powerful a stir, King George III., I believe, asked his minister what should be done with him? The reply of the supple statesman was, "Make him a bishop." That was a prescription borrowed from the great pharmacopœia of all such prescriptions—the policy of the Church of Rome. Be it as it may, Martin Luther was made not a bishop, but a doctor of divinity—a dignity of some value, but



strange enough, (for it is the fact that such policy always confounds itself,) the very office with which she invested him, implied that he was to be a teacher of the Bible, and that Bible he was specially to study. The name remained, but the duty in reality had become obsolete. The study of the Bible was utterly forgotten, though the office of an expounder of it was still kept up. Luther determined, as he always did, to be what he seemed, (for, as Carlyle said of him, "there was no sham about that man—he was no semblance—that monk was a real man—a true man—he never would live in semblance—he would stand always on realities.") Luther acted in this spirit; for when invested with the title of Expounder of the Bible, he determined to be really and truly so. He immediately caused three or four planks to be placed in the market-place of the town of Wittemberg, and took his stand upon these planks, and began to preach; first of all to a very few, but eventually to many; for the doctrines he uttered, the strange truths he enunciated, found a response in the hearts of myriads; and, at last, the crowds that came to hear Martin Luther were so great, that even Pope Leo, the elegant and accomplished pope, who was far more busy in encouraging painters than in promoting the spread of Christianity, began to think that the monk was no common or ordinary disturber of the church. The people spoke of him in some such language as this:—"We have learned," they said, "from this monk to sing a new song." And what was that song? "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." And Melancthon—the amiable and peaceful Melancthon, who never could have originated the Reformation if it had been left to his arrangement—made the remark, that it seemed, since Luther thus preached, "as if a new day had risen upon the Christian world, after the long darkness of a dark night." I have just alluded to Melancthon; and though I am speaking chiefly of Luther, let me add the advice, in this place, that in estimating Christian character, we should always recollect that Christianity does not change A into B, or B into C, but it sanctifies A, and it sanctifies B, and it sanctifies C. In other words, the gospel does not make us *other* men, but it renders us *new* men. And while some thought Luther was too rough, and others that Melancthon

was too gentle, each was alike fitted and sanctified for his place. If Knox had affected to be one of the elegant and accomplished preachers of the day, and had been more attentive to the ring on his finger than to the Bible in his hand—if he had preferred to pay court to queens rather than to be loyal to Christ, and faithfully to preach the gospel; to study to be elegant and courtly in his phraseology, rather than to enunciate the truth fearlessly—it would never have been written on his tombstone, “Here lies the man who never feared the face of clay.” It was thus that we in Scotland got rid of not only the rooks themselves, but the nests and rookeries in which they found their lurking-places.

The Reformation, however, was not merely a manifestation of Christ simply as the Sun of Righteousness arising in silent splendour. It is further declared, that when Christ interposed, he not only appeared with a face shining like the sun, but he also “spoke with a loud voice, as when a lion roareth;” and that lion is described, in a previous chapter, to be the Lion of the tribe of Judah. Was there any feature now in the Reformation, the counterpart of this revelation in heaven? There was. Luther’s duty was not only to point out the Sun of Righteousness which then arose above the horizon with healing under his wings, but he had also a sterner mission; like Jeremiah, he was born a man of controversy. He had not only to speak the truth, but to condemn and to protest against error—not only to point out the sunbeams, but to scatter the obstructing clouds: and, accordingly, we read in history that about this very time an occasion occurred that necessitated his assuming a controversial attitude. Tetzel, the impudent and unsanctified emissary of the Vatican, began to preach his indulgences, and to tell the people, (I quote his own language,) “There is no sin so great that the indulgences which I have cannot remit it. These indulgences are the most precious gifts of God.” “This red cross has as much efficacy as the cross of Jesus Christ.” “There is no sin so great that the indulgence cannot remit it; and even if any one should, which is impossible, ravish the Holy Virgin Mother, let him pay—let him only pay largely, and it shall be forgiven him.” “Even repentance is not requisite”—“indulgences save not only the living, but the dead.” “Ye priests, ye nobles, ye tradesmen, ye wives, ye maidens, and

ye young men, hearken to your departed parents, crying to you, from the bottomless abyss, 'We are enduring horrible torment; a small alms would deliver us; you can give it, and you will not.' The very moment that the money chinks against the bottom of the chest, the soul escapes from purgatory, and flies freely to heaven. O senseless people, and almost like to beasts, who do not comprehend the grace so richly offered! This day heaven is on all sides open. Do you now refuse to enter? With ten grosechen you can deliver your father from purgatory. I protest, that though you should have only one coat, you ought to strip it off and sell it to purchase this grace. God has given all power to the pope." "Do you know why our most holy Lord distributes so rich a grace? The dilapidated church of St. Peter and St. Paul is to be restored, so as to be unparalleled in the whole earth. That church contains the bodies of the holy apostles Peter and Paul, and a vast company of martyrs. These sacred bodies, owing to the present condition of the edifice, are now, alas! continually trodden, polluted, dishonoured, and rotting in the rains. Ah! shall those holy ashes be suffered to remain degraded in the mire?"

The impious Tetzl then quoted Scripture:—"Blessed are the eyes that see what you see. Bring money, bring money, bring money!" Luther says that Tetzl uttered this cry with such a dreadful bellowing, that one might have thought some wild bull was rushing among the people, and goring them with his horns. Each person paid for his indulgence according to his rank and crime. Polygamy was six ducats, perjury and sacrilege nine, murder eight, and witchcraft two. Perhaps the most satisfactory explanation of the nefarious traffic will be the perusal of one of the diplomas:—

"Our Lord Jesus Christ have mercy on thee, N. N., and absolve thee by the merits of his most holy sufferings. And I, in virtue of the apostolic power committed to me, absolve thee from all ecclesiastical censures, judgments, and penalties that thou mayest have merited; and, further, from all excesses, sins, and crimes that thou mayest have committed, however great and enormous they may be, of whatever kind, even though they should be reserved to our holy father the pope, and the apostolic

see. I efface all the stains of weakness, and all traces of the shame that thou mayest have drawn upon thyself by such actions; I remit the pains thou wouldest have had to endure in purgatory; I receive thee again to the sacraments of the church; I hereby reincorporate thee in the communion of saints, and restore thee to the innocence and purity of thy baptism, so that, at the moment of death, the gate of the place of torment shall be shut against thee, and the gate of the paradise of joy shall be opened to thee. And if thou shouldest live long, this grace continueth unchangeable till the time of thy end. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit. Amen."

It must be obvious that this process was calculated to acquire an extensive popularity among that numerous class of persons whom licentious passions urge forward to every vicious indulgence, but in whose bosoms the moral faculty still retains a degree of sensibility sufficient to render them uneasy even in the moments of the most vicious intoxication. They learned that they might sin and purchase absolution in quick succession—the amount of their riches being the measure of their indulgence. The temple, in the days of our Lord's humiliation, had never become such a scene of nefarious traffic as this. And, as if to proclaim to the world that conscious thieves had the management of the unhallowed gains, the chest into which the price of sin was cast had three keys; one key was intrusted to Tetzal, the other to the treasurer of the house of Fugger, by whom the toll was farmed, and the third was in the hands of the civic authorities. They dared not trust each other. Each viewed his fellow as a thief, and God beheld from heaven his house of prayer literally turned into a den of sacrilegious thieves. There is still another illustration of the spirit of these unprincipled dealers. As soon as the labours of the day were over, they gave themselves up to every species of debauchery. The sums which had been scraped together, and emptied into the chest by the worn hand of labour, were spent in gaming-houses, in taverns, and houses of infamy. These priests were the mercenary and sensual impostors—the poor people were the ignorant and wronged and bleeding victims. Tetzal and his fellow harpies dreaded nothing so much as the simple announce-

ment of the preface of the gospel, "without money and without price."

The people, however, began to see through the gross deceptions practised upon them. Inquiries began to be made far and wide, in palaces, in halls, and in huts. If souls suffer so much in purgatory, and the pope has power to emancipate them, why does he wait till he gets so much money? What is the use of rich foundations for masses for the dead, seeing their souls can now be rescued only by the money paid into Tetzel's box? Human nature could not stand the gross imposition. A sinner one day asked a sin-broker and indulgence-vendor, "Can we redeem a soul from purgatory by casting a penny into the chest?" "Yes," said the vendor. "Ah!" replied the sinner, "what a cruel man the pope must be, to leave a poor soul to suffer so long for a penny!" The miscreant vendors paid innkeepers by promises of salvation, like bank-notes. None dared boldly to rebuke them. Tetzel's impiety and impostures, however, reached the ears of Luther. His remark was characteristic of the man—"God willing, I will make a hole in Tetzel's drum."

Opportunities soon occurred for enabling Luther to put in practice the principles he cherished even in the depth of Papal tyranny. As a confessor, he heard the acknowledgments of numerous citizens of Wittenberg, that they had been guilty of adultery, licentiousness, and dishonesty. On his rebuking them, he was told that, though they required absolution, they did not mean to abandon the sin which they had confessed. He refused them absolution. They showed in turn the indulgences which they had purchased. Luther told them their bits of paper were of no value; they must cease to sin, or perish. Tetzel heard of the daring comments of this Augustinian monk, and, mistaking the metal of the man, he began to fulminate anathemas against him. He even lighted fires in succession in the great square of the city, and announced that he had orders from the pope to burn every heretic who should say a word against indulgences.

Luther's flock heard what Tetzel said, and some of them were even infected by his deadly and pernicious imposture. This awakened the mind of Luther to a full investigation of his pretensions, and the result of that investigation was that Luther, on

the evening of October 31, 1517, drew up ninety-five contrary theses, or propositions, which he forthwith fixed upon the doors of the chief church in Wittenberg. There was no newspaper then in which to advertise them—nor public crier to announce them; or, if there had been one willing, he dared not employ him. Luther, in the silence of the night, posted his propositions upon the most public and conspicuous place in the city, and the crowds that gathered round to read them were innumerable.

Each of these contained a germ of Protestant truth,—each struck at a Popish heresy. These ninety-five theses are worthy of record. Let us read one or two of them as samples:—

“1. When our Master, and Lord Jesus Christ, says ‘Repent,’ he means that the whole life of his faithful servants upon earth should be a constant and continual repentance.

“2. This cannot be understood of the sacrament of penance,—that is to say, satisfaction and confession as administered by the priest.

“3. However, our Lord does not here speak only of inward repentance: inward repentance is invalid if it does not produce outwardly every kind of mortification of the flesh.

“4. Repentance and grief—that is to say, true penitence—last as long as a man is displeased with himself,—that is to say, till he passes from this life to eternal life.

“5. The pope cannot, and does not mean to remit any other penalty than that which he has imposed, according to his good pleasure, or conformably to the canons,—that is to say, to the Papal ordinances.

“6. The pope cannot remit any condemnation, but can only confirm and declare the remission that God himself has given, except only in cases that belong to him. If he does otherwise, the condemnation continues the same.

“8. The laws of ecclesiastical penance can be imposed on the living only, and in no wise respect the dead.

“27. Those persons preach human inventions who pretend that, at the very moment when the money sounds in the strong box, the soul escapes from purgatory.

“32. Those who fancy themselves sure of their salvation by

indulgences will go to the devil with those who teach them this doctrine.

“36. Every Christian who feels true repentance for his sins has perfect remission from the punishment and from the sin, without the need of indulgences.

“37. Every true Christian, dead or living, is a partaker of all the riches of Christ, or of the church, by the gift of God, and without any letter of indulgence.

“50. We must teach Christians, that if the pope knew the exactions of the preachers of indulgences, he would rather that the metropolitan church of St. Peter were burnt to ashes, than see it built up with the skin, the flesh, and bones of his flock.

“52. To hope to be saved by indulgences is to hope in lies and vanity, even although the commissioner of indulgences—nay, even though the pope himself should pledge his own soul in attestation of their efficacy.

“55. The pope can think no otherwise than this:—If the indulgence, which is the lesser, is celebrated with the sound of a bell, and pomp, and ceremony, much more is it right to celebrate the preaching of the gospel, which is the greater, with a hundred bells and a hundred times more pomp and ceremony.

“62. The true and precious treasure of the church is the holy gospel of the glory and grace of God.”

This was what Luther called, in his own stern and rugged Saxon, “taking the goose by the throat.” Leo heard of the propositions of Luther: he was grieved that he denied the pope’s power, but thought—very falsely thought—that as fire had extinguished so many heretics before, and as the light of the flames that had consumed previous martyrs was not yet totally darkened over the firmament of Europe, even the smell of fire might awe and put down the rash and courageous monk who avowed himself the author of the ninety-five propositions affixed to the doors of the church at Wittenberg. But Luther was not the man to be put down thus.

There were tremendous struggles in his bosom nevertheless. He felt he stood alone in Christendom. The majesty of power, the pomp of circumstance, the prescriptions of age, the inveteracy of prejudice, his own awful reverence of the church, amid whose

terrible corruptions and overshadowing darkness he fancied he saw still bright emanations of the surviving glory; his consciousness of weakness of temper, impetuosity of character, and comparative deficiency in patristic learning, all weighed upon his great mind, and urged him to relax or cease his efforts. His perplexities within and persecutions without, would have crushed the energies of any contemporary. But he was not alone. He had bread to eat the world knew not of. Evidently a divine power sustained the hero-priest, leaving us a lesson we are slow to learn, that the weakness of God is mightier than the strength of man. It was neither earthly policy, nor human passion, on the wings of which Luther swept broad Europe, scattering the incorruptible seeds of truth. His soul burned with love to God and sympathy with men. Truth was to be uncaged, the church to be enfranchised, souls to be delivered, and Luther's great heart was fitted for Luther's great work. His was a holy baptism from on high. He purged his eyesight at the fountain of light; he refreshed his giant might by feeding on heavenly manna, and drinking large and frequent draughts from the fountain of living waters; he had an apostle's soul within him, and he had also an apostle's God above him. This is one of the proofs that the Lord has not forsaken any of the worlds of nature, of providence, and of grace. Ever as a difficulty comes in the perpetual evolutions of things, a spirit is introduced willing and able to meet it, and when all around is so dark and mysterious that all expectation of an upshot is gone, some silent ray is piercing the mass of cloud, and gradually, but surely, giving foretoken of approaching day.

The pope's fire decree only roused Luther's indomitable spirit, for he took the pope's bull, supposed to be the most awful document exhibited in Christendom, and burned it publicly in the market-place of Wittemberg. All the Wittembergers shouted at the strange and striking spectacle: that shout was the tocsin of approaching Protestant triumph—the death-knell of the Papal power. It was, as we read in this passage of the Apocalypse, a victorious shout, “as when a lion roareth.”

Carlyle, in his own peculiar style, thus writes:—“It is curious to reflect what might have been the issue, had Roman Popery happened to pass this Luther by; to go on its great wasteful



orbit, and not come athwart his little path, and force him to assault it! Conceivable enough that, in this case, he might have held his peace about the abuses of Rome; left Providence and God on high to deal with them! A modest, quiet man; not prompt he to attack, irreverently, persons in authority. His clear task, as I say, was to do his own duty; to walk wisely in this world of confused wickedness, and save his soul alive. But the Roman high-priesthood did come athwart him; afar off at Wittenberg, he Luther, could not have lived in honesty for it; he remonstrated, resisted, came to extremity; was struck at, struck again, and so it came to a wager of battle between them! This is worth attending to in Luther's history. Perhaps no man of so humble, peaceable a disposition, ever filled the world with contention. We cannot but see that he would have loved privacy, quiet diligence in the shade; that it was against his will he ever became a notoriety. Notoriety: what would that do for him? The goal of his march through this world was the infinite heaven: an indubitable goal for him: in a few years he should either have attained that, or lost it for ever! We will say nothing at all, I think, of that sorrowfullest of theories, of its being some mean shop-keeper grudge of the Augustine monk against the Dominican, that first kindled the wrath of Luther, and produced the Protestant Reformation. We will say to the people who maintain it, if indeed any such exist now, Get first into the sphere of thought by which it is so much as possible to judge of Luther, or of any man like Luther, otherwise than distractedly; we may then begin arguing with you.

“The monk Tetzel, sent out carelessly in the way of trade by Leo the Tenth—who merely wanted to raise a little money, and for the rest seems to have been a pagan rather than a Christian, so far as he was any thing—arrived at Wittenberg, and drove his scandalous trade there. Luther's flock bought indulgences; in the confessional of his church, people pleaded to him that they had already got their sins pardoned. Luther, if he would not be found wanting at his own post, a false sluggard and coward at the very centre of the little space of ground that was his own, and no other man's, had to step forth against indulgences, and declare aloud that *they* were a futility and sorrowful mockery—that no

man's sins could be pardoned by *them*. It was the beginning of the whole Reformation. We know how it went : forward from this first public challenge of Tetzel, on the last day of October, 1517, through remonstrance and argument, spreading ever wider, rising ever higher, till it became unquenchable, and enveloped all the world. Luther's heart's desire was to have this grief and other griefs amended ; his thought was still far from introducing separation in the church, or revolting against the pope, father of Christendom. The elegant pagan pope cared little about this monk and his doctrines ; wished, however, to have done with the noise of him ; in a space of some three years, having tried various other methods, he thought good to mend it by *fire*. He dooms the monk's writings to be burnt by the hangman, and his body to be sent bound to Rome—probably for a similar purpose. It was the way they had ended with Huss, with Jerome, the century before. A short argument, fire. Poor Huss, he came to that Constance council with all imaginable promises and safe-conducts ; an earnest, not rebellious kind of man : they laid him instantly in a stone dungeon, 'three feet wide, six feet high, seven feet long ;' *burnt* the true voice out of this world ; choked it in smoke and fire. That was not well done !

"I, for one, pardon *Luther* for now altogether revolting against the pope. The elegant pagan, by this fire decree of his, had kindled into noble, just wrath the bravest heart then living in this world. The bravest, if also one of the humblest, peaceablest ; it was now kindled. These words of mine, words of truth and soberness, aiming faithfully, as human inability would allow, to promote God's truth on earth, and save men's souls, you, God's vicegerent on earth, answer them by the hangman and fire ? You will burn me and them for answer to the God's message thus strove to bring you ? *You* are not God's vicegerent ; you are *another's*, I think ! I take your bull as an imparchmented lie, and burn *it*. You will do what you see good next ; this is what I do."

So far, then, we have proceeded with the history of Luther, and of the efforts made by him. We have identified these as illustrative of that beautiful description of dawning truth recorded in the passage this evening read in your hearing. But

there is one statement in the chapter that long puzzled many, and has only just been explained by the laborious and devoted Scripture investigations of the Rev. Mr. Elliott. It is stated, you perceive, in this chapter, that seven thunders uttered their voices, (Ver. 13.) It is added, that as John, personating Luther, (for the Apocalypse is a drama—a holy, an inspired drama,) was about to write, he “heard a voice from heaven saying to me, Seal up those things which the seven thunders uttered, and write them not.” Let us see what is the meaning of this. First, it has been shown by Mr. Elliott, that “Write,” and “Write not,” are formulas, one of an injunction, and the other of a prohibition, in the Apocalypse, of the most important description. For instance, in Rev. xiv. 13, it is said, “Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord: Yea, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.” Then in Rev. xix. 9, there is another passage:—“Write, Blessed are they who are called unto the marriage-supper of the Lamb. These are the true sayings of God.” xxi. 5, “Behold, I make all things new. And he said unto me, Write, for these words are true and faithful.” Now, you will notice, after each of these commands, *Write*, there is *the statement of a reason*, and that reason is, that what he was to write was the word of the Spirit, or the faithful and the true sayings of God. Now, guided by this usage, we interpret the command here addressed to John, personating Luther, “*Write not*,” and we may presume the reason for “not writing” just the reverse of the reason for “writing.” Then you will notice, in the second place, that these thunders are said to have uttered their *own* voices. The voice of the lion that roared was the voice of Christ. We may infer, therefore, that the seven thunders uttering “*their own*” voices, was the voice of the very counterpart of Christ—Antichrist. We are also told that the edicts of the pope were called, in the Middle Ages, the *thunders* of the Vatican. Bishops might fulminate an anathema, but the pope alone might issue *the* thunders. But, then, you ask, Why *seven* thunders? The number seven is used to denote perfection, *seven* being the perfect number, and it may convey Antichrist’s mimicry of Christ; there is another reason: the number indicates locality; for we read of the woman sitting on the *seven* hills

in another chapter. The seven thunders issued from this Papal Olympus, and were the voice of the pope. An illustration of the propriety of this application is found in Le Bas's remark in his *Life of Wicliffe*:—"The thunders which shook the world when they issued from the seven hills, sent forth an uncertain sound when launched from a region of less elevated sanctity."

I therefore believe that the seven thunders represent the voice of Rome commanding Luther to desist, or "write:" the voice, "Write them not," was a command mightier than Rome's, that issued from the throne of God; "Luther, write them not;" despise them, burn them, tread them under foot; "be faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." But observe what follows: "I was about to write them." This is Luther's account of their effect on his mind, and seems to imply that Luther placed some belief in them, attached some degree of importance and efficacy to them. Now, is there any evidence that he did so? and if there be such evidence, it will be an additional link that will unite the predictions in the Apocalypse to the historic facts on which I am now commenting. What do we read? We find that the last error that Luther parted with was the supposed authority of that awful and mysterious thing—the church. He learned the gospel before he learned that Popery was the great Apostasy. He knew Christ to be a Saviour before he knew that the pope was the Antichrist, the destroyer. His own language, at the very time that he burned the pope's bull in the square of Wittemberg, and preached those truths that rent Europe by their power, and shook the Vatican by their echoes, testifies that Luther, at that moment, had no suspicion that Rome was the Apostasy, or that the pope was the Antichrist. His own language in after years was as follows:—

"After being enabled to answer every difficulty that could be brought against me from Scripture, one difficulty only remained, viz. that the church ought to be obeyed. If I had then braved the pope as I now do, I should have expected every hour that the earth would have opened to swallow me up like Korah and Abiram."

He believed that the pope was a constituted authority; this shows that the monk was not a revolutionist. He did not seek a

revolution—he aimed only at a reformation. And little does a superficial world know that the true plan to prevent a revolution is, to originate always a timely reformation. “He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.”

We read, that Luther was yet so wedded to the thought that the Church of Rome was the true church, and that the pope ought to be obeyed as the representative of Christ, that he thus addressed the pope, after he had proclaimed the gospel:—“Most blessed father, kill me or make me alive, approve or reprove, I will acknowledge thy voice as the voice of Christ speaking by thee!” Such was his reverence for authority—such his deference to what, he thought, constituted ecclesiastical and scriptural powers. So little anxious was Luther to oppose the Papacy, that could he have served and glorified his Master, and won souls to Christ, he would have left the Papacy to stand. But when Luther was thus trembling and hesitating whether or not he should continue a priest of Rome, and render canonical obedience to her laws, or in other words, “write the thunders,” a voice sounded from heaven, that awakened its echoes in the depth of his heart—“Luther, write not these thunders.” Care not for the anathema of man, here is for thee the benediction of God: “Fear not man that can only kill the body, but fear him who, after the death of the body, can cast soul and body into hell; yea, I say unto you, fear him.”

What then took place? Just as if Luther not only felt, but had heard the very words of the Apocalypse, he writes to his friend Link, about A.D. 1518: “My pen is ready to give birth to things much greater. I know not myself whence these thoughts come to me. I will send you what I write, that you may see if I have well conjectured, in believing that THE ANTICHRIST, of whom St. Paul speaks, now reigns at Rome.” The conviction daily grew upon his mind with irresistible force, until when he had burned the bull, and proclaimed the imposture it contained, he declared, as if to fulfil the very statement of the Apocalyptic passage, that these bulls and decretals from the Vatican “were (I use his own words) the infernal voices of the Roman Church.” Thus beautifully does the history comment upon prophecy, and thus fitly does the prophecy point out and proclaim the truths of history. So rapidly did these Protestant sentiments spread, that

when the legate of the pope came to Worms, with great pageantry and in a vast and imposing procession, as to a city where he had before found the people falling upon the earth and kissing his feet, he heard with terror the peasants and the burghers of Germany shouting that he came only as the emissary of Antichrist. Protestantism, in short, began to be preached in the pulpits—proclaimed in the streets and enunciated in the market-place—to infect all classes—to agitate all men's hearts and consciences—until the voice that began in a whisper, shook Europe with its thunders; and the feet that once trod so softly on father-land, smote the earth with strange vibrations, and popes and prelates trembled on their thrones.

I must leave the sequel of this most interesting sketch till another Sabbath evening: in the mean time, suffer me to ask you, have you ever felt that deep but real consciousness of sin that Luther felt? Have you ever, my dear hearers, in the agony of your hearts, cried unto God, "What must I do to be saved?" I assure you it is not to amuse your fancy, or merely to illuminate your minds, but it is chiefly to interest your hearts in the gospel, that I bring before you these truths. God speaks in the Bible, and through that Bible to your hearts and your consciences. I reiterate his word, and if I can but succeed in riveting one young man's mind—in bringing one wandering heart to pause, to think, to inquire—if I can be the instrument of awakening in one heart that agitation, and that agony, and that excitement, which the Spirit of Christ alone can quell, and the voice of the Son of God alone can still—I shall have got infinitely more than my reward.

I know what some of you say—I hear it in the bookshops—that some of you avow that you come here merely to spend a spare hour, and to be pleased. My dear friends, if you come with this motive to hear, I come not with this design to preach. You and I, young man, must stand at the judgment-seat of God. That heart of thine that now beats strong and healthy, may feel but a few more palpitations,—before it beats—in eternity. Young man, though you, perhaps, think there is long life before you, strong health, and pleasant prospects: yet I can tell you it is not the nervous system—it is not galvanism—it is not electricity that gives its pulses to your heart—it is God. Your heart

first beats, then it halts, again it beats and then it halts, then it beats again, and then another pause ! It seems to me, that during each pause that intervenes between each beat, your heart lifts itself to God, and says, "May I beat again?" and God says, "Another beat;" and it asks, "May I beat again?" and God says, "Another beat still." And I ask you—I put it to your common sense—I put it to your conscience—will God permit that heart to continue beating, when that heart rebels against him, and provokes him every day? My dear friends, men and brethren, turn from your atheistic folly. Raise your souls to God. Implore his tender and forgiving mercy through Christ. Seek his promised Spirit—why should you procrastinate your happiness. I invite you to be holy, because it leads you to be happy. I entreat you to cease to be miserable and wretched. I would not enter into heaven alone. I desire to carry many with me.

I address to you these prophecies, because I believe that many of you are already interested—savingly interested—in Christ, and anxious to know all his will, in every portion of its development; and I address to others these expositions, if, peradventure, I may stir up in their hearts that interest in the truths of this blessed book—that sympathy with the importance of real religion—that personal anxiety, too, about salvation—that deep and abiding sense of its paramount importance—which will constrain them to begin, if they never have begun before, to look upward to Jesus Christ, and forward to his presence, where there is fulness of joy—and lead those who know in their hearts and develop in their lives the faith of the gospel, to hold it fast at all hazards, and feel more and more thankful to that God who has taught them its blessed truths.

The Reformation has bequeathed not only new privileges, but heavier responsibilities to us. See that ye walk worthy of them. Embody great truths in your lives—enshrine them in your hearts—spread them at all hazards. The time is short—the hour of action is closing—the day of privilege is in its twilight. Hold fast. Be faithful.

## LECTURE IX.

MARTIN LUTHER.

"And the angel which I saw stand upon the sea and upon the earth lifted up his hand to heaven,

"And swore by Him that liveth for ever and ever, who created heaven, and the things that therein are, and the earth, and the things that therein are, and the sea, and the things which are therein, that there should be time no longer:

"But in the days of the voice of the seventh angel, when he shall begin to sound, the mystery of God should be finished, as he hath declared to his servants the prophets.

"And the voice which I heard from heaven spake unto me again, and said, Go and take the little book which is open in the hand of the angel which standeth upon the sea and upon the earth.

"And I went unto the angel, and said unto him, Give me the little book. And he said unto me, Take it, and eat it up; and it shall make thy belly bitter, but it shall be in thy mouth sweet as honey.

"And I took the little book out of the angel's hand, and ate it up; and it was in my mouth sweet as honey: and as soon as I had eaten it, my belly was bitter.

"And he said unto me, Thou must prophesy again before many peoples, and nations, and tongues, and kings."—*Revelation* x. 5-11.

MAY I state, by way of preliminary remark, that it is all but essential that those who may listen to the lecture this evening, should have heard the lecture of the previous evening. In order, however, to make all plain, I will recapitulate what I then said, even though it should occupy two or three minutes of your time.

I stated in a previous lecture, that the close of the chapter that precedes that which we have read this evening, describes the awful eclipse that had fallen on professing Christendom prior to the Reformation. This eclipse took place in spite of every visitation of mercy or judgment. I stated that the judgments poured out upon apostate Christendom, first, by the Gothic invasion,—next, by the Saracenic wo, to use the language of the Apocalypse,—next, by the Turkish wo, or the Turkish irruption,



had failed to operate any thing like repentance on the hearts of priests or of people; or, as it is said, they "repented not of the works of their hands, that they should not worship devils, and idols of gold, and silver, and brass, and stone, and of wood; which neither can see, nor hear, nor walk; neither repented they of their murders, nor of their sorceries, nor of their fornication, nor of their thefts." I observed the last Lord's-day evening, that a crisis had arrived, and that crisis seemed to imply that, either God must extinguish his church, or he must reform it. It deserved extinction by its sins, but, as it will be seen, it received and rejoiced in a reformation, through his grace. I showed you that, both in point of chronology—the chronology which we have successfully and consecutively pursued—and in respect of events delineated and described, it was just, and logical, and scriptural, to consider the tenth chapter—the chapter we have this evening read, to depict that blessed and glorious event, second only to the Pentecostal effusion—the blessed Reformation.

I showed you last Sunday evening the great hero of his age. And what is a hero? Surely not the man that deluges fields with blood, and leaves smoking ruins, and wrecks, and blasted villages; but he who deposits in the hearts of the desolate the hopes of glory—communicates to humanity new, brighter, and more thrilling hopes—lifts it from the degradation in which sin has laid it—turns its heretofore tearful face to the skies—and tells it that, however smitten, proscribed, and persecuted, it may look to the everlasting hills and have eternity for its lifetime, infinitude for its home, the great God for its Father, and all the inhabitants of heaven for its blessed and its happy companions. I showed you, I say, that the hero of that age was Martin Luther, and that the tenth chapter of the Apocalypse, if my theory be true—if my premises be just—(for to-night this, of course, must be assumed)—and I think they are so in all respects—delineates the Reformation, and that John, the Apocalyptic seer, personates Martin Luther.

I showed you, by a comparison of the facts of history, and the description that is here employed, how truly the prediction of the prophet coincides with the facts of the historian. It is stated

that an angel—who is, as I showed you, the Angel of the everlasting covenant—comes down from heaven: around his head is a rainbow—that thing woven of man's tears and God's mercies, of the raindrops and sunbeams—the emblem of the covenant—the symbol of love—the type of the gospel; that he had his face like the sun; “to you that fear my name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise, with healing under his wings.” And I showed you that the great doctrine that Martin Luther evoked from the rubbish that overlaid it, and lifted prominent, luminous, and above surrounding truths—like the Jungfrau amid the lesser and clustering Alps, was the great doctrine of Justification by Faith alone, in the sacrifice and righteousness of our Lord Jesus Christ.

I next directed your attention to the little book in the hand of the angel; that book which Luther received, and in whose light and life he proceeded to accomplish events on which we enter in the sequel of this discourse.

I referred also to that remarkable prohibition when the seven thunders had uttered their voices, and “I was about to write, the angel said, Write not.” You recollect how I explained the meaning of that prohibition. I showed you that, wherever, in the course of the Apocalypse, the voice says, “Write it down,” it is added, “These things are faithful and true,” or “These are the true sayings of God,” or “Yea, saith the Spirit;” and I argued that when we read the converse of this, or the prohibition, “Write not,” it was equivalent to saying, “Martin Luther, the thunders thou hast heard are not the voices of God—not ‘the true sayings of God’—not ‘Yea, saith the Spirit,’ but the mimic anathemas of the Vatican—not the thunders of the Heaven, but the thunders of the seven hills. Fear them not—despise them—proceed in thy mission—fear not the face of Pope Leo, for I am with thee—regard them not.”

I now come to that expression which is used in the sixth verse, and which, from our translation, is liable to misconception. This angel which appeared, “sware by Him that liveth for ever, that there should be time no longer.” Now these words do not mean that the world should not remain any longer, as is perfectly plain from the sequel of the chapter, in which it is stated that

the seventh angel had not sounded. And the description of the seven vials takes place before any picture of the Millennium is exhibited, and much of the Apocalyptic history of the world is seen to evolve subsequent to this statement, that "time should be no longer." Then what is meant by the clause, "time shall be no longer." The meaning of it is best expressed by another and, I think, necessary translation—"And he sware that the time should not be yet;" a reference obviously to some epoch which was anticipated or antedated by believers. This is confirmed by the addition of the disjunctive *ἀλλὰ*, but. The original is *καὶ ὤμοσεν ὅτι χρόνος οὐκέτι ἔσται*. Now the word *χρόνος*, time, is never used in Scripture to denote *time* in contrast with *eternity*. The *χρόνος* here mentioned, or time, is that in Acts iii. 21, and Acts vii. 17. Thus in Rev. vi., the souls were impatient that their blood should be revenged, and were told *ἵνα ἀναπαύσωνται ἔτι χρόνον μικρόν*, "that they shall rest yet a little while." This little while is that alluded to in the angel's oath. Time here means, the epoch, or the period promised,—the beginning of the Millennium,—the end of "the time, times, and half a time," or the era expected; the expression "longer" is not in the original at all; it is simply this, "the time shall not be yet." I will, therefore, give you the literal translation of the 6th and 7th verses of this tenth chapter. "He sware by Him that liveth for ever and ever, that the time should not be yet, *but* it should be in the days of the voice of the seventh angel, whenever he shall be about to sound: then the mystery of God shall be finished, according to the glad tidings that he declared unto his servants the prophets." I have given you thus the very literal rendering of the original words.

You may recollect that when I explained the meaning of the fifth trumpet, I gave you a description of its contents; and I showed you that wherever there was a wo enunciated from heaven, there was always an echo responsive from the earth. When God said from heaven, Wo, I showed you that in the occurrences of the time—in the feelings of mankind—in the expectation of the world, there was evidence of the presentiment and foretaste of an approaching wo. Now, in accordance with this reasoning, and in harmony with the plan which I have

pursued, we may expect when we hear the angel cry from heaven, "the time is not yet," that there was upon the earth some expectancy of that time before the period when it should be actually fulfilled. Was there any such expectancy of the time about the era of the Reformation? We open history, and we find that the sudden outburst of the human mind—the expansion of knowledge—the discovery of printing—the new and vigorous development of intellect—all excited a belief in the minds of mankind that the Millennium itself was about to dawn. And in the minds of the Christians of that epoch, Martin Luther, for instance, Cranmer, Bullinger, Latimer, Zwingle, and all the Reformers, there was the belief that now at length Antichrist was to be destroyed—the apostasy to be consumed—the kingdom of Christ to be established on its ruins—ancient prophecies fulfilled—the glory of God to lighten every land—and the whole earth to be filled with his praise. I do not quote facts, because your time will not permit it: I state the result of such facts, when I say that at the time of the Reformation there was a universal belief that the Millennium was about to begin, and the glorious fulfilment of ancient prophecy to be realized over the length and breadth of the earth. It was at this moment of expectancy that the voice of the angel became thus audible: "Ah Luther, thou art bitterly mistaken! you are looking for a paradise, but alas, the earth will, long before it arrive, be like a very Pandemonium. Ah Zwingle and Cranmer, how sadly you are mistaken! 'the time is not yet,' that time predicted by Daniel—that time prophesied by Isaiah, the preintimations of which resounded from the harp of Malachi—for which creation groans, and all humanity in heaven and earth cries in agony—it is not yet. You have many a stern battle to fight—many an iron tyranny to grapple with—many an obstruction to meet and master before that period will be fulfilled. It will come in all its magnificence, for I have fixed it—but you must wait."

At the 8th verse of this chapter, we have a new commission addressed to Luther. He had to work as well as wait. "The voice which I heard from heaven spake unto me again, and said, Go and take the little book which is open in the hand of the angel which standeth upon the sea and upon the earth. And I

went unto the angel, and said unto him, Give me the little book. And he said unto me, Take it, and eat it up; and it shall be in thy belly bitter, but in thy mouth sweet as honey. And I took the little book out of the angel's hand, and ate it up; and it was in my mouth sweet as honey: but as soon as I had eaten it, my belly was bitter. And he said unto me, Thou must prophesy again before many peoples, and nations, and tongues, and kings." The word *prophesy*, I need not inform you, does not, in Scripture, always denote the prediction of future events. Thus, for instance, it is said, "Have we not prophesied in thy name?" now this unquestionably means, in the language of this dispensation, *preached* in thy name. Again, "Whosoever receiveth a prophet, shall receive a prophet's reward:" which must mean, a minister of the gospel, as it was addressed to the evangelists and apostles of the New Testament. The command, therefore, "Prophesy again," is equivalent to the prescription, thou must preach again.

And the little book here referred to, is the "Book of books," as I showed you in my previous lecture; either the New Testament, as the most precious part, or the Old and New Testaments, as the whole of God's revelation to man. I believe, therefore, that here the command is equivalent to, "Luther, revive that preaching that is obsolete—evoke the sword of the Spirit from its scabbard—remove the dust from that volume thou hast taken from the library of Erfurt—unclasp that glorious record—raise the everlasting standard—shake out its folds to the winds—make Europe ring with the accents of the gospel—speak all the truth that I command you—preach it to kings, and fear not—preach it to peasants, and believe there is a blessing upon it. Luther, take the book, and though it should be bitter in thy experience, it shall be sweet in the issue—and prophesy again, before many peoples, and nations, and tongues, and kings."

But it may be here asked, perhaps, why was there given this special command to preach? The answer is, preaching had fallen into desuetude prior to the Reformation. Any one versed in the pretensions of the Popedom will find in these a very plain reason. The preaching of the truths of Scripture, and the pre-eminence of Popery, could not then, and cannot now co-exist. If

the one be fully displayed in all its faithfulness, the other must be crushed without doubt. The extinction of preaching was a gradual and long preconcerted process prior to the Reformation. First of all, the ministers were allowed to preach only with the special license of the bishop. The bishop exercised absolute and despotic power; he might allow the ordained minister to preach, if he saw no reason to the contrary; but, if he had no predilection himself for truth, he was sure to prohibit it in those that were likely to let its unwelcome voice be heard. Ultimately the power of preaching, or authority to preach, was withdrawn from the presbyter, and concentrated exclusively in the bishop: he alone assumed the sole right to preach, and the presbyters, or ministers, were merely allowed to offer up the sacrifice of the mass, or to assist at the great ceremonial of the altar. The only exception to this was the case of the friars, the Franciscan and Dominican friars, who sprang up previous to the Reformation. They felt it their duty to reinstate preaching. But there was this difference between their preaching and Luther's. They preached the legends of saints; Luther preached the living truths of the gospel. Their preaching was destitute of power, because it was destitute of truth; the preaching of Luther was living, because it was the light of the very Sun of Righteousness. Even Wicliffe, long prior to Luther, enunciated a proposition that Rome excessively disliked, viz. "that the neglect of the office of preaching was the foulest treason to the Lord Jesus Christ."

Luther, seeing in this utter extinction of preaching the secret of the strength and prosperity of Antichrist, began to make known the gospel; and where and what do you think was his first pulpit? No cathedral had he; no splendid hall or room, such as this: all he had to stand on was some deal planks, a little raised, in the market-place of Wittemberg, and there the glad sound of the gospel was first heard, after it had been all but silenced for many successive centuries. And the effect, as I told you last Sunday evening, was electric. Before the weakness of preaching, Pope Leo trembled in St. Peter's; he felt about Luther's preaching very much what others of his party said of printing, then recently discovered: "We must destroy this preaching, or this preaching will soon destroy us." And when Luther discovered

in a preached gospel the secret of his power, and the element of his success under God, he uttered that memorable remark, "Would to God that he would now multiply living books," that is, preachers of the gospel. The more earnestly and frequently he preached, the more terrible the wrath of Rome became, till bull after bull was hurled against him—and the seven thunders of the Vatican rolled over his head, and his position became perilous—so much so, that a forefather of the husband of our queen, the Elector of Saxony, one of the earliest converts to Protestantism through the preaching of Luther, out of love laid hold upon the Reformer, and confined him in the castle of Wartberg, in order that he might escape the fury and vengeance of his Popish enemies. May it be, (and I am sure every heart here will repeat the prayer,) that Prince Albert's sons, like Prince Albert's sires, may never be ashamed of the gospel of Christ; but wherever the cross is obscured, or its preachers persecuted, may they not hesitate to step forward manfully, to unveil the one and shield the other.

Thus then Luther was confined in the castle of Wartberg, through the instrumentality or command of the Elector of Saxony; but there even he had not a mind made to be quiescent: he felt that a great work was to be done, and that if that work could not be done at that moment in the pulpit, it could be done in some degree in the prison. My dear friends, Luther here sets you a precedent for those who think they can only serve God in certain situations. God's providence never places a man where God's grace cannot enable that man to serve him. If you cannot glorify God behind a counter, you will never glorify him if you were the wearer of a noble's coronet. If you cannot glorify God as a servant, you will never glorify him as a master: God's providence never places us, I repeat it, where God's grace cannot enable us to serve him. Luther was in prison, and in that unlikely place he did the noblest work ever done in a prison. Yet many noble acts have been done in prisons. Some speak of consecrated places, as if nowhere else could God's work be done. This is a grievous error, and it is not violating order to say so. The jailer of Philippi was converted in a prison. Some attach special efficacy to octagonal baptismal fonts—the jailer of Phi-

lippi was baptized from a basin or a bucket, or similar vessel, in that prison; and Luther translated the Bible from Hebrew and Greek into his own German mother-tongue in that prison; and as he preached from the "little book" in the market-place of Wittenberg, so he translated into his mother-tongue that "little book," when it was God's will that he should be shut up in a prison, in order to escape for a season the wrath and persecution of his enemies.

After Luther had been removed from the prison—that prison in which a friend, not a foe, had placed him—he began again to preach the word he had felt so sweet to his own taste, and so precious to his own soul. But no sooner did he begin to preach the preaching that God commanded him, than he was interdicted by the pope. He was told his orders were from Rome, and his obedience must terminate there also. But Luther, as you will recollect, had learned that the seven thunders were not thunders from heaven, but the mimic thunders of the Vatican, and therefore he thus replied to the prohibition, "It is not from man that I have received the gospel, but from the Lord Jesus Christ." In other words, Luther put his feet upon what the pope called apostolical succession, in order that his tongue might be eloquent with what God pronounced apostolic truth. Luther felt what every minister of the gospel ought now to feel, that in that mission, the transmission of power is not in a line parallel with the plane of the earth, but by a descent direct from the throne of God. He felt that his commission to preach the gospel was not a horizontal but a vertical transmission. He did not look backward to make sure of the links of an unbroken pedigree, but he looked upward in order to receive the teaching of the Spirit and the blessing of God. And if ministers of the church, now-a-days, instead of looking upward to Christ and deriving grace from on high, will look backward to see that their succession is sure, like Lot's wife, who instead of pressing onward to Zoar, looked behind her to Sodom, they will become, like her, a fixture—a pillar of salt that has lost its savour. In spite of popes and prelates, Luther persisted in preaching the glorious gospel. Wherever he trod he told forth its testimony, and others kindling their torch at the same central Sun, spread around them its light-beams from the



rivers to the ends of Europe. It was literally fulfilled in the case of the Reformer, "God gave the word, and great was the company of preachers." Bulls were fulminated against him, menaces and bribes were employed to turn him, but the pope had a *man* to deal with—not a pliant monk—a supple Jesuit—a marketable article, but one raised up by God, and in no respect and by no power to be daunted or to be put down. To show that this was the character of Luther, I will quote some of his own remarkable sentiments. When he was summoned before the Council of Worms to give an account of his preaching, and his friends dissuaded him from going, his reply was, "If Jesus Christ do but aid me, I will never fly from the field or desert the word of my God. Should the pope kindle a fire that will blaze from Wittenberg to Worms, I will appear in the name of the Lord!" When Spalatin sent a messenger to him to press him not to go; to tell him that he must recollect the condemnation of John Huss, and the treachery which that Reformer experienced; the reply of Luther was, "Tell your master, if there were as many devils to confront me as there are tiles on the houses of Worms, I will go and defend the cause committed to me." When he was told that Duke George would be sure to arrest him, and put him in prison, the magnanimous man replied, giving evidence of the firmness of his soul, and the fixity of his purpose, and the depth of his conviction of the truth—"If it should rain Duke Georges for nine days together, I will go."

Such you see were the sentiments of Luther when threatened with every sort of proscription, of punishment, and of opposition. And, now or never, we must catch his spirit—we must imitate his example. He was not to be put down—he could not be put down—he would not be put down; the eternal God was his refuge, and the strength of the Omnipotent sustained his spirit. The truth of God needs no apology now or then—it ought not to be prefaced with "excuse me:" if it be the truth, speak it boldly; if it be a lie, speak it not at all. God is with his own truth: the minister is to merge himself in the claims of his Master, and his feelings and safety in the glory and commission of his Lord.

I thus close some remarks upon him who was the most distin-

guished minister of the Reformation from Romanism. I have shown you that an instrument was raised up adequate to the crisis. If Melancthon, so gentle and beautiful in spirit, had been placed in the position in which Luther was, the Reformation had, humanly speaking, been strangled in its cradle, and perished in its birthplace. God raised up an instrument fitted for this work, and we and our children, and our children's children, shall rejoice in the light which Luther struck forth, and shall bless for generations yet to come the God that raised up so great a man, and gave commission to so faithful and so fearless a servant.

I need not describe, as it does not bear upon my subject, the close of Luther's remarkable career; but just to show that it was in perfect keeping with his life, I will read a little extract from a lecture which I delivered to a most important and promising association, an association of young men professing the gospel, connected with houses of business, for the purpose of instructing their own minds in the things that belong to their everlasting peace—an association that I commend to such young men as are before me, and who may not have joined it. I gave them the following account of Luther's death:—

His death at length drew near. About one o'clock of the morning of February 18th, 1546, the pain at his chest became intolerable. He frequently prayed, "Into thy hands I commit my spirit. My heavenly Father, eternal and most merciful God, thou hast revealed to me thy dear Son our Lord Jesus Christ. Him have I professed. Him have I preached. I adore Him as my only Saviour and Redeemer. I know I shall be for ever with Him, for no one can pluck me out of his hand." Dr. Jonas said to him, "Beloved father, do you still hold on to Christ the Son of God, our Saviour and Redeemer?" "O yes!" was his last utterance. He then folded his hands on his breast, turned his face to one side, and fell asleep softly as an infant on its mother's breast. The Countess of Mansfeld, who was present, would scarcely believe he was gone, till the icy coldness of death under her touch chilled all hopes. She wept as one that refused to be comforted. On February 19th, his body was borne in a leaden coffin to St. Andrew's church, Eisleben, where Dr. Jonas preached from 1 Thessalonians, 4th chapter, 13–18 verses, and next day

the body was borne to Wittemberg. As the procession proceeded, one of the crowd unexpectedly gave out and began to sing the first hymn composed by Luther:

“From deep distress I call to thee,  
My God, regard my crying.”

And the whole multitude joined in the hymn, till their voices were choked with weeping. The body was finally taken to the Castle church, which was crowded with weepers. Bugenhagen and Melancthon successively entered the pulpit. The former gave out his text, but the moment he attempted to address the audience he was overcome by weeping. The congregation joined in this burst of feeling, and from thence the crowds in the streets caught the solemn sympathy, and the whole city became literally a *Bochim*. Martin Luther fell asleep in Jesus. His mighty spirit now soars amid the seraphim, worshipping Him whose glory he vindicated, and whose church he emancipated from thralldom. His ashes repose peacefully in the hope of a resurrection in Wittemberg. His living voice consecrated its churches, and his dead dust endears its soil. Kings and emperors have made pilgrimages to the tomb of that monk, and nations cherish in their hearts his imperishable name. Charles V., Frederick the Great, Peter of Russia, and Wallenstein, and lastly, Napoleon, visited the spot where the remains of the Reformer lie; and even these names, the sounds of which still shake the casements of the world, seem but ciphers beside the dust of Martin Luther. The moral grandeur of an Augustinian monk dims the lustre and diminishes the greatness of heroes, consuls, and kings. Nobler far is moral than mere physical dominion. He is the true ruler who sways minds with truth, not he who restrains with a rod of iron. We may applaud the energy which subdues rebellious provinces, and clothes with golden harvests otherwise arid fields. But we must admire and infinitely prefer that more glorious might which throws into other minds kindling thoughts—awakens in human hearts the sense of their lost prerogatives, and moulds society into all the forms of truth and beauty and order. The Pauls, the Luthers, the Calvins, the Cranmers, and the Knoxes are the true sovereigns of the earth; the Napoleons, and Cæsars, and Alexanders are not to be compared with them. The former shall

only begin to approach their meridian glory, when the latter sink into midnight oblivion.

Before I close my remarks on the chapter, which I have thus minutely considered—this chapter, which contains so brilliant an epitome of the blessed Reformation, let me add some remarks upon the effects of that Reformation, with special reference to some objections that have been made to its value.

In the first place, there is no doubt that the Reformation of the 16th century awoke a tremendous controversy, as well as excitement, throughout Europe. Many have urged this as an objection. They still deprecate controversy. They think it fitted for battle-fields, not for the peaceful pastures of the gospel. I think differently. In politics, excitement is the peril; in religion, stagnation is the peril. Men may be too much excited about civil matters; they are always under-excited about religious truth. I think, that what we have to fear in religion, is not life, but death. Give me life—life with its excesses—in its wildest excesses—rather than the silence, and with it the corruption, of death. A living dog is better than a dead lion. The greatest blessings have been achieved by discussions: error suffers in the ordeal; truth never does: the dross is consumed in the fire; the gold comes out more brilliant, more precious, more pure. The storm may injure some things for a day, but the atmosphere we shall breathe for months will only be purified by the storm. “The wisdom that is from above is *first* pure, then it is peaceable:” and until it be made pure by discussion, it never can be peaceable in its influence. True it is, discussion is not pleasant; contending for the truth, and rebuking error, is not agreeable; and if I felt I had the power by a wish, I would give expression to that wish, that every rose that blossoms in the gardens of the earth, should be denuded of its every thorn; that there never should be a storm to devastate the fields, or to sweep the habitations of old England; that the Millennium should come on to-morrow, with unsuspended sunshine its eternal noon. But I know that that thorn is needful to defend that rose; that storm we deplore purifies the air that we breathe; and there never will be, and never can be, a millennium of truth, and righteousness, and holiness, till truth has been vindicated amid all the nations of the earth.

Another result of the blessed Reformation was one still more precious—the unshackling and emancipation of God's blessed word. To show you that this book was a sealed book before the Reformation, whatever Roman Catholics and their abettors may say, I add, that in 1229, the Council of Toulouse prohibited the reading of the Scripture wholly to the laity. In 1270, James the First, king of Arragon, passed a law, that whosoever possessed any book of the Bible in the vulgar tongue, and did not bring it to the bishop to be burned, should be considered suspected of heresy. In 1400, Pope Alexander III. condemned all translations into the vulgar tongue. In 1413, Gerson, one of the best of the Roman Catholic bishops at the Council of Constance, complained that the practice of reading the Scriptures in the vulgar tongue was still permitted. In 1711, Clement XI. issued a bull, (the word bull signifies a document issued by the pope, condemnatory of some error, or expressive of some precept; and it is called *bull*, from the Latin word *bullæ*, which signifies a piece of wax which was attached to them.) In a bull of Pope Clement XI. he declares it to be heresy for any one to have the Scriptures in the vulgar tongue, or to attempt to read them at all, and insists on the civil power helping the spiritual to put a stop to it. Dr. Wiseman, who, I understand, is to be the Roman Catholic archbishop of Westminster, has declared it is not true that the Bible was prohibited in the vulgar tongue, prior to the Reformation: and in order to confirm his statement, he cites the case of Bruccioli, an Italian, who translated the Scriptures into Italian in 1532. But Dr. Wiseman forgets that in 1564, the Council of Trent, in the index of prohibited books, has entered the name of Bruccioli, as a chief heretic, whose works must not be read. To the time of the Reformation, we have evidence that the Bible was not permitted to be read by the laity in the vulgar tongue; and I may show you that the Church of Rome has no sympathy whatever with Dr. Wiseman's pretended approval of vulgar versions of the Scriptures. The present pope is my proof: Pius IX. seems to be a republican in politics; political liberalism being the latest phase of Popery. The Church of Rome is ever ready for all chances. Republican the one day, she can be a despot the next—she can head the mob as a ringleader, or crush the people as a

tyrant, as it may suit her purposes. So the present Pope Pius IX. has begun apparently a new career in politics, but he has not introduced the least reformation in his creed. For all I care, the popedom may become an autocracy or a republic. What I reprobate is its religion, not its politics. Pius IX. addressed an encyclical letter to all the Roman Catholic bishops of Christendom, in the year 1846. This document was read in every Roman Catholic church throughout the world; and is received by every Roman Catholic priest and prelate in Christendom. The pope states in this document, "Such is the object of these most crafty Bible Societies, which, reviving an old device of the heretics, do not cease to put forth an immense number of copies of the books of the Sacred Scriptures printed in various vulgar tongues, and often filled with false and perverse interpretations, contrary to the rules of the Holy Church, which they continually circulate at an immense expense." Now one would have thought, if the Bible be a good thing, that even the pope would be pleased with anybody that would spread it; but it is evident that the pope must think it is a very bad thing, for he condemns those who circulate it as strongly as those that circulate infamous books. Still we may give the pope credit so far, in that it is not the Bible itself which he so vigorously condemns, but the Bible in the vulgar tongue. Here is the secret of Romish sophistry: many Protestants make erroneous charges against Roman Catholics and the Church of Rome, when they say that that church prohibits the possession of the Bible—this is not the case. In the present day, the Church of Rome does not prohibit the perusal of the Bible—prior to the Reformation she did not prohibit the perusal of it—she merely prohibits the reading of the Bible in the *vulgar tongue*. This is all. Her law allows Englishmen, for instance, to have the Bible in French, Frenchmen to have it in Italian, Italians to read it in German, and Germans in Spanish, and Dutch in Russian, but none of them in the tongue that they can understand. It is not having a dusty book, or a Hebrew, Greek, or Arabic book in your hand, or in your library, that stirs up her enmity and wrath, but it is the reading that book in a language you can understand—reading it in the light of God's Holy Spirit,

and expressing its ennobling sentiments in your life, in your practice, in the world.

I have thus then shown you by these references, that the Bible, at least in the vulgar tongue, was prohibited, prior to the Reformation. One of the very greatest blessings achieved by the Reformation, was the bringing forth that blessed book, not in Latin, which the Germans could not understand, but in German, which they could read and meditate upon. Shut the Bible, and all the clouds of Roman superstition will gather and darken the canopy of heaven. Open its glorious page, and they will flee before it like the morning mists. It is the Bible that the pope dreads. Popery and the Scriptures cannot co-exist. They are irreconcilable enemies; one or other must triumph. We know the issue. Our creed is not what the best men say, nor what the most men say, nor what popes decide, nor what councils decree, but what God has declared in his own blessed word. I would read the church in the light of the Bible, not my Bible in the light of the church. I would hear not what the pope thinks of the Bible, but what the Bible says of the pope. We must bring all questions to that standard—all disputes to that tribunal: it is the test that never fails—it is the balance that has no deceit—the rule that has no crookedness—it is the judge that decides all controversies, and from which there is no appeal. Were all the fathers of the Nicene age—were all the fathers of the Christian church together to proclaim, most distinctly and unequivocally, one thing, and were one single apostle to stand up in the midst of those fathers, and to declare the opposite, that apostle would be right, and all the fathers would be wrong. Their unanimous testimony does not weigh one straw in comparison with one single text from God's own most blessed word. Let God take from us our cathedrals, our churches, our chapels—let him take from us our commercial prosperity, our agricultural greatness, but oh! may he, in his forbearing love, and in his tender mercy, leave England England's Bible, and she will rise again to be the mistress of nations, the queen of empires, and occupy a yet more glorious position—the birthplace of saints, the nursery of heirs for God.

The third result of the Reformation which I will enumerate,

was the preaching once more of the blessed gospel. I have said the first was the discussion of truth—I have said the second was the emancipation of the Bible—I now state that the third was the preaching of the blessed gospel—a new thing in the history of Christendom for a thousand years. Here I must remark, there is no system of theology which suits the pulpit, or is fit for preaching, except evangelical religion. The ancient Greeks and Romans had no pulpit—they expressed their theology by its only suitable vehicles, in statues of marble, and in exquisite paintings, the production of the painter's pen. And, in modern times, Rationalism and Socinianism do not feel at home in the pulpit. These systems practically own that the pulpit is no place for them. And why? Socinianism, or, as it is called here, Presbyterianism, owing to the fact that English Presbyterianism has always degenerated into Socinianism when standing alone, offers man advice, not life—direction, not a cure. Socinianism makes Christ a mere model—the sanctuary a lecture-room—the pulpit a mere literary desk; and the Socinian preacher, as if conscious that his preaching has no life, and his Christianity no warmth, and his gospel no power, and his cross no glory, betakes himself to lecture on Political Economy, or Corn-laws and Currency. Romanism feels not more at home in the pulpit; and this is very natural; for in her usage the perfect master of ceremonies is the perfect priest. Dexterity in accomplishing Romish rites, not power in preaching great truths, is what the Roman Catholic religion requires in its ministers. A most rigid conformity to its rubrics—a silent but exact performance of the ceremonies, is all that Rome demands. Popery is a splendid performance, and her priests have each his part stereotyped. Far different is Protestantism. Here it is:—a few planks of timber for a pulpit, and the market-place of Wittemberg for a cathedral—three thousand agitated hearts and inquiring spirits for an audience—Martin Luther the preacher, and the Lord of glory in the midst—this is Protestantism. In the Romish church the pulpit stands in a corner, and the altar alone is made visible; in the Protestant church the pulpit is, and ever ought to be, the most prominent thing; the pulpit, with an evangelical minister in it, the Bible on it, and the blessing of God over it,



is the instrument for the world's conversion. I mind not very much who the preacher is, or what he wears. I have my preference, but my preference or my prejudice, as some of you might say, never can affect my solemn and deliberate conviction of the infinite value of eternal truth. I mind not whether the occupier of that pulpit wears lawn sleeves, or a silk gown, or a surplice, or, like the Methodist preachers, what is still more apostolical, none of the three. I mind not much, I say, who the preacher is, or what the preacher wears, that occupies the pulpit—only let the preacher be seen—let him speak out—let him not look behind him to see who frowns, nor before him to see who applauds, but let him proclaim God's truth—let him be, like Knox, one who fears not the face of clay—let him speak fearlessly as in the presence of God—let his words be like Luther's cannon-shot, and his sermons half battles. Fears, and compromises, and livings, and patrons, and people—their promises, or threats, or gains, or losses—must have no place in his heart, or conscience, or creed.

In the fourth place let me state, that the distinctive doctrine which Martin Luther brought forward—and what may be called the great doctrine of the Reformation—was the doctrine of Justification by Faith alone in the righteousness of our Lord Jesus Christ. This doctrine lies at the foundation of the whole Protestant controversy; and you will always find this, that a convert from the Church of Rome who does not leave that communion on the ground of his acceptance before God is a convert not worth having, certainly not to be depended on. It matters not how much he may disapprove of the ceremonies of that church, or how truly he may be convinced of the truth and scriptural character of ours; unless he has renounced the one and entered the other, as fully persuaded that pardon and acceptance are to be obtained only and exclusively through Christ, his conversion wants depth and reality, and his accession is of no real value. The great doctrine that we are justified by the righteousness of Christ alone, Luther proclaimed to be the article of a standing or a falling church. The church whose pulpit is silent upon that point, be it eloquent upon all others, is a church whose prosperity is based upon the sand; and the church whose

creeds and prayers and pulpits are eloquent with the utterance of this great truth, is a church, be it established or not, that gives evidence of an immovable foundation and token of an expanding influence. Nothing seems to me so damning and awful a characteristic in the Tractarian theology, as its reiterated assertion that Justification by Faith, or what they call the Lutheran doctrine, is a *Satanic* doctrine. (I use the very words employed by them.) It is this that makes me believe that what is called Puseyism is not a mere fracture in the window, but a great rift in the walls—a terrible settlement in the very foundations. The preaching of this truth is, to me, vital. The denial of this truth is, in my judgment, fatal.

The Reformation, in the fifth place, was not the formation of a new church, but the reformation of an old one. Roman Catholics would have us believe that our church is a new one, and was founded only at the Reformation: our answer should be, Not at all: it was not a creation, but a restoration. The Temple in Fleet street was not built for the first time three or four years ago: it was only restored to what it was before, by the removal of deforming rubbish. The Rhone runs along Europe till it issues into the lake of Geneva; it falls into that lake a mixture of mud and water. After it leaves the lake of Geneva, the river emerges clear and crystalline as when it first came from its fountain. Suppose now that the muddy Rhone, prior to its entrance into the lake, were to become animate and vocal, and were to call across the lake to the stream that flowed from it with crystalline purity, "You are an upstart stream: I am the Rhone, you are a totally distinct river: there is no relationship between you and me: I have nothing to do with you: you are a modern thing: your fountain and origin is Geneva: I am the ancient stream: I come from the pristine fountain, unmixed and perfect." The reply of the river as it leaves the lake, could it also become animate and vocal, would be, "You are mistaken—you must have very bad advisers—I am still the original stream: all I have left in the lake is the mud that was mingled with me: and, purified and unfettered, I press onward with waters of pristine beauty to the sea: all I have left behind me is nothing, I assure you, but the mud that mingled with you in your lapse through

many lands." So is it with the Reformation. What the lake of Geneva is to the Rhone, that the Reformation is to the church of Christ. All that the Reformation did was to separate superstition from Christianity, and leave the stream of truth to flow onward in its purity, refreshing many lands, and creating around it all green and beautiful spots, till it is lost in the ocean of eternity.

But, asks the Roman Catholic, where was this Protestant church before Martin Luther? The answer is, Do you mean by that question, where were our principles? Just where they now are—in the Bible. If you ask where was our name, I reply, Do you mean to say that the novelty of the name implies the novelty of the thing? The name of transubstantiation was not known till the ninth century; are you prepared, because the name transubstantiation is modern, to admit that the dogma is modern also? They answer, no. Then, by parity of reasoning, because the name Protestantism is not older than the Diet of Spire, we must not infer that the thing Protestantism is not as old as the days of the apostles. But do you mean, where were the living exponents of Protestantism prior to the Reformation? Of all communions, the last that ought to ask this question is the Church of Rome. When she asks where were Protestants before the Reformation, she asks a question her own archives can answer. Go to the valleys of the Cottian Alps, and you will find the ashes of many of them there whom you burnt. Go to the cells and dungeons of that hell on earth, which you term the Inquisition, and you will learn their bones and their dust are buried there. Rome crushed them ever as they appeared; silenced the witnesses in the flames; and then, after she had done the deed, she asks with sarcastic triumph, Where were Protestants before the Reformation? Did I ever tell you of an illustrative incident recorded in the Travels of Lord Lindsay in Egypt? He states that, in the course of his wanderings amid the pyramids of that patriarchal and interesting land, he stumbled on a mummy, proved by its hieroglyphics to be at least 2000 years of age. In examining the mummy after it was unwrapped, he found in one of its closed hands a tuberous or bulbous root. He was interested in the question how long vegetable life could

last; and he therefore took that tuberous root from the mummy's hand, planted it in a sunny soil, allowed the rains and dews of heaven to descend upon it, and in the course of a few weeks, to his astonishment and joy, that root burst forth and bloomed into a beauteous dahlia. It seemed to me that we have in this an answer to the question, where was Protestantism before the Reformation. It was closed in the iron grasp of the Roman apostasy, and all that Luther did was to unclench that terrible hand and extricate the seed of truth. Sowers started up in all lands, and planted it in England, in Scotland, and in Germany: and now the living seeds, through the blessing of God, have spread forth and grown up in all countries; and the vast numbers of churches scattered throughout the land are its blossoms.

I have thus, then, drawn several lessons from that great event on which I have been commenting—the blessed Reformation. There is a practical lesson with which we must conclude this evening: it is this, cleave to your Bibles. The Bible is the standard of the gospel, and wherever it is unfurled, there freedom finds a footing, humanity a champion, and pure religion a suitable resting-place. Much was sacrificed to preserve it—sacrifice much in order to spread it. The Reformation was in that book which Martin Luther took from the library of Erfurt—the continuation of the Reformation is in that blessed volume still. Rome laughs at our acts of Parliament, she spurns our penal laws. It is vain to try to put her down by the might of intellect, or by the policy of men. But I will tell you what she does fear. Ever as she sees that pale, emaciated monk begin to draw out of that dusty library a book that has not been opened for many centuries—as she sees that monk unclasp it—as she beholds him study its contents—as she sees him read in it his solemn and blessed commission, she trembles and is dismayed. Leo trembles on his throne while that monk reads and prays over the Bible in his convent. She dreads still that blessed book; ever as she hears the sound of its voice, or of its footfall, she trembles. Her religion is based upon man's word, it cannot stand. Our religion is based upon God's word, and it will endure for ever.

My dear friends, recollect the Reformation has left a responsibility upon you. Better, O unconverted man! better you had

perished before Luther was born, than perish amid the light and truth of the age in which we live. Better you had perished when the Bible was locked in a dead tongue, than perish repudiating and neglecting it when it has become a household book—giving names to your babes—sanctifying your bridals—your comfort at burials—the visitor of the poor man's cabin and the prince's palace, and the eloquence of 10,000 pulpits around you. Better you had perished when that Bible was inaccessible, and our God unknown, than perish when that God bids you, from the skies, come to him, and his outspread Bible offers to teach you all its truths, and the minister, standing in Christ's stead, with Christ's own commission, beseeches you, "Be ye reconciled unto God." Brethren, "what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" and again, "how shall we," you and I, "how shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"

Slighted mercies are the sharpest judgments—a neglected gospel is the greatest condemnation. Look unto him who is exalted a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance and remission of sins. Believe and be saved—why will ye die?

## LECTURE X.

## THE TWO WITNESSES.

"And I will give power unto my two witnesses, and they shall prophesy a thousand two hundred and threescore days, clothed in sackcloth.

"These are the two olive trees, and the two candlesticks standing before the God of the earth.

"And if any man will hurt them, fire proceedeth out of their mouth, and devoureth their enemies: and if any man will hurt them, he must in this manner be killed.

"These have power to shut heaven, that it rain not in the days of their prophecy: and have power over waters to turn them to blood, and to smite the earth with all plagues, as often as they will.

"And when they shall have finished their testimony, the beast that ascendeth out of the bottomless pit shall make war against them, and shall overcome them, and kill them.

"And their dead bodies shall lie in the street of the great city, which spiritually is called Sodom and Egypt, where also our Lord was crucified.

"And they of the people and kindreds and tongues and nations shall see their dead bodies three days and an half, and shall not suffer their dead bodies to be put in graves.

"And they that dwell upon the earth shall rejoice over them, and make merry, and shall send gifts one to another; because these two prophets tormented them that dwelt on the earth.

"And after three days and an half the Spirit of life from God entered into them, and they stood upon their feet; and great fear fell upon them which saw them.

"And they heard a great voice from heaven saying unto them, Come up hither. And they ascended up to heaven in a cloud; and their enemies beheld them."—*Revelation xi. 3-12.*

LAST Lord's-day evening, I closed my remarks upon that momentous era pronounced by millions to be the blessed Reformation. I showed how expressly that Reformation was shadowed forth and represented in the beautiful imagery of the chapter that immediately precedes this. I explained first the darkness that had long overshadowed Christendom; I showed that the judg-

ments inflicted upon it did not lead its guilty ones to repent; I then showed that a crisis had arrived when either God's judgments must consume it, or God's mercies must convert it. His ways are not our ways; judgment is his strange work; he remembered mercy; he gave the word, "Let there be light." Martin Luther emerged from obscurity, stood up and preached the gospel in the market-place of Wittemberg, and from that hour, to borrow the imagery of the Apocalypse, the Sun of Righteousness shone forth in his splendour, and the voice of the Lion of the tribe of Judah was heard loud as when a lion roareth. I also explained to you the meaning of the "little book." I showed to you that the little book was the Bible; that little book was immediately received by the Protestant Reformer, as personated by the Evangelist John; and then followed soon after the great characteristic result—an unclasped Bible, and the unfettered preaching of the everlasting gospel.

The chapter which contains so graphic and beautiful a sketch of these two mysterious personages, called the witnesses for Christ, is a *retrospective review* of the past history of the true church of Christ amid the darkness that overshadowed the earth, and the corruption that pervaded all its churches, its clergy, and its people, prior to the Reformation. In other words, the sacred seer, according to the commission of his Lord, stands amid the light, which Luther, as an instrument, struck out; and from that light he darts a retrospective glance at the past history of the true church, and sees, amid its densest night, rays of glorious light—and, beneath the turbid current of men's corruptions, the unpoluted and the crystalline stream of the faithful testimony of Jesus. I will now endeavour to show the complete identity between the Apocalyptic description herein contained, and the historical facts as they have actually occurred, and are recorded in the pages of history.

It presents confirmatory proof of our view of the witnesses, that at the Reformation, for the first time for many hundred years, Christian men began to look backward, to ascertain where the truth and its followers had been during the dreary ages that had at length passed away. It is a remarkable, or rather an intended coincidence, that as in the Apocalypse there is a retrospect

from the era of the Reformation of the witnesses for Christ during the apostasy of the Middle Ages, so in history there is the record of the Reformers beginning on their emerging from Popery to trace backward, not the succession of the priest, but the succession of the Christian people, the faithful witnesses and followers of the Lamb. The one is the Apocalyptic retrogression, the other is the historical retrospect. A remarkable proof of this is the fact that one of the earliest books of the Reformation was called the "Catalogue of Witnesses," drawn up by the Magdeburg centuriators; and the very next remarkable book that appeared after the Reformation was that book that ought to be in every Englishman's home, and the records of which ought to be registered in every Briton's memory—Fox's Book of Martyrs, *i. e.* Witnesses. We have, then, in the Apocalyptic drama, the appearance of two witnesses, the retrospective history of whom is given in this chapter. We have, at the very period in history at which this retrospect in the Apocalypse begins, the appearance of catalogues of witnesses from the Magdeburg centuriators in Germany downward to Fox's Book of Martyrs, composed and published in England.

Now, then, that the Reformers were called to take this retrospect is plain from an argument then and now used by the Church of Rome, as well as by those divines who adopt the main positions by which that great Apostasy is defended. The text is cited, "Upon this rock will I build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." The argument of the Romanist and Tractarian constructed on it, is this:—If the whole church of Christ became apostate for nine hundred years, then the truth of the promise, "the gates of hell shall not prevail," is contradicted by fact. I will not comment upon the meaning of this text. I will reserve that for a future occasion; I merely quote it in order to show you that the Reformers were met by this plausible argument, and were necessarily driven to look backward, in order to ascertain if there had been from St. Paul onward to Luther a continuous chain of living witnesses, resplendent with the glory and transmissive of the truth of God, and constituting thereby the church of Christ. This was what the Reformers called, and what I call the true succession. The apostolical suc-



cession is a great truth; the Popish or Tractarian succession is a great lie. The one is God's plain declaration, the other is tradition's absurd invention. God said there should be no age in which he would not have a church: I am going to show you that there has been not a century, not a year, not a week in which there has not been audible testimony and visible witness for the truth as it is in Christ. But if you should say, as the Tractarians and Romanists assert, that there must be shown a personal succession in the clergy as well as laity, my answer is, there has always been in the history of the church a stated ministry of the gospel. There never has been an age in which there has not been a Christian, nor has there been a flock for which there has not been a minister. But that is quite different from what I have called the Romanist succession. If you should say to me, If it be not true that there has been, and can be shown, a continuous succession of canonical ordinations from the apostle Peter, called, very ignorantly, the first pope, down to Pius IX., called, very properly, the present pope,—that, unless I admit this, Christ's promise is not fulfilled,—I must utterly dissent from your opinion. I might show the inaccuracy of your argument by plain historical facts, as well as plain scriptural reasons. For so often has this succession been broken, and so completely has it been interrupted, that to say there is no ministry except where that succession can be proved, is but to play into the hands of the infidel. I can show you that if the apostolical succession, or the necessity of a continuous chain of ministers from Peter down to Pope Pius IX., ought to be insisted on, that there is not a church or valid ministry in Christendom. If the apostolical succession be what Dr. Pusey says it is, the Church of England has it not; and the sooner he transfers his person, as he has already transferred his belief, to the Church of Rome, the better—at least, the more creditably, because more consistently, he will act for himself, and beyond dispute for those he leaves behind him. To illustrate this, suppose a chain stretching from Exeter Hall to Westminster Abbey; suppose, by accident, one solitary link drops from that chain, the mischief is as complete as if a thousand links had dropped from it: or suppose that the transmission of that mysterious power claimed by Romanists is some-

thing like the transmission of the electric fluid by the wires of the electric telegraph, if there should be introduced into the chain a non-conducting link, it is just as bad as if the wire were snapped in twain, or no wire at all, for there would be no conductor of the mysterious element. Now I can show you that in the succession of popes there have been many depraved, corrupt, and uncanonical, and therefore non-conductors. I can show you that in the succession of bishops there have been simoniacal, degraded, or unconsecrated bishops; and if I can show you that there is a link wanting or a non-conducting link introduced in the chain supposed to conduct the mysterious element of which Rome claims a monopoly, I show a flaw in the chain—a gap in the succession—the arrest of a valid ministry—the extinction of the church—the triumph of skepticism.

But I will not dwell upon this.

In prosecuting this very interesting inquiry, to my mind the most interesting contained in the Book of Revelation, I will lay before you first the character, the existence, the early history of the two witnesses of Christ. Next, the death and resurrection of these witnesses; and in the third place, their resurrection, their standing on their feet, their ascent into heaven.

I. The name assigned to the persons here described is “witnesses.” The word witness is the translation of a Greek word, *μαρτυς*, which Greek word is the parent of our common word “martyr.” The reason why the word *μαρτυς*, which means simply a witness, came to denote one that seals his testimony with his death, is just this, that to preach Christ, or to profess Christ, during the iron despotism of the Papacy, or during the earlier persecution of the pagan, was altogether a different thing from professing Christ now. Then the profession led not to preferment,—it preceded you to the stake. Then to be a Christian was not a passport to office, but a crime to be punished with death. And hence to be a witness, in the early ages, was just equivalent to be what is meant by a martyr now. That these persons then called “witnesses,” were *persons* and not things, I am satisfied on strong and irresistible evidence. And here you must allow me to explain myself. Some time ago, when I knew less, and probably felt less—for I grow in grace and in light too,

as well as you—I published a volume of sermons: in this volume there is one on the Two Witnesses. The two witnesses, I then said, were the Old and New Testaments. I have changed my opinion. I am satisfied my arguments were unsound, my reasons inconclusive. We must not hesitate to cast what is popularly understood as consistency behind us, if taught something better, and to emit truth as God teaches us. I cannot and will not be arrested in my preaching, by looking over my shoulder to see if what I say now be consistent with something I have said before. Truth is always consistent with truth. It is human to err, it is heavenly to forgive. The two witnesses, I am satisfied, are not books, but *persons*: my reasons for believing so are, I think, most satisfactory. First, the word *μαρτυς* occurs in the Bible exactly thirty-four times. In thirty-three of these it means a *person*; why change its meaning in the thirty-fourth? Now this alone seems to me conclusive: it is never once applied to a *book*, but in every case to a *person*. Again, to “prophesy,” which I showed you, in my lecture on the Reformation, is equivalent to “preach,” is always predicated of a “person,” never of a “thing.” Hence I infer that the two witnesses were two living witnesses, not two testaments or dead records.

In the second place, the two witnesses are here called “my” witnesses. Christ is the speaker, and the witnesses he declares are his. He calls them “witnesses of Me.” We may expect, therefore, in tracing the history of these witnesses, that they should proclaim and stand for the perfect atonement of Jesus, and protest against all that would conceal or undervalue the efficacy of his precious blood; that in the face of all pain and peril they would maintain upon the earth the offices of Jesus as Prophet, Priest, and King; upholding the virtues of his grace, the advent of his glory, the integrity of his word, and the purity and spirituality of his church.

And in the next place, we may expect they will exhibit contemporaneously with this a protest the most emphatic and the most unflinching against that which was the predominating heresy in the age in which they were to maintain their testimony.

These two witnesses are called the “two olive-trees and the two candlesticks, standing before the God of the earth.” The •

word candlestick is; literally translated, "a lamp-bearer," (*λυχνία*), and in every case it means, in the Scripture and in the Apocalypse, a "church." "The seven candlesticks are the seven churches;" a church meaning, not consecrated earth, or Gothic cathedral, or Protestant chapel, but, in the language of a truly Protestant article of the Church of England, "a company of faithful Christian men;" "where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." The candlestick may be small, confined to one house—"the church in the house of Nymphas;" or it may be larger, confined to the four walls of an edifice; or it may be, in my judgment, larger still, comprehending all the churches that constitute a national communion; or it may be still larger, denoting the whole visible church of the Lord Jesus Christ.

If the "two candlesticks" mean the "church"—that is, the Christian people—the "olive-trees" mean the ministers, or those that preach the gospel to them. My reason for this is shown by a reference to Zechariah, where we read, in chap. iv., "Then answered I, and said unto him, What are these two olive-trees upon the right side of the candlestick and upon the left side thereof? And I answered again, and said unto him, What be these two olive-branches which through the two golden pipes empty the golden oil out of themselves? And he answered me and said, Knowest thou not what these be? And I said, No, my lord. Then said he, These are the two anointed ones, that stand by the Lord of the whole earth." (11-14.) Now, who was it that stood up before the Lord? We read this morning in the ninth chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, that the priests entered into the first place, and the high-priest, once a year, into the second, or holy place. In short, it was their office to "*stand before the Lord.*" They are called the "sons of oil," or, literally translated, the "communicators of oil." The ministers of the gospel convey from the Great Fountain what feeds and gladdens the people committed to their care. We have, then, the "candlesticks," or the assembled Christians—we have "the olive-trees," or the presiding ministers; in other words, the prophecy is, that there should be a church and ministry of the gospel in every age, from the day when the darkness of the apostasy should become

all but universal, till the day that Martin Luther should speak, and bring once more into prominence alike the fact and true functions of the church of Christ.

The next point I direct your attention to, is their *number*: it is said their number should be *two*. What can be meant by this? In the first place, it may mean that they should be numerically *two*; and I can show you that this is borne out by history, for there have been, as we shall presently see, two contemporaneous lines of witnesses protesting against the Papacy, and proclaiming the glorious truths of the gospel: one line, called Paulicians, in the East; another line, terminating in the Waldenses, in the West; and these from the days of Augustine downward to the days of Luther. And in the next place, the reason of the number two being employed may be this: in the Mosaic law two witnesses were necessary to constitute a valid testimony—more might be corroborative, but two were essential; and it therefore may imply, that during the dark and terrible eclipse of medieval Europe, there would be witnesses for Christ, but these reduced to the fewest that could be consistent with a valid testimony.

The condition of the witnesses is expressed by their prophesying in sackcloth. Sackcloth is a symbol of mourning. Daniel put on sackcloth; so did the Ninevites when they proclaimed a fast; the ancient prophets also wore sackcloth, denoting that their office was a painful one, and their condition a persecuted one. Now, as I shall show you, these witnesses not only preached the gospel, but preached it clothed in sackcloth—subject to persecution, proscription, martyrdom, and death.

It is said, “And if any man will hurt them, fire proceedeth out of their mouth, and devoureth their enemies; and if any man will hurt them, he must in this manner be killed. These have power to shut heaven that it rain not in the days of their prophecy; and have power over waters to turn them to blood, and to smite the earth with all plagues as often as they will.” Now, this language is the literal description of the prerogative of Moses and Aaron, who turned the waters of the Nile visibly into blood. Elijah also commanded fire to come from heaven and smite the earth. The prediction that there should be no rain for 1260 years, plainly means not a literal, for that would be impos-

sible, but a spiritual drought; and if this clause be figurative, the others must be so also. The fire going out of their mouth is in all probability the symbol which sets forth God's fiery judgments descending on their enemies through their word; and that I am not exaggerating or doing violence to the passage by applying this literal language to spiritual judgments, may be seen by referring to the case of the prophet Jeremiah, to whom God says, "I will make my words in thy mouth fire, and this people wood, and it shall devour them." Another illustration of this solution is in Amos, (viii. 11,) "Behold, the days come, saith the Lord God, that I will send a famine in the land; not a famine of bread, nor a thirst for water, but of hearing the words of the Lord. And they shall wander from sea to sea, and from the north even to the east, they shall run to and fro to seek the word of the Lord, and shall not find it."

In the next place, the duration of their prophecy was to be 1260 days—that is, as I told you, 1260 prophetic days, or 1260 literal years; I will not now, however, enter on the evidence of the commencement of this period, which was, I conceive, when the apostasy was clearly established, nor on its close, as we shall subsequently come to it. I may merely state that about the sixth century their testimony began, as in that century their testimony was specially required. Gibbon, to whom I have so frequently referred, describes the state of that century in which, we believe, the witnesses began their testimony, in the following words:—"The use and even worship of images was firmly established before the end of the sixth century." "The Christians of the sixth century had insensibly relapsed into a semblance of paganism. The throne of the Almighty was darkened by a cloud of martyrs, saints, and angels, the objects of popular veneration."

Pope Gregory, called the Great, writing A. D. 590, states, "All things which were predicted are taking place. *The King of Pride is at hand*, and what is unlawful to utter, an army of priests is prepared for him."

Mosheim writes of this very same century:—"At this time true religion, weighed down by a heap of insane superstition, was unable to raise its head. The early Christians were wont to worship God and his Son only: but in this age (sixth century) they

who were called Christians worshipped the wooden cross, the images of saints, and the bones of men." In this very century too, or rather at the commencement of the seventh, viz. in the year 604, the Pantheon at Rome, which contained the images of all the gods of the heathen, was, without the least violence designed or done in making the change, transformed into a Romish temple: the idols which were known of old by the names of Jupiter and Venus, were christened by the names of Peter and the Virgin Mary. The statue of Jupiter received the keys into his hand instead of the thunderbolt he had originally, and is devoutly kissed as St. Peter at this day; and from thence forward the Pantheon became literally the Pandemonium, that is, the assembly of all the demons (*δαίμονια*) or glorified spirits of apostate Christendom.

This, then, may be regarded as the era at which the testimony of the witnesses began. The Justinian code was also drawn up in the sixth century, and by that code the pope was publicly declared to be the supreme pontiff, and all dissent from his decrees or worship was pronounced to be heresy; and then was introduced that ancient and favourite practice in the visible church, the burning men's bodies to change men's creeds, on the mistaken ground that a great error could be extirpated, or a great truth promoted, by punishing them who persisted in the one or refused to embrace the other. From this era all the elements of the predicted apostasy were developed on the theatre of Europe; priests devoured widows' houses, and built cathedrals with the spoils—absolved from oaths and evangelized with the sword—made Divine service a pantomime, and religion priestcraft—lengthened the creed, and shortened the decalogue;—became the parent of ignorance in the cabinet—immorality in the palace—idolatry in the temple—pollution in the confessional—and licentiousness of life, provided there was strict observance of ceremony, everywhere.

"If," says Gibbon, "in the beginning of the fifth century, Tertullian or Lactantius had been suddenly raised from the dead, to assist in the festival of some popular saint or martyr, they would have gazed with astonishment and indignation on the profane spectacle which had succeeded to the pure and spiritual worship of a Christian congregation. As soon as the doors of the

church were thrown open they must have been offended by the smoke of the incense, the perfume of flowers, and the glare of lamps and tapers which diffused at noonday a gaudy, and, in their opinion, a sacrilegious light; if they approached the balustrade of the altar, they made their way through the prostrate crowd, consisting for the most part of strangers and pilgrims who resorted to the city on the vigil of the feast, and who already felt the strong intoxication of fanaticism, and perhaps of wine; their devout kisses were imprinted on the walls and pavement of the sacred edifice, and their fervent prayers were directed, whatever might be the language of their church, to the bones and blood or ashes of the saints, which were usually concealed by a linen or silken vail from the eyes of the vulgar. The Christians frequented the tombs of the martyrs in hope of obtaining from their powerful intercession every sort of spiritual, but more especially of temporal blessings. The walls were hung round with symbols of the favours which they, the pilgrim offerers, had received. Eyes, hands, and feet of gold and silver, and edifying pictures, which could not long escape the abuse of indiscreet or idolatrous devotion, represented the image, the attributes, and the miracles of the titular saint."

I have already named such witnesses as AUGUSTINE, whose writings are so replete with evangelical truth, and VIGILANTIUS, who is so decided in his Protestant testimony. I will now allude to a succession of eminent and faithful witnesses, who appeared like stars amid the darkness of the overshadowing night, illuminating portions of the earth, and who were visible proofs in the world that there was in every age a true and believing church. After Augustine and Vigilantius, CÆSARIUS OF ARLES in Dauphiné appeared, a faithful witness for the truth. Milner translates two passages from the canons drawn up at a council held at Orange expressly under the dictation of Cæsarius in the year 529: "If any one say that the beginning or the increase of faith, and the very affection of belief, is in us not by the gift of grace, that is, by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, correcting our will from infidelity to faith, from impiety to piety, but by nature, he is an enemy to the doctrine of the apostles." "If any man affirm that he can by the vigour of nature think any thing good



which pertains to salvation as he ought, or choose or consent to the saving, that is to evangelical preaching, without the illumination and inspiration of the Holy Spirit, who gives to all the sweet relish in consenting to and believing the truth, he is deceived by an heretical spirit." At the beginning of the seventh century, and in the popedom of Gregory the Great, appeared another witness, whose name was SERENUS; he witnessed against the apostasy, proclaimed the truths of the gospel, and eloquently protested against image worship, the popular passion of the age. THE COUNCIL OF FRANKFORT, A.D. 794, had three hundred Christian bishops in it, who entered their protest against image worship, and gave expression and emphasis to the scriptural sentiments of Cæsarius and Serenus. An Englishman, ALCUIN, witnessed about A. D. 804. PAULINUS of Aquileia appeared between A. D. 810 and 841. He proclaimed salvation through the shed blood and living intercession of the Lord Jesus Christ only. AGOBARD, archbishop of Lyons, and CLAUDE of Turin, one on one side of the Alps and the other on the opposite side, raised a distinct and impressive testimony to the truth, about A. D. 817. Agobard proclaimed, "There is no other mediator than the God-man:" and for these sentiments alone his work was placed in the Index Prohibitorius. He preached the evangelical sentiments of Augustine with the intellectual vigour of Calvin, the force and intrepidity of Luther, and the faithfulness of Knox. Claude of Turin was misrepresented and maligned; he was denounced as a heretic, and persecuted as a malefactor. He thus wrote to a contemporary:—"A rumour is spread as if I were teaching a new sect contrary to the Catholic faith. I teach no new sect: this trouble came upon me, because, when I found all the churches at Turin stuffed full of vile and accursed images, I alone began to destroy what all were so sottishly worshipping."

Claude thus expresses his truly Protestant testimony:—"If we ought to adore the cross because Christ was fastened to it, how many other things are there which touched Jesus Christ! Why do they not in the same sense worship all that are virgins because a virgin brought forth Jesus Christ? Why do they not adore mangers and old elouts because he was laid in a manger and wrapped in swaddling-clothes? Why do they not adore

fisher-boats because he slept in one? Let them adore asses because he entered Jerusalem on the foal of an ass. All these things are ridiculous, rather to be lamented than set forth in writing, but we are forced to set them down in opposition to fools. Come to yourselves again, ye miserable transgressors, why do you crucify the Son of God again and expose him to open shame?"

How beautiful is the following letter of his:—"Truth grows not old by length of time, she minds not places, she does not suffer herself to be overtaken by night, she does not shut herself up in shadows, she is near to all that turn to her from all parts of the world, she is eternal to all, she is everywhere—she changes and converts those that behold her. In this idea of my faith I separate all change and alteration from eternity; and in this eternity I discover no space of time, for the spaces of time are made up of future and past notions of things. Now there is nothing past or future in eternity, for that which passeth ceaseth to be, and that which is to come is not yet begun to be; but as for eternity, it is that which is always present. Since this is the case, we are not commanded to go to the creature that we may be happy, but to the Creator, who alone can constitute our bliss."

GOTTESCHALC left his monastery, A. D. 846, and under deeper and purer impressions than a monastery could teach, began a missionary career. After preaching the gospel of the grace of God in Lombardy and the Delphinat, he was summoned by two archbishops, Rabanus Maurus of Mentz, and Hincmar of Rheims. By these he was condemned, degraded, beaten with rods, and when dead denied Christian burial; which last refusal is not, you perceive, peculiar to the nineteenth century, but is pretty old.

ALCUIN rejected the Apocrypha, and recognised nothing like purgatory or transubstantiation. He makes the following truly practical remarks:—"In the Holy Scriptures man may contemplate himself as in some mirror what sort of a person he is. The man who desires to be ever with God should often pray to him and study his holy word, for when we pray we speak to God, and when we read the holy book God-speaks to us."

From the Western line of witnesses I now pass to a sketch of the Eastern, where a testimony was equally needed.

In the year 653, an Armenian—not an Arminian, but an Armenian—named CONSTANTINE, having received and read a copy of the Gospels and Epistles of St. Paul, was so impressed by their purity and excellence, that he professed to be a disciple of St. Paul alone, and of no existing or other human teacher. We read that this Constantine, after preaching the gospel for thirty years, was condemned for his heresy, in the language of the Romanist Petrus Siculus, that is, in our view, for his attachment to the gospel. SIMEON, an officer of the government, was sent to see that he was stoned to death, according to sentence, but he was so struck by the grandeur of the sentiments he preached, by the patience with which he endured his sufferings, the fervour with which he prayed for his foes, and the meekness that animated and actuated him, that he left the stoning of the martyr, embraced his principles, forsook all and preached the gospel, for which he also was speedily put to death.

Soon after him there rose above the horizon SERGIUS, another, and perhaps the most eminent witness among the Paulicians, or followers of Paul, as they designated themselves. A female was blessed to the conversion of this eminent Paulician minister. A woman addressed him one day who had heard that he was celebrated for his talents and intellectual attainments; she urged him to study the gospel. He replied, "It is not lawful for me to read the Bible, but only for the priests." The woman, who was not to be repelled, said, "It is not as thou supposest: there is no acceptance of persons with God. Your priests, because they adulterate God's word, read some things out of it, and leave out others." He was struck by the statement: he resolved to make inquiry, and the result of that inquiry was, that he became a faithful minister and missionary, and, in his own words, "From east to west and from north to south I have preached the gospel of Christ, and laboured with these my hands." He died, having finished his testimony, in the year 830. One remarkable sentiment of his identifies him with the line of witnesses. "We," he said, "are Christians, you are Romans." We may judge of the numbers of faithful witnesses in the East, by the fact that 100,000 were drowned or put to the sword in the persecution by the Empress Theodosia.

I have thus brought down these lines of witnesses to the year 900, when both the Paulicians in the East, and Gotteschalc and Paul and Cæsarius and Claude of Turin, and others scarcely less faithful, in the West, were merged in that illustrious band, signalized by their faithfulness to Christ and their devotedness to the extension of his cause, the WALDENSES. About A. D. 1045, appeared BERANGER, who declared "the see of Rome is not the apostolic seat, but the seat of Satan." He shrank before persecution, it is true, and yet renounced not finally his testimony. A faithful witness for Christ about this time shone forth in PETER DE BRUYS, whose testimony may be briefly comprehended in these words:—"Baptism is of no avail without Faith:" "Christ's body is not present in the Eucharist; purgatory is a mere invention; and the dead are not benefited by our prayers." He was seized by the Papists and burnt to death near Toulouse, A. D. 1126. About this time appeared HENRY, an Italian, who was the Whitefield of his day, and whose eloquence was so persuasive, and the truths he uttered so startling, that the eloquent Bernard of Clairvaux, the grand advocate of Rome, and the last of the fathers, was sent to oppose his progress. Bernard thus describes the results of Henry's preaching—which seemed to him, as a Romanist, very disastrous, but to us evidence of good. "The churches (*i. e.* the Romish ones) are without people—the people without priests—the priests left without reverence—and the Christians without Christ (*i. e.* the wafer-Christ)—no oblation for the dead, and the shrines of the saints were utterly neglected." The charms and exorcisms of the priests, the gross superstition of the people, and the mercenary exactions of the church, were swept away by the exhibition of the dawn of that Sun of Righteousness which shone at the Reformation in meridian glory.

The Waldenses, or Vaudois, was the modern name given to a very ancient people composed of true Christians, protected amid the Cottian Alps since the days of the apostles. They derived their name from PETER WALDO, a merchant at Lyons, in France. He early received the knowledge of the gospel from some of the Paulician emigrants. He began to preach what he had received, and was the means of converting hundreds of Roman Catholics

to the truth as it is in Jesus. There is a beautiful and interesting document drawn up in the year 1100, called the NOBLE LESSON; it is written in early French. Nothing can be more apostolical than its language—nothing more scriptural than its sentiments, and it remains a standing and eloquent proof, that when the darkness was densest there were not wanting those who could testify for Christ, and be his faithful witnesses.

One or two passages of this faithful and ancient testimony I copy from Mr. Faber's translation of it:—

“The Scripture saith, and we ought to believe it, that all men shall pass two ways—the good to glory, the wicked to torment.

“Wherefore, whosoever wishes to do good works, he ought to begin with giving honour to God. He ought likewise to call upon his glorious Son, the dear Son of holy Mary, as also upon the Holy Ghost, who gives to us a good life.

“Though one has extorted from another a hundred pounds, yet the priest will pardon him for a hundred pence, and sometimes for less, when he can get no more. And he tells him a long story and promises him pardon, for he will say mass both for him and his forefathers. Thus granting pardon to them whether they be just or felonious, and he puts his hand upon their heads. But when he leaves them he occasions a grand festival, for he makes them to understand that they have been very well absolved. Yet ill are they confessed who are thus faulty, and they will certainly be deceived by such an absolution. For I dare to say, and it will be found very true, that all the popes from Sylvester down to the present one, and all the cardinals, and bishops, and abbots, even all such put together, have no power to absolve or pardon a single creature in regard to a single mortal sin, inasmuch as God alone pardons, and no other can do it.

“Those who are pastors ought to preach to the people and pray with them, and often feed them with divine doctrine.”

Reinerus, their bitter enemy and a bigoted Papist, says of them—and the favourable testimony of a foe is more valuable than the testimony of a friend:—“They are sedate, modest; they have no pride in clothes; they do not carry on commerce, that they may avoid falsehoods, oaths, and frauds; they are

chaste, and abstain from lying and swearing—*only they blaspheme the Roman Church and clergy.*”

While he thus denounces them, he gives an account of their missionary spirit:—“They introduce themselves to the acquaintance of the noble and great. Having sold rings and such like, he is asked, have you any thing more to sell? He answers, I have more precious gems. I will give them to you if you will not betray me to the clergy. I have one brilliant gem from God—the Bible, whereby men may have the knowledge of God.”

And what seems to be a remarkable coincidence, they are called by this great persecutor, “the sackcloth-wearing heretics;” and it is no less remarkable also, that the heraldic arms of the Waldenses, as well as the armorial bearings of their chief town, Lucerne, at this day, are the embodiment of the very picture given in the Apocalypse—a candlestick with a lighted candle on it, surrounded by this motto: “The light shineth in the midst of darkness.”

Such, then, is a mere sketch of the long line of witnesses, whose testimony was heard when the visible church was dead, and from whose lips came forth that sustained and eloquent protest for Christ, and against the delusions by which his glory was eclipsed, that has made them worthy of a place in the Apocalyptic record as the witnesses for Christ—the sackcloth wearers of Reinerus—the lights shining in darkness, according to their own beautiful motto.

The expression, “Fire proceedeth out of their mouth and devoureth their enemies,” may mean, I think, that their testimony proved to all that heard it, either the savour of life or the savour of death. And, perhaps, according to the continuous allusive character that pervades the Apocalypse, there is transferred to them in reality what was gratuitously assumed by their foes, as their own prerogative. Thus we read, for instance, that the language used by the Papal authorities of the day was, “We shut heaven against them—we send famine and thirst—we call fire from heaven to consume the heretics.” Now says the Saviour: “Antichrist’s is an assumption—the power of the Papacy is pretence; but the prerogative of my witnesses is real. The curse pronounced by the Papacy on these my witnesses approaches them

not ; but the blessing pronounced by them comes in the shape of a consuming and corroding curse upon all that reject and repudiate their testimony."

The next statement is, when they have completed their testimony, "the beast that ascendeth out of the bottomless pit shall make war upon them." The phrase, "when they shall have finished their testimony," does not mean when they shall have finished altogether the commission with which God has charged them. I may show this by a reference to the chapter we read this morning. It is there said that the high-priest enters the tabernacle continually, fulfilling or finishing or completing his service—that is, completing his stated duties, or the several acts as prescribed for each day, but not ceasing from the priestly office. So these witnesses completed their testimony—that is, they finished the special testimony that devolved upon them—in short, their specific mission ; they testified against the sacramental errors—the invocation of saints—the Apostasy—the Antichrist. They closed that chapter of protest which was required by the corruption of the age ; but which is no more required when that age has passed away. It does not mean that the gospel ceased to be proclaimed finally just before their death, but that these witnesses, after they had finished that special testimony which was required by the existing corruptions prior to their death, should be assailed by the great antichristian Apostasy, and put to death and refused the rites of Christian burial.

Now, the fact that the beast described in chap. xiii. made war against them, is plainly proved by such acts as are contained in the councils that were held at that period. The fourth Lateran, in 1215, denounced all heretics to be extirpated, their goods to be confiscated, and enjoined the secular power to see that this was done. Crusades, peculiarly sanguinary, were instigated against the Waldenses. Children were forced to denounce their parents when their parents were suspected of heresy, and in the year 1488, eighteen thousand soldiers burst upon the Valle de Louise, and burned or drowned upward of three thousand persons, and had recourse to one desperate and horrible act of cruelty, which has been recently illustrated by their national successors in Algeria ; for when the poor Waldenses fled to dens and

caves for refuge, they piled straw and wood at the mouths of the caves, and set fire to it : and a few days after there were found four hundred dead infants clinging to the breasts of their dead mothers in these caves ! A terrible proof surely is this that the beast did make war against the witnesses of Christ.

We now come to that which is the most striking and, perhaps, the most interesting part of this history ; and though I shall detain you twenty minutes longer, I am sure you will patiently listen to it when you consider its importance and interest. The great fact to which we now come is the defeat and death of the witnesses.

The witnesses, we have shown, were not two individuals, but a succession of individuals. The death of the witnesses must, therefore, not be the martyrdom of two individuals, but the extinction of a continuous series. The witnesses were figurative, being not two persons, but the symbols of a succession of persons ; their death must be figurative also ; in other words, it must be the extinction of their testimony. Now, then, we come down just to the only period in the history of Christendom during which we learn there was a pause, awful and foreboding, in the protest of the people of God against the abominations of the Papacy. There was no century in the fifteen but one, during a part of which the anti-Papal testimony was silent. The Bohemian Brethren at this time reported the extinction of the Waldenses. And, in order to show you that I am not giving a sketch out of my own imagination, but an historic fulfilment of a great prophetic truth, I will read to you what Milner says of the sixteenth century :—"The sixteenth century opened with a prospect, of all others, the most gloomy in the eyes of every true Christian ; corruption, both in doctrine and in practice, exceeded all bounds ; the Roman pontiffs were the uncontrolled patrons of impiety. The Waldenses were too feeble to resist the popedom, and the Hussites were reduced to silence." Such is the testimony of Milner as to the commencement of the sixteenth century.

Mr. Cuninghame of Lainshaw, who has written most powerfully and eloquently on prophecy, says—"At the commencement of the sixteenth century, Europe reposed in the deep sleep of spiritual death under the iron yoke of the Papacy. That haughty power, like the Assyrian of the prophet, said, in the



plenitude of insolence, 'My hand hath found as a nest the riches of the people, and as one gathereth eggs have I gathered all the earth, and there was none that moved the wing, or opened the mouth, or peeped.' " Mosheim writes—"At the commencement of the sixteenth century, no danger seemed to threaten the Roman pontiffs. The agitation previously excited by the Waldenses and the Bohemians was suppressed by the council and the sword, and the surviving remnant was an object of contempt rather than fear." And, in an article in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" upon the Reformation, it is stated that, at the commencement of the sixteenth century, "every thing was quiet—every heretic was extirpated."

Notice, in the next place, what is stated in the chapter:—"Their dead bodies shall lie in the street of the city, which spiritually is called Sodom and Egypt, where also their Lord (*κύριος αὐτῶν*) was crucified." Now what was that city? That city is described in Rev. xvii. as Rome ecclesiastical, as distinguished from the city of God, of which believers are citizens. Quesnel, a witness, called the Rome of that day "Egypt and Sodom." Grostete called the Romish despotism "Egyptian bondage;" and Luther, when he speaks of Rome, calls it worse than Sodom and even Gomorrah. And the expression, "where also their Lord was crucified," is explained by a parallel expression: "Ye have crucified Christ afresh, and put him to an open shame." And you will notice that just as the twelve tribes of Israel, to whom in their apostasy Rome is likened, had its capital, Jerusalem; so Roman Christendom had Rome for its capital; as Christ was literally crucified at Jerusalem, the capital of the first, so he was spiritually crucified in Rome, the capital of the second or the great Apostasy.

You will also notice, that it is said "their bodies shall lie in the street of the city," and the word which is here translated "street" is *πλατεία*, and the meaning of it is the market-place, or forum. The market-place or forum was the place where justice was administered—political discussions were held—controversial proceedings were settled—it was the tribunal of the judge, the place in which equity was statedly dispensed. And we read, that just as the Jews looked to Jerusalem of old, as

the great centre of all justice, so Christendom looked in the Middle Ages to Rome as the great seat of moral, ecclesiastical, and judicial power. Gibbon writes, "The nations began once more to seek on the banks of the Tiber the laws and oracles of their fate."

Then, in the next place, it speaks of those who were in this great city, "which spiritually is called Sodom and Egypt, where also our Lord was crucified"—as "they of the people and kindreds and tongues and nations," ἐκ τῶν ἐθνῶν. This language conveys the idea of representation, and means the representatives from nations and peoples. It is not said, "the people and tongues and kindreds and nations shall see their dead bodies," but it says, "they of the people," ἐκ τῶν λαῶν, "they who are the representatives or deputies of the people and nations and kindreds" "shall see their dead bodies." We are led by this very language to the idea of representation; and the only idea of representation in the Middle Ages was that exhibited in a general council. During the years 1512 onward to 1514, the great council of the Lateran was held under Julius II., and by Leo X., in the most conspicuous place or πλατεία at Rome; and one of the speakers in the midst of the council made the remark, "This is the meeting-place of Europe;" a natural remark, in Rome, the great centre of the Western world; and the use of the very language of the Apocalypse, though unconsciously and undesignedly. Now the professed object of this council, we read, was the exaltation of the church, and the extirpation of heresy and heretics, or, in Apocalyptic language, "the death of the witnesses." The Waldenses of Piedmont and the Lollards of England were declared, at that council, to be already exterminated. The Bohemians, it was said alone, remained. The Bohemians were therefore summoned at the 8th session of the council, in the year 1513, to appear and plead, in person or by deputy, on the 5th of May, 1514, in the forum, or the broad street, or market-place at Rome, before the representatives of all peoples and nations and kindreds and tongues. The Waldenses, it was allowed, were extirpated, the Lollards in England were declared to be silenced; the only heretics that remained were the Bohemians, and these were thus summoned with a year's notice

to appear before the council on May 5th, 1514. Did they do so? Luther appeared at Worms and entered his eloquent protest in the face of all opposition. Huss also appeared at Constance; but such was the depression of the witnesses of Christ at this time, that *not one witness*, in person or by representation, appeared on the 5th of May, 1514, to testify for Christ, and against the superstitions of the Papacy. Not a mouth was opened, not a wing fluttered. The testimony of the witnesses was suppressed, and the orator of the council, after the heretics had been summoned and no response or appearance made, ascended the pulpit, and pronounced, amid the applause and plaudits of the assembled bishops, "*Jam nemo reclamat, nullus obsistit*"—"Not one protests, not one opposes," *i. e.* no heretic appears, heresy is extinct. Here, then, we have the heretics summoned to appear in the year 1514, on the 5th of May; on their non-appearance on that day, the council, by a public act, writes their epitaph—proclaims their special testimony finished—declares that there was not one ready to appear before them and attest the truth of their creed.

This I hold to be the evidence of "the death of the witnesses;" there being complete and concurrent evidence that their testimony was silenced. The two witnesses were slain.

It is added, "they of the nations," *i. e.* their representatives, "shall not suffer their dead bodies to be buried." Now, what was part of the sentence of the Church of Rome on heretics, not only in this council, but in the third and fourth Lateran and in previous councils? It was, that heretics should be denied Christian burial—a prescription borrowed from paganism. The Council of Constance, for instance, ordered Wicliffe's body to be exhumed and burned. The ashes of John Huss were cast into the Lake of Constance—they were too impure to be honoured with the rites and ceremonies of Christian burial; and some of whom we have recently read in the papers, and whose names have therefore gained an unhappy notoriety, have thus shown themselves the successors not of Christ, but of Antichrist, inasmuch as they have refused to bury the bodies of the saints of God, because they had not been baptized according to the formularies which they prefer in administering Christian baptism.

Thus the Lateran Council pronounced the death of the witnesses. It also decreed that the bodies of heretics should not have Christian burial; and thus unconsciously drew up ecclesiastical canons which remain to this day as illustrative commentaries upon this passage in the Apocalypse, "They of the kindreds, and nations, and people, and tongues, shall not suffer their bodies to be put in graves."

It is stated, in the next place, in this chapter, "They that dwell upon the earth shall rejoice over them, and make merry, and shall send gifts one to another; because these two prophets tormented them that dwelt on the earth." That is, they shall be so delighted that the heretics are extirpated, and their testimony extinguished, that they "will make merry and send congratulatory gifts one to another." I open the page of history, and there I read that Pope Leo, the reigning pontiff, received splendid gifts from various realms, and especially from the king of Portugal, with congratulations that Rome was now supreme, and the pope conferred on that king in return half the Eastern world. At the close of this very Council of Lateran, which pronounced the epitaph of the witnesses, the most splendid fêtes and the most luxurious dinners were given—toasts were drunk—eloquent speeches were made—congratulations the most fervent were expressed, and the special subject of joy, says the historian, was the total reduction of the heretics, and healing of the French schism: "And they that dwell upon the earth shall rejoice over them, and make merry, and shall send gifts one to another; because these two prophets tormented them that dwelt upon the earth." Dean Waddington, an able historian of the church, says, "At this moment the pillars of the Papal strength seemed visible and palpable, and Rome surveyed them with exultation from her golden palaces." "The assembled princes and prelates separated from the council with complacency, confidence, and mutual congratulations on the peace, unity, and purity of the church."

Now, then, we have seen the death of the witnesses of Christ—we have heard the echoes of the congratulations of the Apostasy, but those congratulations were as short-lived as they were impious: the Spirit of God had written, and popes must come down

from their thrones to help to fulfil it—"They shall stand again upon their feet"—they shall experience a resurrection, and hear the invitation of him that consecrated their hearts by his grace, and gave them their commission in his word, "Come up hither." Is there, then, in fact, any thing that fulfills the prophecy of their resurrection, as close, clear, and conclusive as that which we have adduced to prove the fulfilment of their martyrdom and death? I quote not only from writers of the 19th, but from an historian of an earlier date. Raynaldus, the Romish annalist, says, "How ill the laws against heretics were observed, appears from the great spread of Luther's heresy very soon after the council separated." And Mr. Cuninghame of Lainshaw remarks, "At the commencement of the sixteenth century, Europe reposed in the deep sleep of spiritual death, under the iron yoke of the Papacy, but suddenly, in one of the universities of Germany, the voice of an obscure monk was heard, the sound of which rapidly filled Germany, Saxony, and Europe itself, shaking the very foundations of Papal power, and arousing men from the lethargy of ages." How does the chronology of prophecy and history agree? Most strikingly. We are told that the time during which the witnesses were to lie unburied was three and a half prophetic days, or, literally, three years and a half, at the end of which they were to rise from the dead. The council proclaimed on May 5th, A. D. 1514, "*Nemo reclamavit, nullus obstitit*," which is substantially, "Heresy is extinguished;" this we have seen was the death of the witnesses. On October 31st, 1517, Martin Luther made the first proclamation of the gospel, by posting his theses upon the gates of the church of Wittemberg on that very day. The number of years from 1514 to 1517 is precisely three; from May 5th to October 31st, is precisely 180 days, or half a literal year. From the period, therefore, at which the death of the witnesses was proclaimed, and their epitaph was written, till the moment that their resurrection took place, there elapsed precisely three years and a half. "Great fear," we are told, "fell upon them which saw them;" not on the representatives at the council, for they made merry; and Leo, too, thought it was the work of a foolish monk—the gambols of a German friar, that the very smell of the olden weapons

of Rome—the fire and the fagot—would quickly extinguish; but he knew not, as I have showed, the metal of the man. Tetzels, Cajetan, and Eck trembled as they listened to Martin Luther: it was literally true that “great fear came upon them”—they believed that the day of the glory of Rome was gone; they thought they heard from afar the intimations of its fall; they fancied that already they were listening to the footsteps of its departing glory; and again, they literally trembled as they listened to Martin Luther. Pope Adrian exclaimed, A. D. 1523, as if to illustrate the prophecy, “The preachers Huss and Jerome are now alive again in the person of Martin Luther.” True it was, the great deception of ages was to be now unveiled—the Apostasy was set in the light of that truth which depicts all things truly—the doctrines of the gospel began to spread like summer lightning from cloud to cloud, till Luther and his fellow Reformers in 1530, just at the close of the Council of Augsburg, united at Smalcald, and proclaimed the identity of the Reformers with the medieval witnesses of the East and West, by calling themselves PROTESTANTS, (*pro* and *testis*,)—that is, the Witnesses.

## LECTURE XI.

## THE TWO WITNESSES.

## THEIR ASCENSION.

"And after three days and an half the Spirit of life from God entered into them, and they stood upon their feet; and great fear fell upon them which saw them.

"And they heard a great voice from heaven, saying unto them, Come up hither. And they ascended up to heaven in a cloud; and their enemies beheld them.

"And the same hour was there a great earthquake, and the tenth part of the city fell, and in the earthquake were slain of men seven thousand: and the remnant were affrighted, and gave glory to the God of heaven.

"The second wo is past; and, behold, the third wo cometh quickly."—*Revelation xi. 11-14.*

I PRESUME that many who are assembled together this evening have heard the previous lectures on this most interesting subject: I presume, too, that you are satisfied with the grounds on which I have fixed the chronology of this scene in the Apocalypse, and that you have shared with me in the satisfaction I felt when I first perused the proofs of the fulfilment of it, and became convinced that the witnesses are that illustrious and luminous line of Christian martyrs who, beginning with the age of Augustine, terminated their testimony for a season in the greater glories of the Reformation.

Some of the points in the last evening's lecture I cannot but recapitulate.

First, the witnesses were not two individuals, but a succession of individuals. Secondly, the number, *two*, is specified, because, in the Mosaic economy, two witnesses were the fewest that constituted conclusive evidence; and they were two, to show that the witnessing church was reduced to its least possible number consistent with a valid testimony. I stated that these witnesses

were emphatically called the witnesses of Christ—witnesses of his eternal Deity—of the perfection of his sacrifice—to his intransmissible priesthood—and to his promise that he will come again.

These witnesses were to be killed. As the witnesses were a succession of individuals, or, in other words, represented under a figurative form, so, in consonance with this, I said their death must be a figurative death also. In the year 1514, the last links of the line—the Waldenses—were almost extirpated—the Lollards in England were entirely silenced, and the last echoes of protest lingered among the Bohemians. The Lateran Council assembled on the 5th of May, 1514—assembled expressly for the purpose of exalting the church, and exterminating heresy. The Bohemians, the Waldenses, the Vaudois, and the Lollards had been summoned to appear at that council, and to defend their principles or renounce them. When Luther was summoned, he appeared: when Huss was summoned to Constance, he obeyed also; but when these witnesses, the last remains of the upholders of Christian truth, were summoned to the Lateran, on May 5th, 1514, so weakened was their strength—so crushed their spirit—so truly *dead*—that the orator of the council mounted the pulpit, and amid the plaudits of the assembled cardinals and bishops, cried “Nullus reclamatur, nemo obsistit”—“there is no one to appear;” or, if I might explain it, “heresy is extinguished, the church is triumphant, exclusive, and supreme.”

I expressed my belief that this was the death of the witnesses. It is then stated that their dead bodies should not be buried. I showed you how this confirms the application of their death to the epoch I have supposed, for the very language of the Romish councils in dealing with the bodies of dead heretics is here employed in the Book of Revelation. It was the decision of that council that the dead bodies of heretics should not have Christian burial. I showed you therefore that the circumstance, of which you must have read in the papers a few years back, of certain individuals refusing to give Christian burial to those who had not been baptized according to their formula, is not at all a novel thing, nor is there any thing strange in it, nor even unexpected, from the principles professed and held by the party. This part of their weapons was borrowed from the arsenal of those cham-



pions from whom they had derived their principles—the canons and decretals of the Roman Catholic Church. Thus these witnesses of Christ were not allowed Christian burial. They were proscribed, and denied all intercourse, and so for three years and a half, called prophetically three days and a half, they were almost unknown, unseen, and unheard. The two witnesses lay dead and unburied. They were so treated because they witnessed against that apostasy to whom all consecrated earth and funeral rites pertained.

But, it is said, that after three years and a half they should experience a resurrection. Is there in history any corresponding fulfilment of this? Let us see: on the 31st October, 1517, Martin Luther starts into view as if he had dropped from the sky, posts his ninety-five theses upon the gates of the parish church of Wittemberg, then the only mode of public advertisement, starts the slumbering echoes of all but extinguished truth, awakens Europe from its nightmare sleep; summoned from their graves the witnesses that were slain—and they received life from heaven, started to their feet, and raised again their testimony after three and a half years' silence, in the hearing of amazed and awed Christendom. Count from the 5th of May, 1514, to the 31st of October, 1517, and you will find it precisely three years and a half.

Thus, then, we have the death, the burial, and the resurrection of the witnesses. But I must notice another point of contact between the prophecy and history: when the witnesses were slain, and when the council had separated, all believing that heresy was extinct, and hence, "they of the people, and kindreds, and tongues, and nations shall rejoice over them, and make merry, and shall send gifts one to another;" as it was written in verse 9. It is not said *the people*, but "they of the people"—it involves the idea of representation, ἐκ τῶν λαῶν, that is, the representatives of the people and the tribes. Here, then, we have described the feelings cherished by the delegates or representatives at that council, and the mode in which they manifested those feelings. When the Lateran Council which pronounced the death of the witnesses was dissolved, brilliant fêtes were celebrated by its members at Rome; cardinals and bishops, and popes and abbots,

and princes and high laymen, its members, assembled in all the splendour of costume—in all “the pomp of Papal circumstance;” and at these fêtes toasts were drunk—congratulations were expressed—and all bore on the point more or less, that the church at last had triumphed, that the heresy of the Bohemians and the Vaudois was extinguished for ever, and so “they of the nations rejoiced over their dead bodies, and made merry.”

It is also said that they should “send gifts one to another.” Historians who have investigated the era, state that kings and emperors transmitted to the pope magnificent presents, and accompanied these presents with expressions of their great satisfaction that the church was triumphant, and at peace. Three years and a half, however, elapsed, and what they called heresy appeared again, personated in that noble character—that true hero—Martin Luther, the solitary monk that shook the world—who revived the protest of his fathers, and bequeathed us the legacy of an unshackled Bible—a glorious gospel—an independent and emancipated church.\*

I will now follow out my remarks upon the witnesses, by explaining what is here stated of their standing on their feet, their

\* I may, in this place, refer to “Luther, a Poem,” by my friend, Robert Montgomery, a man of great and true genius, whose latter writings in prose are full of original and powerful thought. His poem on Luther needs compression, but passages of great force and striking poetic beauty abound in it.

— “In thy heart, heroic England, long  
 May Luther’s voice and Luther’s spirit live  
 Unsilenced and unshamed. Thou peerless home  
 Of liberty and laws, of arts and arms,  
 Of learning, love, and eloquence divine,  
 Where Shakspeare dream’d, and sightless Milton soar’d,  
 Where heroes bled, and martyrs for the truth  
 Have died the burning death.  
 Land of the beautiful, the brave, the free,  
 Never, oh, never! round thy yielded soul,  
 May damning Popery its rust-worn chain  
 Of darkness rivet:  
 Without the Bible, Britain’s life-blood chills,  
 And curdles.  
 Reft of her Bible, not a drop remains  
 Of holy life-blood in the nation’s heart.”

ROBT. MONTGOMERY’S *Luther*, p. 346.

ascending up to heaven in a cloud, and their enemies beholding them.

First of all, it will be asked, What is meant by the expression, "they ascended up to heaven in a cloud?" This is not the heaven in which God's throne is; and for this reason, among others, their enemies beheld them after they had ascended, which they could not have done if the ascent had been into literal heaven. It is to be interpreted in accordance with the great principles on which we have hitherto proceeded—the recognition of a figurative phraseology, borrowed partly from the centuries as they flowed and circumstances to which the book refers, and partly from the usages, habits, and expressions of the Levitical economy. I find in Isaiah xiv. 13, an explanation of the expression "ascending into heaven;" when the proud despot says, "I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God; I will sit also upon the mount of the congregation, in the sides of the north"—that is, I will possess supreme power, I will exercise unlimited despotism, I will occupy the loftiest pinnacle of pre-eminence and of power that the heart of ambition can crave, or the imagination can conceive. I understand, therefore, by the expression, "they ascended up to heaven," that the witnesses, *i. e.* the witnessing churches, or those faithful ones to whom I have referred, obtained great civil and national power—were raised from the depths of depression to the very height of eminence and power. I am not asking your approval or disapproval, or expressing my own, of investing the church with political power; I do not ask whether or not you coincide with the opinion that the church should be established—this is a question which does not enter into this subject: all I state is the simple fact, that to ascend into heaven, according to Apocalyptic phraseology, means to be elevated to the possession of civil power, and that facts, recorded in the pages of historians, bear me out in this interpretation of the passage. What, then, was the historical occurrence that confirms the assertion in the Apocalypse? Soon after the proscriptive decree of Augsburg, what was called the Pacification of Nuremberg was passed: at the moment that that Pacification was passed, in the sixteenth century, the period at which we are now arrived, the decree went forth through the

length and breadth of Germany—the first for a thousand years—that Protestantism should not be crushed by proscriptive penalties, nor Protestants exterminated by the sword. In other words, toleration took place where proscription had been before; and the Church of Rome, so far as the civil power was concerned, was driven to contend with Protestantism by the use of argument, and to sheathe, at least for a season, the sword of persecution. Principal Robertson, the great historian, and a more illustrious historian than a divine—more accurate in his facts than scriptural in his theology—makes the observation: “From having been viewed hitherto only as a religious sect, the Protestants came now, after the Pacification of Nuremberg, to be considered as a political body of no small importance.” And although the death of Luther seemed to be an interruption of their prosperity, and the assembling of the Council of Trent in 1552, which sat for ten years and upward, seemed to threaten their extermination again; yet the peace of Passau, which took place in 1552, not only confirmed the toleration of Protestants, but also admitted them to civil power, and invested them with political privileges, and made them constituent members of the Supreme Imperial Chamber. Here, then, the first time for a thousand years, truth is recognised, or at least tolerated, by the kings and the powers of the earth: from being crushed and trodden down by the iron heel of tyranny, Christianity stood forth emancipated from its shackles—protected by the sceptre, and nestling under the shelter of the imperial throne, adding by its contact new splendour to the crown, and new stability and strength to the sceptre. Such, then, is the fulfilment of this prophecy. The witnesses ascended up to heaven; they not only rose in the fact of their resurrection from the depths of the earth, but rose in the fact of their recognition by the “powers that be” to great honour.

It is added, “their enemies beheld them.” This expresses emotion. What does it mean? It is this: the priests and prelates of Rome, who saw their ascent, were enraged at the spectacle. What could be more terrible to the Church of Rome than to see the Bible open, in spite of their efforts to shut it—palaces admit it—kings listening to Protestant preachers—the

great ones of the earth beginning to think that Rome was the Apostasy—that the monk was right—that Protestantism was true. They beheld it with envy, with hatred, with agitation, and with alarm.

It is then added, “there was a great earthquake.” Now, we explain the expression, as we have explained similar expressions used in the Apocalypse, as being not a literal earthquake merely, though this is true, but a moral or a spiritual one. We then ask, Was there any thing approaching this in historical fact? Soon the fulfilment of it appeared. There took place a great schism in the popedom—a complete disruption in the power and dominion of the Roman Catholic hierarchy—a moral earthquake—Saxony, Prussia, Sweden, and Denmark renounced the supremacy of the tiara, and rallied round their own national altars, and raised a wall between them and the popedom that all the artifices of the Jesuits have not been able to undermine.

It is added, in the next place, that “the tenth part of the city fell.” I have already intimated, what I shall have to explain when the proper time for explanation shall arrive, that the Roman empire under the popedom was divided into ten great divisions. This was prefigured in Daniel; it is also expressly stated in the Apocalypse: and one of the greatest of the ten kingdoms was Great Britain. It was one of the ten sections into which the popedom was divided. Now, it is here stated, that the tenth part of the popedom fell. Can we be ignorant of a fact in history that illustrates this part of the prophecy? Great Britain separated from the popedom at the Reformation; the most brilliant gem in the tiara was then torn from its socket, and lost to the pope, I hope, I pray, for ever and ever. By whom was it thus severed? By as bad a man as ever walked the earth, and as corrupt and as wicked a king as ever swayed a sceptre, which Roman Catholics will tell you, when they are tired of repeating that our religion is the religion of Martin Luther, though surely it is not a greater shame to have the religion of Martin Luther than to have the religion of Hildebrand, or Alexander VI., or Innocent III. At the same time, our religion, as I showed you, is not the religion of Luther. It was the creed, but not the creation of that man; and if Luther were to say one thing, and

an apostle were to say the contrary, we should cast Luther's opinion to the winds, and receive the word of the apostle. Henry VIII., then, I say, was the person who awoke the vibrations of the earthquake that detached England from the influence of Rome. Roman Catholics taunt us with Henry VIII. as one of our founders; but they must surely forget that never did a devout Papist count his beads, or confess his sins, or be shrived, than Henry VIII. All he meant to do was this: that the reigning pontiff should not be pope, and that he himself should be pope in his stead. He renounced not Popery, but the pope. His own supremacy, not that of truth, was his aim. He severed England from Rome. He did not sanctify it for God. Hatred to the pope, not attachment to truth, led him. He renounced superstition one day, and embraced it the next. He burned Roman Catholics for believing transubstantiation, and Protestants for doubting, disputing, or denying it. At the approach of death, Henry VIII. had an altar erected by his bedside, and a priest to offer up the sacrifice of the mass, and say prayers to deliver his soul from purgatory. He was used as an instrument, and that was all. So was Cyrus. So was Alexander. So was Napoleon. There was a great wall between the sinner and his God, and it mattered little whether that wall was shattered by the lightning's flash, or upheaved by the earthquake, or blasted by gunpowder, or battered down by the battering-ram; it was removed, in order that communion might be restored between the guilty and his God, between the sinner and his Saviour.

But while Henry VIII. thus constituted by his act the earthquake, it was reserved for Edward VI. to introduce positive truth instead of mere negative protest; and after Edward VI. we read of the noble—noble as far as they were Protestant—the noble efforts of Elizabeth, to help forward the great and blessed truths of the Reformation.

Not only England thus separated from the popedom, but Scotland also. In 1560, the Reformation was established in Scotland. And in their respective separations you cannot but notice how the two great divisions of the empire were added to the possessions of the church of the gospel by different processes.

In England it came from the throne downward, and descended slowly to the mass of the people, and it carried with it in its descent a portion of the medium through which it came. In Scotland the Reformation passed like an electric spark through the masses of the people; it shot upward, illuminating and agitating as it rose; it moved from the basis of the pyramid till it gleamed with heavenly coruscation on the loftiest pinnacle of its apex. In England, the Reformation was achieved by degrees, and many things retained to conciliate as many as possible, and one or two things, as the Absolution Service, most unhappily. In Scotland, the Reformation completely triumphed; and whatever may be our defects in Scotland, we have not much Popery. It is true we do sometimes quarrel—and yet these quarrels show the depth and earnestness of our religious principles; men rarely quarrel about mere trifles—there must be something that is felt to be important in order to originate a dispute. Our quarrels arise, not from hatred to each other, but if by mistake, yet really from love to our Bible, our religion, and our God. In England they had the good taste to spare, what they had in Scotland the Protestant zeal in many instances to destroy, those ancient abbeys and convents, and those beautiful cathedrals—those silent poems—which seem as if the very stones of the earth, bursting into blossom, sent fragrant incense to the skies. My poetic feelings have sometimes predominated, and made me congratulate this land that its cathedrals had been spared; and this same feeling has borne me to Scotland, and made me almost weep that more of those beautiful cathedrals were not left to be consecrated by truth, as is the case with St. Machar's, St. Mungo's, and St. Giles's, and to adorn and still beautify the land; but when my poetry evaporated, and my Christianity predominated, and I recollected that if you want me to point to the spot where spiritual religion is certainly not most aided—where the hard-working parish ministers are worst paid—and where the flood of superstition, should it come again, will find every receptacle ready for its reflux, you force me, in spite of all my poetic sympathies, to point to the vicinity of our ancient cathedrals. The truth is, cathedrals are not adapted to Protestant worship except by the process we have adopted in Scotland, turning the choir into one parish church,

and the nave into another—a suggestion they have partially adopted at Chichester. Knox put forth a strong hand, and gave perhaps too heavy a blow—he was not satisfied with driving the monks out of Scotland, he brought down their convents too—he pulled down the rooks' nests, as he said, and the rooks fled away. Yet it was the convents, *not* the cathedrals, he thought were irreclaimable. He wished, and was not able, to spare all the latter. Whatever we have in Scotland, however, we have very little of Popery, and therefore when you blame us for our quarrels, praise us for our Protestantism—when you denounce Knox as a Goth, forget not he was a Christian. When you denounce him as an architectural Hun, think also of the blessings he was instrumental in bequeathing to us and to our children, and our children's children.

Another expression occurs in the passage, which leads us yet more plainly to fix the chronology of the event as we have done, viz. the statement, that there was not only an earthquake, but also that there was killed or slain of men seven thousand. In the original the expression is “seven chiliads, the names of men.” On referring to the Old Testament Scriptures, I find that the chiliads denoted principedoms, under the domination or rule of a prince. Thus the very word is used in a passage in the Prophet Micah, “But thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among”—in our translation, “the *thousands*,” it is literally, “among the *chiliads* of Judah.” When the Evangelist quotes the prediction of the prophet, he says, “least among the *princes* of Juda.” I am therefore carried to the conclusion, that the seven chiliads that were slain were provinces, each province under its ruler, its supreme magistrate or governing officer. Do we find, then, seven provinces or principedoms split from the Papal ecclesiastical tyranny by this great earthquake? We do; for after England and Scotland had followed in the wake of Germany, and reflected from their shores also the echoes of the voice of Martin Luther, we read, what completely confirms the prediction of the Apocalypse, that the Seven Provinces of the Netherlands, which had heretofore been subject to Spain, and adhering to the Papacy, began to feel the earthquake. They were assailed by the Spaniards in a bloody war of thirty-seven years without suc-



cess, and at last their independence was declared. These Seven Provinces, under the ruling dukes or princes, separated from the pope-dominion at this very period, and formed themselves into the Protestant republic of Holland, next to Britain the most glorious protesting nation against the corruptions and superstitions of the Papacy.

Then it is said, they, that is, the Romanists, "were affrighted." That is, those who were left by the secession of those countries, and nations, and empires, that seceded from the Roman Catholic Church. We read, accordingly, that the Romanists, when they recollected the cruelties they had perpetrated—when the remembrance of their crimes was brought vividly before them, and when, in connection with this, they saw the hated Protestants raised to civil and political power, they were affrighted; they expected that the day of vengeance, the hour of retaliation was come, and having been themselves accustomed to act upon the principle, "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth," and judging of Protestants by their own spirit, they thought that Protestants would punish, persecute, proscribe, and burn those who had so treated them in times that were gone. It is true, and it ought to be admitted, that the great Protestant nations omitted, in some respects, to act in the spirit of the religion which they had embraced. It is too true, that each nation stole or borrowed from Rome too many of the weapons that are now peculiar to Rome; yet one wonders not at it, for at this very period, such was the alarm of the Protestant nations at the reflux of Popery, and with Popery, persecution, that penal laws of the most bitter and stringent description were recorded in the statute-books of every country, in self-defence; and even the Reformers themselves sanctioned the incorporation of such proscriptive laws. For instance, it ought not to be disguised,—for we must never try to serve the cause of truth by the concealment or denial of facts; truth will always stand, it will never suffer by the avowal of facts,—that Cranmer sanctioned the burning of two Anabaptists. John Knox, I need not tell you, believed, and preached, and wrote, that all priests that said mass, and all Roman Catholics that were present, ought to be put to death. Roman Catholics will tell you so, and when they so tell you, admit and regret it, but be sure at the same time to ask them, where did they learn these tenets? Cranmer was

once a Roman Catholic priest—Knox was also brought up a Roman Catholic priest—they imbibed persecution with their mother's milk—it was in their catechism, their creeds and horn-books. The wonder to me is, not that the Reformers retained so much of Popery, but that they shook off so much. The wonder to me is, not that they retained so much of its spirit, but that they got rid of so much of its spirit: and when Rome twits us with the proscriptions of Knox, she ought to recollect that she was the nursery in which Knox was taught to cherish these proscriptions. Here, too, is an important difference: we Protestants are getting rid of our proscriptive laws. I was therefore delighted when I heard of some penal laws, absurd and inoperative in themselves, cancelled from our statute-book. I rejoiced that such proscriptions, and pains, and penalties were repealed. How absurd to retain an act, that if any Roman Catholic priest travelled more than a certain distance from his residence on the Sabbath, he should be put in prison! I believe it is but two years since that was expunged, and if there be any remaining penalties of the same description in our statute-book, I should rejoice to hear that they were expunged also. Here, then, is evidence of our improvement; but when we act so generously, ought we not to expect the Church of Rome to reciprocate our kindness? Does she do so? What is the oath of every Roman Catholic bishop? There is to be a Roman Catholic archbishop of Westminster, what is his oath? I have in my possession the oath taken by every Roman Catholic bishop at his consecration, and one clause in it is, (Dr. Wiseman and every Roman Catholic bishop in England has taken this oath,) "I will persecute and attack all heretics and dissenters." They avow their intention to burn heretics. A Popish prelate, when he presides at the auto-da-fe acts consistently. I like to see men act consistently with their principles, and if the Romish Church will act honestly, and carry out her principles to full practice, we shall then learn at last what Popery is. While, then, we are blotting out all that is penal in our statute-book, I should wish to convey one solitary petition to that pope who reigns in the hearts of all Roman Catholics, who is called the Reforming Pope, and who seems to have a desire for civil freedom, which we cannot but commend. I would explain my petition

thus:—When Dr. Wiseman comes to London, he builds his chapel, worships in it according to his own views—he summons his meetings, (I have attended some of them,) circulates their tracts, makes speeches against Protestantism, says strong things in favour of Romanism, and nobody interferes with them: I should denounce the practice of the man as altogether contrary to the principles of his Bible who should try to interfere with them. I would give them full, unfettered, unrestricted freedom. Liberty of conscience to friend and foe is a principle of ours. But now let me ask of Pius IX.—so generous, so liberal, so reforming—that he will allow—and I am sure there is not an individual in Exeter Hall who will not accede to my proposal, when I make it, for contributions to enable us to do so—that he will allow a Protestant church (let him make a selection from all the denominations in England; let him choose the very worst; it will be far preferable to his own) to be built in Rome within the walls—let him select, or suffer, any preacher out of a list I will give him, to preach in it; and then let him allow me to spread the tracts of the Tract Society, in which there is nothing sectarian or denominational—let me ask this extent of freedom—will he grant it? No! He never has granted it; he never can grant it consistently with his principles; and I should say, the doom of the Popedom is sealed the moment that you hear that Protestant chapels and preachers are tolerated in Rome. Popery cannot afford it; it would not do there at all. We can afford to be generous without loss or compromise. But Popery cannot afford to be tolerant; to permit the propagation of truth would be an act of suicide.

There is one point more in the history of the witnesses, and a very beautiful and interesting one it is. It is said, when the witnesses ascended into heaven, the remnant of the Apostasy that saw their advancement trembled at the spectacle, and, it is added, they gave “glory to the God of heaven.” Unfortunately, this is not an accurate and true translation of the passage I have read. Every scholar acquainted with the idiom and structure of the Greek will allow that the signification is, “they” (*i. e.* the Papists) “were affrighted,” and they, the witnesses, (not the Papists,) “gave glory to the God of heaven.” This is an historical description of the affrighted Romanists: side by side with a de-

scription of the feelings which actuated the elevated and triumphant witnesses. The assertion, then, is, that after their elevation to power—after the close of their long and painful depression—after they had come to worship in splendid churches, no longer in dens and caves of the earth, proscribed, persecuted, and trampled upon—they, the Christians, felt that all the glory (and this is the grand peculiarity of Protestant truth) was to be given, not to Luther, who had proved so indomitable a champion—not to Knox, who had been faithful among the faithless many—not to Calvin, so evangelical, so eloquent—not to any of that illustrious line of witnesses that preceded them; but they gave the glory of an unfettered Bible—an emancipated church—a fully preached gospel—unto him to whom the glory alone was due, the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.

You will see, also, a beautiful instance in this of what we have called the allusive character of the records in the Apocalypse: when St. John speaks of some great evangelical truth, as strongly illustrated at some particular period in the history of the church, it always conveys, by allusion or by contrast, the exhibition of some rampant and predominating heresy. Now, when it is said the Protestants gave glory to God, it conveys, by allusion, the painful fact that the Roman Catholics, ever as they had gained an object they had prayed for, or attained the success they had anticipated, gave the glory to saints, or to the Virgin Mary. Saint Patrick used to get the glory in Ireland, Saint Andrew in Scotland, and Saint George in England, and the Virgin everywhere. And if at this moment you cross the sea, and enter the first port in Belgium, (and I am sure that every Englishman who visits the continent will return to his own country, and bless God that he was born in a land of liberty, and has been made acquainted with the Bible,) you will find in each of their most beautiful cathedrals a huge statue of the Virgin Mary—you will see silver hearts nailed to the pedestal on which she stands, giving her the glory of cures and deliverances. I recollect, too, on a visit to the chapel of Jesu Flagellé, which is within five miles of Boulogne, seeing on its walls children's caps and shoes, and crutches, and also model ships and boats hung around the statues of saints and saintesses, and of the Virgin Mary, designed to teach that all

the glory of these children's recovery, and of sailors' escape from shipwreck, is to be ascribed to the Virgin. We have, then, I say, here, contrasted with this the fact that the Protestants "gave glory to the God of heaven." Strype, in his preface, among other extracts, gives the following: "Elizabeth, preparing her heart, and giving God the glory, was in a few years made strong against her enemies." Strype also gives extracts from a thanksgiving of the English Protestant exiles, called, "*Ad Christum Anglorum exultantium Ευχαριστικον*." And on the defeat of the Spanish armada, which came to papalize the church, as well as overturn our government, it is recorded in history—and you are all, I dare say, acquainted with this fact—that Queen Elizabeth went in procession to St. Paul's, and gave glory to God for this victory. She also caused a medal to be struck, on which was a representation of a fleet beaten by a tempest, and over it the inscription, "He blew with his winds, and they were scattered:" and thus the queen gave God all the glory. So many striking facts are surely coincidences with predictions not to be overlooked; but taken in connection with all the facts I have adduced on previous occasions, they are surely contributions tending to illustrate the prophecies of this book, and evidences of the truth of the Apocalypse.

We read that Elizabeth gave glory to God for all the good her realm had realized. And is there not a kindred act this day? \* A nobler and more favoured than Elizabeth bids us, her loyal subjects, give glory for an unprecedented harvest; not to nothing, as the atheist would say—not to sunbeams and raindrops, as the materialist would say—nor to Ceres and Jupiter, as the heathen would say—nor to saints and to the Virgin Mary, as the Romanist would say—but, as England's queen has said, and as England's Bible echoes, to that God whose smiles gave our corn all its ripeness, and whose goodness has replenished our granaries with all their fulness. The more I think of this, my dear friends, the more I am struck with the interesting coincidence. A queen is ours who has all Elizabeth's principles, without Elizabeth's

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\* This discourse was delivered in the evening of the General Thanksgiving

persecuting spirit—all Elizabeth's Protestantism, without Elizabeth's pride—all the splendour of the reign of the Maiden Queen, with all the added glories that are peculiarly her own. That queen, Victoria, who lives in the hearts, is sustained by the prayers, and embosomed in the piety of her people—a Protestant, a queen, and a mother—exemplary and beautiful in all—what heart will not pray, GOD SAVE THE QUEEN? what Christian will refuse to give to the GOD OF HEAVEN the glory?

I have just exhausted the small portion of Scripture I had selected for this evening's exposition: I am only prevented by the vastness and magnificence of my subject from giving you, what I must reserve for another evening, a sketch of those distinguished witnesses, a cluster and constellation of whom appeared at the Reformation. I have entered in my notes illustrative extracts explanatory of such witnesses as Melancthon, and Zwingle, and Calvin, and Knox, and others of whom the world was not worthy; but I must reserve my remarks upon them for another occasion; and in the mean time conclude with two or three practical inferences from the history and lineage which we have endeavoured to trace through the medieval ages of Europe.

First of all, this subject leads me to recall to your recollection the interesting fact that there has been no period in the history of the past in which there have not been witnesses for the Lord Jesus Christ. I believe, and this is a fact for which we ought to be thankful to God, that even in the bosom of the Church of Rome there never was an age in which there were not some at least, that trusted in the Saviour, in spite of the enveloping superstition. I believe that many a tonsured head now rests in Abraham's bosom. I believe that many a poor monk, worn down with fasting, girt round with bell-rope, and clothed with rags, was saved, because of the truth that penetrated all, and rests in the abodes of peace and blessedness, in which are Augustine and Claude of Turin, and Huss and Jerome of Prague, and Martin Luther, and Calvin, and John Knox. An interesting specimen of the probability of this, is found in a fact recorded in the graphic history of Merle D'Aubigné. In the year 1776, an old building was pulled down at Basle, which had formed part of the ancient convent of the Carthusians. In a hole in the wall

was found secreted a box, in which a poor Carthusian brother had deposited the following prayer:—

“O, most merciful God, I know that I can only be saved and satisfy thy righteousness by the merit, the innocent suffering and death of thy well-beloved Son. Holy Jesus, my salvation is in thy hands. Thou canst not withdraw the hands of thy love from me, for they have created and redeemed me. Thou hast inscribed my name with a pen of iron, in rich mercy, and so that nothing can efface it, on thy side, thy hands, and thy feet.”

Here was the gospel of Jesus cherished in the midst of a convent; and who can doubt that that Carthusian lived and died washed in the blood and justified by the righteousness of the blessed Jesus? But when I admit all this, what does it prove? Not that the system to which he belonged was true, but that the truth, which that system tries to exclude, just like the light of heaven, found, by its penetrating intensity, some nooks and crevices in the popedom, by which it entered, and transformed by its touch that poor Carthusian brother. The inference that I draw is, not that Popery is true, but that Protestantism can penetrate the darkest dungeon. The inference I draw is, not that the desert was less bleak, but that there were some sweet sheltered flowerets in the midst of that desert, that the frost had not nipped and the simoom had not utterly blasted. Thus, again, we have additional reply to the query, “Where was your church before Luther?” If you mean, where were our principles? we answer, in the Bible: if you mean, where were the exponents of them? they were in the line of witnesses I have traced, and a few in the bosom of the Church of Rome herself. Our Protestant churches and chapels were not the erection of new buildings, but the purification of the old ones. Let me explain this to you. A broker, the other year, was purchasing pictures in Paris: he found one which was a beautiful painting of the Virgin Mary; he purchased it for a little, hoping to sell it for much. He began to clean the picture, according to the process that cleaners of paintings employ. In doing so, by accident a little fragment of the countenance of the Virgin scaled off, and he saw where the fragment scaled off something

far more beautiful below it. This tempted him to scale off a bit more, and he found it was a master-piece of one of the most illustrious masters, representing the Lord Jesus. Now, what the picture-cleaner did to this painting, Martin Luther and John Knox did to the church at the Reformation. The incrustation of saints they scraped off. Knox did it often very roughly, but he did it well; they scraped off the pictures of the saints, and there burst forth, in all its glory, the representation of the Son of God; and in the back-ground, shining in his light, the church purchased with his precious blood, "fair as the sun, clear as the moon, and terrible as an army with banners."

The church of Christ is to be traced, like a stream that rises in a sandy desert, its parent in the skies, pursuing its meandering course through many nations, not by its noise, or its breadth, or its brilliancy, but by the rich verdure that it leaves at its margin, as it flows onward in its calm and silent course, until it loses itself at last in the mighty and illimitable sea from whence it originally sprang. The church of Christ is to be traced, not by the glittering dress that clothes its exterior—not by the pageantry of cathedral processions—not by mitred abbots and tiaræd popes; but by its separation from the world—by the holiness of its ministers and its faithful ones; by the stains of the blood which they shed—by the clank of their chains—by their bones that still lie bleached upon the Cottian Alps; not by the grandeur of their robes, but by the glory of their principles—not by the splendour they have reflected upon the page of history, but by the blood-bought privileges they have bequeathed to us, their unworthy but their honoured successors.

The names applied to these witnesses of Christ by historians, were Paulicians, Cathari, Paterines, Albigeois, Lollards, Wicliffites, Vaudois, Waldenses, Bohemians; but the principles they held were substantially the same—scriptural, Protestant, evangelical. They are the succession links in that continuous chain which began with Adam at the fall, and will go onward till the Second Adam comes to restore all things.



## LECTURE XII.

## THE CHURCH IN THE WILDERNESS.

“And there appeared a great wonder in heaven; a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars:

“And she being with child cried, travailing in birth, and pained to be delivered.

“And there appeared another wonder in heaven; and behold a great red dragon, having seven heads and ten horns, and seven crowns upon his heads.

“And his tail drew the third part of the stars of heaven, and did cast them to the earth: and the dragon stood before the woman which was ready to be delivered, for to devour her child as soon as it was born.

“And she brought forth a man child, who was to rule all nations with a rod of iron: and her child was caught up unto God, and to his throne.

“And the woman fled into the wilderness, where she hath a place prepared of God, that they should feed her there a thousand two hundred and threescore days.

“And there was war in heaven: Michael and his angels fought against the dragon; and the dragon fought and his angels,

“And prevailed not; neither was their place found any more in heaven.

“And the great dragon was cast out, that old serpent, called the Devil, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world: he was cast out into the earth, and his angels were cast out with him.

“And I heard a loud voice saying in heaven, Now is come salvation, and strength, and the kingdom of our God, and the power of his Christ: for the accuser of our brethren is cast down, which accused them before our God day and night.

“And they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony; and they loved not their lives unto the death.

“Therefore rejoice, ye heavens, and ye that dwell in them. Wo to the inhabitants of the earth and of the sea! for the devil is come down unto you, having great wrath, because he knoweth that he hath but a short time.

“And when the dragon saw that he was cast unto the earth, he persecuted the woman which brought forth the man child.

“And to the woman were given two wings of a great eagle, that she might fly into the wilderness, into her place, where she is nourished for a time, and times, and half a time, from the face of the serpent.

“And the serpent cast out of his mouth water as a flood after the woman, that he might cause her to be carried away of the flood.

“And the earth helped the woman, and the earth opened her mouth, and swallowed up the flood which the dragon cast out of his mouth.

"And the dragon was wroth with the woman, and went to make war with the remnant of her seed, which keep the commandments of God, and have the testimony of Jesus Christ."—*Revelation* xii. 1-17.

WE are about to experience a yet greater pause or break in the continuous history we have heretofore pursued. This chapter does not carry us further onward in the Apocalyptic history of the world. It carries us backward for a little. It contains what may be called a retrospective or a retrogressive view of scenes, transactions, and circumstances that we have already partially reviewed. We had advanced in previous lectures to that glorious and blessed era, the Reformation; from which we were led to take a retrospective glance of the witnesses. The design of the Spirit of God, in that retrospective history, was, no doubt, to show us that in the darkest eras of the apostasy, there was Christian light on the earth, and that there was not a year in which there was not a loud and fervent protest against the dominant corruptions of Rome. We have, in this chapter, a second retrospective or retrogressive look, but extending still farther back than the retrospect of the witnesses, and pointing out, amid pagan, Papal, and Mohammedan supremacy, the spouse of the Lamb, often concealed, but never utterly crushed. A woman appears here, clothed with the sun, and with the moon under her feet, and a coronal around her head of twelve stars, in pain, waiting to bring forth. A dragon, also, which is the Roman empire, as I shall show you, instigated and actuated by Satan, that old serpent, is ready to destroy the man-child the instant it is brought forth. There is, next, the momentary glimpse of splendour and civil grandeur which the church enjoyed prior to her reception into the wilderness state, where she was to abide for a time, times, and a half. That is, the sum of 1260 years; or 360 years—a "time," twice 360 years, or "times," and the half of 360 years—"half a time;" making in all 1260 prophetic days, or 1260 literal years.

That this event is not successional to, but parallel with previous ones, we gather from this fact alone, that the history of the sackcloth testimony of the witnesses was to be for 1260 years. The history of the wild beast rising out of the sea, on which we shall enter by-and-by, was also to be for 1260 years;

and the history of this woman's sojourning in the wilderness was also to be for 1260 years; not the one period of 1260 years succeeding to the other, but both contemporaneous and parallel. They are coincident periods in history. The Spirit traces one from its commencement to its close; it then goes backward and begins at the second, and traces it to its close. And this is after the manner of human histories, every one of which contains retrospective sketches. For instance, the historian gives an account of the civil, and then comes back and gives the commencement, the progress, and the close of the ecclesiastical history, mentioning at each step of the development the points of contact, or where they meet and blend into one.

Having thus seen that this chapter contains a retrospective history of a great fact, and also teaches instructive lessons, let us endeavour, while we bear in mind the positions which we have already established, to discover who this woman is—what is meant by her recession into the wilderness, and the persecution she experienced from the dragon, who waited to destroy the man-child she was to bring forth.

I cannot see one jot of evidence for believing, with the Roman Catholic Church, that this woman was the Virgin Mary, notwithstanding its acceptance by some Protestant divines. I do think that the view that has been vindicated by the Rev. Mr. Elliott, and also, I think, more or less, held by that very distinguished and learned expositor of prophecy, Mr. Cuninghame of Lainshaw, is alone true, scriptural, and consistent, viz. that this woman represents the Christian or spiritual church. There is no evidence that the Virgin Mary retired into the wilderness after Christ was brought forth—there is no fact in history that gives the least hint of such an event. To apply it to her would therefore be not only inconsistent with the allusions of the narrative, but be inconsistent with plain historical facts, and we have no right to make facts, in order to explain Apocalyptic mysteries.

The woman, then, I believe, represents Christ's true church—the same holy company we saw before—the sealed ones—the God-baptized, in opposition to the man-baptized—those that had washed their robes in the blood of Jesus, in contrast with those who had only washed them in the baptismal laver. That I am

not fixing an arbitrary interpretation is plain from the circumstance, that the same symbol is employed in other parts of the Bible to denote the Christian church; and in this very book, chapter xix., it is said, "the marriage of the Lamb is come, and *his wife*"—the woman in the wilderness—"his wife hath made herself ready." Rev. xxi. 2, "And I John saw the holy city, the new Jerusalem, . . . prepared as a bride"—there is the woman again—"adorned for her husband," the Lord Jesus Christ. And I need not refer to passages in the Epistle to the Ephesians, where the apostle uses the same figure to denote the Christian church.

It is said, she was "clothed with the sun." I do not believe that this means Christ, for not once in the Apocalypse is he called the sun, though it is said his countenance was *as* the sun, not borrowing the lustre of the sun. So far from the Apocalypse making the sun the symbol of Christ, it speaks of the new Jerusalem as having "no need of the sun or of the moon, for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof." The sun and moon, I believe therefore, as I have explained the same firmamental imagery in previous lectures, and as consistency requires them to be explained now, to be the symbol of civil and political powers, and to denote in this instance her possession at the time, right or wrong, of great political grandeur and civil greatness. The twelve stars are used in another portion of the Apocalypse to denote the presiding ministers or rulers of the churches. Clustering all these symbols into one group, I hold the meaning of the woman clothed with the sun, and having the moon under her feet, and the twelve stars around her head, to denote this same woman who afterward went into the wilderness, as at this time clothed with terrestrial grandeur, in a state, be it good for her or bad for her, of great earthly and sublunary prosperity.

Then it is said that she was to bring forth a man-child, who was "to rule all nations with a rod of iron." The word, *the nations*, is, in the original, literally the *Gentiles*, not denoting all the earth, but portions of it; and to rule with the rod of iron, is not the exclusive prerogative of Christ, for it is expressly stated in Rev. ii. 26, "To him that overcometh . . . will I give power

over the nations; and he shall rule them with a rod of iron." I apprehend that it is the promised privilege of every believer to rule the nations, when the time for that manifestation comes.

The next scene we find in the drama is the appearance of a dragon. That dragon I conceive to be not Satan, in his independent and personal Satanic character, if I may use the expression, but in this special manifestation through the medium of the anti-christian, persecuting, heathen Roman empire; and the reason why I come to this conclusion is, that the dragon had seven heads, these being used in a subsequent portion of the Apocalypse, as I shall show you, to denote the seven hills of Rome, the septem colles Romæ.

You will observe, that upon the heads were ten horns, or ten kingdoms, as I shall hereafter show you, into which the Roman empire was divided; and then you will notice, upon the heads were, not the στεφάνοι—and you recollect I explained on a previous occasion that the laurel crown, or the στεφάνος, was employed by the Roman emperors in the second and beginning of the third century, and that the diadema or imperial diadem was not used by the emperors till after the third century: then the fact that these seven heads had on them diademata, (διαδήματα,) diadems, and not στεφάνοι, or laurel crowns, is evidence that the period in chronology to which the text refers, must be about the third or fourth century, when the imperial symbol came into favour and imperial prominence. Near the beginning of the third century the dragon, too, was used as a Roman standard. The period was then the transition-period from paganism to Christianity.

Let us consider in the next place the birth of the man-child: that child I believe to be the symbol of Christian people, the first-born—the 144,000—the sealed ones incorporated, or in their corporate and united capacity. It cannot mean our Lord in any sense or shape: nothing but the most arbitrary and unwarranted construction could lead to this conclusion.

Having thus made these explanatory remarks, let me now state that the period, when the woman was thus arrayed and ready to bring forth the man-child, or when the church was exhibited in her children as in a state of grandeur, prosperity, and power,

was about the year 313, when the celebrated decree of Licinius and Constantine was issued, when two-thirds of the Roman empire became professedly Christian, and only one-third of it continued pagan, under Maximin, and continued to persecute the Christians. We have then the Christian church united—bright from trials she had passed through—ascendant in the political firmament—emperors shedding on it the rays of the imperial sun, and her chief ministers a starry coronal around her head. Now, the commencement of the woman's gestation was the year 33, the year of our Lord's resurrection, when the church, properly speaking, became developed. From that period there elapsed on obvious grounds the number of 9 prophetic months, or 40 prophetic weeks, or 280 prophetic days, that is, 280 literal years, which is the illustration of the chronological period here mysteriously shadowed forth.

Adding, then, to the year 33—the year of our Lord's resurrection—the 9 prophetic months, or the 280 literal years, we come down to the year 313, when the Milan decree was issued. Her travail began a prophetic week or seven literal years previously in the Diocletian persecution, and amid the prosperity, toleration, and countenance accorded to the Christians, the man-child was brought forth, and speedily raised to imperial power, invested with all the patronage of emperors, and while the old pagan Roman power, or the dragon, concentrated in Maximin, the ruler of a third of the empire, stood by ready to destroy him, but was prevented from accomplishing his purpose.

Now that this is the construction of the figure which I have read is evident from such historical statements as the following:—"Before the decisive battle," says Milner, "Maximin vowed to Jupiter, that if he obtained the victory, he would abolish the Christian name. The contest between Jehovah and Jupiter was drawing to a close; Licinius, in a dream, was directed to supplicate, with all his army, the supreme God, in a solemn manner. He gave directions to his soldiers to do so, and they prayed in the field of battle, using the very words which he had received in his dream. In all this the reader will see nothing suspicious, nothing but what is in its own nature very credible, when he considers that the contest between Jehovah and Jupiter was now at its

height, and drawing to a crisis. Victory decided in favour of Licinius. Maximin, in consequence of this, published a decree, in which he forbade the molestation of Christians, but did not allow them the liberty of public worship. Warned by former experience of his enmity, the Christians in his dominions dared not to assemble together. While the rest of the Christian world, under the auspices of Constantine and Licinius, who published a complete toleration of Christianity, together with that of all other religions, enjoyed peace and tranquillity." "Then," says Gibbon, "the death of Maximin delivered the church from the last and most implacable of her enemies."

In other words, in A. D. 313, when the woman brought forth the man-child, the dragon lost his power; he beheld the out-peering grandeur and elevation of the Christian church, or, in the words of Gibbon, "Christianity seated on the throne of the Roman world," and Theodosius and the Christians already ruling the pagans with a rod of iron.

It is next stated that "there was war in heaven." I showed you, on a previous occasion, that the firmamental heaven denoted the high places of the world, or the places of dominion, empire, rank, and power. There was war between the representatives of Christianity and the representatives of paganism. And after it had been closed in A. D. 324, we read that paganism was finally crushed; Christianity was left without a foe or hostile rival; and in the language of Constantine, as if fulfilling the Apocalyptic symbol, "the dragon was deposed from the government of affairs by God's Providence."

Then it is said, when the woman had brought forth the man-child, and that child was raised to dignity—in other words, when the Christian church was fully developed as a great national institution, and raised—scripturally or unscripturally I do not here inquire—to the seat of political power and civil grandeur, we read that there was a song in heaven, an *ἐπὶ νίκῃ*, a song of victory. It is said, "I heard a loud voice from heaven"—that is, from the firmamental heaven, from which, you recollect, Mohammed, as a star, fell; *i. e.* the high places of authority and power, "saying, Now is come salvation, and strength, and the kingdom of our God, and the power of his Christ; for the accuser of our brethren

is cast down, which accused them before our God day and night. And they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony; and they loved not their lives unto the death. Therefore rejoice, ye heavens, and ye that dwell in them." It was not angels who sang this song, because when angels refer to Christians, they say, "fellow servants," never "our brethren." It was not saints in glory that sang this song, for saints in glory would have said, the accuser of *us and of our brethren*. It was therefore the song raised to the skies by the rejoicing Christians, at length delivered from their outward affliction, and raised to prosperity and grandeur,—a period at which, as I showed you, they most erroneously, but naturally, on so great and unexpected a transition, supposed that the millennial kingdom had arrived. It was an era so bright and brilliant that dawned upon the world, that even the martyrologist Fox has recorded it as his conviction, that the Millennium began when Constantine established the Christian church. At this period, which externally presented so complete a contrast to the day when they were persecuted and driven to the dens and caves and solitary places of the earth, the Christians burst forth into songs of praise, thanked God that they were delivered from the imperial tyrants that wore them out; and placed beneath the patronage of a diadem, under which they thought—though, as the sequel proves, erroneously—that they should retain their purity, and yet be unmolested by the hostile forces that were around them. Hence Eusebius, a contemporary historian, makes the remark, that when the church was thus raised to unclouded sunshine, and paganism crushed, and the Christians, from worshipping in caves, worshipped in cathedrals, and saw the heads of their ministers, from being pelted by pitiless storms, covered with golden mitres, and themselves received as the princes of the earth—then the Christians in hymns and songs everywhere expressed their gratitude to God. He gives this instance: "Formerly we used to sing, We have heard what Thou didst in our fathers' days, but now we have to sing a new song of victory, Our own eyes have seen His salvation." And Eusebius speaks of the casting down of paganism, as the casting down of the dragon, the accuser of the Christian brethren, and he narrates that there was a solemn commemoration of the Christian



martyrs, who, he makes the remark, were referred to as those who conquered by the cross, that is, by "the blood of the Lamb and by the word of their (*μαρτυρία*) witnessing." Such songs were sung by the captives who returned from their dungeons—by the prisoners emancipated from the mines, being liberated by imperial goodness, as they came to enjoy that respite of prosperity and civil grandeur, which had been vouchsafed to the whole Christian church, under the reign of Constantine.

Such, then, I deem to be the interpretation of this vivid and glorious sketch as far as we have proceeded, and I think that the subsequent portions of this lecture will convince you that my interpretation is scriptural and correct.

You notice, in the next place, after this song was sung by the Christians raised to power and authority, that it is said, "Wo to the inhabitants of the earth." But you must see that this wo, mentioned in verse 12, is no part of the song of victory; it is a great pity that the break in the chapter is not marked to show that such is the case. "And they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony. Therefore rejoice, ye heavens, and ye that dwell in them." Then a new paragraph, being no part of the song of the triumphant Christians, but dictated to John by the Holy Spirit, begins: "Wo to the inhabitants of the earth, and of the sea; for the devil is come down unto you, having great wrath, because he knoweth that he hath but a short time." Now, after this prosperity—this outward and visible prosperity, which encompassed the outward and the visible church—is there in the page of history the record of any wo that fell speedily on Christendom? I read, that at the very period when the church rose to almost more than earthly grandeur, there burst upon the world a wo almost unprecedented in the history of the past; that wo was the outbreak of the most pestilent heresy that ever tormented the church—what is called the Arian heresy. Arius, a presbyter or minister of Alexandria, first denied the Deity of Christ, and, of necessity, rejected the Atonement. He is the first Socinian whose history is on record; for Socinianism, just like Popery, however old, is not old enough to bear the test and light of Apostolical Scripture. After he had for some time preached this blasting and blighting heresy, we read

that it spread through the length and breadth of the professing church like wildfire in withered grass, or like the summer lightning from cloud to cloud, until, as it is recorded by contemporaneous writers, two-thirds of the professing Christian church—that church that had been made so suddenly prosperous, caught the contagion, and plunged into the very depths of the Arian heresy. An outwardly prosperous church rarely continues long a pure one. Cæsar's persecution does her often greater good than Cæsar's patronage; and I may add, that a remarkable proof of the utter absurdity of the maxim laid down by the Tractarian divines, that that is Catholic doctrine of which we can say "*quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*," is just a reference to this very era. They have said, and you know the sentiment has been quoted in the Tracts for the Times, in the writings of Mr. Newman and Dr. Hook, "that is true which is *quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*," *i. e.* that must be the true faith which was held everywhere, at all times, and by every person in the world. Then, will any of these divines, Dr. Hook, or Dr. Dodsworth, consent that this maxim shall be tested by applying it to the fourth century of the Christian era? If they do, instead of being called Tractarians, they will be compelled to drop the first and best half of the word—*Tract*—and retain the last and worst half—*Arians*—since the widest and most popular creed among the majority of clergy and laity, in the fourth century, was not evangelical truth, but deadly heresy. It is also remarkable enough, that though the Council of Nice, in 325, decided for Trinitarianism, and denounced Arianism, that that decision was as much the result of imperial influence, as it was of internal and intellectual conviction; and it need only be added here, that the very next council that met in the history of the church, the Council of Seleucia and Ariminum, by a majority of its component members, decided in favour of Arianism. What does this teach us? That no other standard and rule of faith can be relied on but the Bible. Some say that the church exists in her episcopacy:—bishops have become Popish. Others say that the church exists in her presbyteries, synods, and councils:—assemblies, synods, and presbyteries have become Arian. The great safety of the church, I believe, is, under God, the enlightenment and scriptural education of the vast

body of the laity. It has been found to be true in almost every age of the church, that when the state became corrupt—bishops, Papists; and synods, Arians—the great body of the people remained true to Christ and scriptural principles. Severed from the state, episcopacy tends to Popery, and presbytery to Arianism, as Scotch episcopacy and English presbyterianism show. The system that seems to perpetuate evangelical truth on the strict voluntary system with greatest purity and power, is Congregationalism. I do not speak of form or ceremony, but simply of ecclesiastical polity.

Thus, the wo that fell upon the church, namely, the Arian heresy, prevailed so widely, that Athanasius was cast forth from his church. The pagans, the heathen pagans, sided with the Arians, and, as if to show how nearly Arianism approximates to infidelity, the pagans themselves said, the Arians have ceased to be Christians, and have adopted our creed. Arianism is just the easy let down to skepticism, or infidelity; it is the half-way house, the resting-place in the downward course. When a man begins to preach intellectually what his heart does not feel, he comes to leave out doctrines that are mysterious, or humbling to flesh and blood—he next lapses into Arianism, tarries there for a season, till finally he sinks into that cold and freezing skepticism, which believes in a cross without glory—a Bible without truth—and a futurity without hope.

Such, then, was the wo that fell upon the church of those times—a dark and blasting stain—distinct from Popery in its dogmas, but conspiring with it against truth, the one a negation of truth—the other a deadly corruption of it. After this we read of the woman's flight into the wilderness; to this "woman were given two wings of a great eagle, that she might fly into the wilderness, into her place, where she is nourished for a time, times, and half a time, from the face of the serpent." The meaning of which is, that the inner and true church began gradually to disappear, and the outward alone remained. The name took the place of the substance—the vessel remained, but the living water had oozed out to run in other channels. The gorgeous garments still stood, but the wearer, the woman, had slipped out in order to reach a more congenial place in the wilderness. She learned the lesson that the church has since learned in every century of

her history, that her hours of persecution have been her purest; she suffered when the sun shone upon her—she became purer and more beautiful when all the forces of the world were arrayed against her. The true church, accordingly, at this era of outward prosperity and doctrinal error, began to retreat into the wilderness; that is, true Christians ceased to be seen—they did not appear to the world; and Milner the historian gives the best fulfilment of this, when he states that, in consequence of Arianism without, and the church's exaltation to civil and imperial greatness, "the practical use of a crucified Saviour for troubled consciences was scarcely to be seen, and the real gospel of Christ began to be hidden from men,"—the true church, in short, was about to retire into the wilderness. "Godliness," he adds, "lived obscure in hermitages, and abroad the gospel was almost buried in faction and ambition." And Mosheim also, a less spiritual but no less true historian, says, "Good men were mixed with the bad; but, by degrees, the bad so multiplied that men truly holy and devoted to God appeared more rarely, and the pious few were almost crushed by the vicious multitude:" and "fictions," adds Mosheim, "of early origin, about saint veneration and relics, and purifying, or fire, and celibacy, now so prevailed as in course of time almost to thrust true religion aside, or at least to obscure and tarnish it." When the church, in her exterior state, basked beneath the sunshine of royalty, the true church with her spiritual but unseen beauty was retreating into the wilderness, there to be hid for a time, times, and half a time. The form of godliness remained—its life was hid. The outward church may enjoy the greatest peace, may be surrounded by the greatest grandeur, and the true church be altogether hid from the eyes of a hostile world, to whom spiritual religion is foolishness.

But we find another incident recorded in this chapter, "Two wings of a great eagle were given to the woman to help her to go into the wilderness." The words here translated "of a great eagle," are, literally translated, "of *the* eagle, that great one," speaking of some particular one, and that particular one is no other than the national *symbol* of the Roman empire. The empire therefore is here predicted to have spread its eastern and western wings over the church. We find, then, at this very

time, when the true church was almost buried, and the mere formal church alone was clothed with circumstantial grandeur and imperial sunshine, that Theodosius, called by Gibbon Theodosius the Great, ascended the throne of the Roman empire, and united the hitherto bipartite empire in one. He was the first emperor who was a Christian, not in name, like Constantine, but in deed and in truth. Theodosius (and there is the fulfilment of the symbol) gave the visible church, and therein and thereby the true spiritual body, or church within a church, that is, the woman about to retreat into the wilderness, a momentary protection, by spreading over her the wings of the empire. "Every victory of his," says Gibbon, "contributed to the triumphs of the orthodox and Catholic faith." He opposed paganism and Arianism with all his might.

Thus the recognition of vital Christianity by a pious emperor aided Christ's people. Theodosius cast the Arians out from the churches, restored, we are told, the Trinitarians, and saved the empire for eighteen years from the impending irruption of the Goths—during which suspense and interval the woman had time to prepare for her flight into the wilderness. These eighteen years were the respite. This powerful prince was the author of it. On the wings thus given in the respite, the church took her flight into her quiet rest from the glare of earthly splendour, and the corruption of increasing apostasy. Augustine, under the covert of these wings, entered on his ministry, and the beams of the setting sun irradiated with departing lustre the horizon of the church of Christ, till the shadows of that dark and dreary night closed around her amid the fastnesses of the Cottian Alps.

When the church was receding into the wilderness, the dragon, we read, "cast out of his mouth waters as a flood after the woman, that he might cause her to be carried away of the flood." Crocodiles and whales spout forth great bodies of water. Floods are used in Scripture to denote hostile invasions; and, in reading the prophets Isaiah and Jeremiah, we find the invasion of hostile forces frequently compared to great floods. The flood thus pointed out was that one out of which the Papal wild beast (chap. xiii.) arose. Did any thing occur in history to fulfil this symbol? I open the page of history, and we find occurring at this very

time the irruption into Italy of the Visigoths, the Vandals, and the Huns, to whom I have referred under the symbols of the trumpets, all of whom were Arians—for it is a remarkable fact, that these Vandals, Visigoths, and Huns had adopted universally the Arian or Socinian creed—at this very time, when the formal church was supreme and the true church was retreating into the wilderness, we find, I say, that the Arian Goths and Socinian Vandals rushed into Rome, endeavouring to exterminate Trinitarians wherever they found them, and to establish the Arian heresy as supreme over the length and breadth of the empire.

But it is added here, that when the dragon poured these floods after her, “the earth opened her mouth and swallowed up the flood which the dragon cast out of her mouth.” What is the solution of this? We find that when the Arian Goths invaded Rome, they did not do, as I showed you the Mohammedans did, retain their own religion and their own king, and insist on the conquered adopting them. On the contrary, they parted with all—they were quite absorbed by the orthodox Romans—they renounced their Arianism as they settled, and were merged amid the Trinitarian population; and thus the earth, in the language of the Apocalypse, swallowed up the flood, and helped the woman in her flight into the wilderness.

Such then is the simple, and, I think, satisfactory exposition of the chapter I have read: I will not dwell longer upon it, because it falls in contemporaneously with the two witnesses; in fact, the two witnesses are, to a great extent, a coincident symbol; they more fully represent the continuous Christian protest that was uttered against the errors of Rome, while the woman in the wilderness, contemporaneous with it, represents the true church, separated and hid from the world, visible only to its God. Now, having traced up the history of the witnesses—having seen also the recession of the true church, under the symbol of the woman, into the wilderness, let us draw some great practical lessons from this subject, for it is a subject of great importance and of much value in the day in which our lot is cast.

First, then, we learn that the church of Christ was not to be, as Rome and the Tractarians allege that it has ever been, ever *visible to the world*. The purest part of the church was hidden

from the outward eye—the church that is heir to the promises—the channel of the true succession—the perpetuated and uninterrupted body of Christ, was hid for centuries, and the Apostasy alone was dominant—visible—luminous.

But it is asked by Tractarian and Romish divines, does not this theory represent as a failure the promise, “On this rock will I build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it?” The Romanist argues—Here is the superstructure of a visible, apostolical, catholic church, based on St. Peter; meant to be and found to be visible in every age; and that superstructure is the Romish Church. This, however, is a misconstruction of the text. This visible church, to use another scriptural symbol, consists of tares and wheat, and the superstructure, to use this figure, of wood, hay, and stubble, as well as precious stone. Can such a superstructure be that against which the gates of hell shall not prevail? This is impossible. Nay, it can be proved that against every portion of the church, in different times and at different places, destruction has prevailed. The seven churches of Asia are swept away—Corinth is gone—the Christians at Rome have been swallowed up amid overwhelming apostasy.

I believe, therefore, that this superstructure is composed exclusively of the living stones, the sealed and sanctified of God, excavated from the quarries of the earth, cut and shaped for their respective places by the Great Builder of the church, laid upon Christ the foundation stone, the living rock, cemented by love, rising, age after age, into a glorious structure, seen by God, dimly seen by the world, and waiting for the day when angels shall shout from heaven, “Grace, grace unto it.” If the visible Peter had been the foundation, then, of course, a visible superstructure would have been perfectly consistent. But no earthly person was so. If Peter had been constituted supreme, is it not strange that our Lord should have said to the apostle—after he had constituted Peter the foundation and the head (if he did so)—“See thou tell no man?” Why, if Peter had been constituted the head and the foundation, as the Romanist alleges that he was, instead of our Lord saying, Tell no man, would he not have said, Tell every man, that every man may look to and cling to the chair of St. Peter? And it is quite clear that Peter

himself, if he was made the foundation, never knew the fact. For, in the subsequent history of the apostles, it is said they contended and disputed which of them should be the greatest in the kingdom of heaven; and Peter himself says, Not I who am the vicar of Christ, but I who am a co-presbyter—a fellow-elder with you.

In the second place, we gather from this the idea of a true church. Another promise often misapplied and misconstrued by Romanizing divines, viz.: “Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.” Now this, it is alleged by the Romanist and Tractarian divines, is the organization of a visible church. Here is the pledge of a perpetual Divine presence. The inference they draw is, that there must, therefore, have been a perpetually visible church, and a perpetual Divine presence and teaching with that church; and, therefore, they think it quite clear that the church that was visible throughout the Middle Ages was the true church, and what we call the invisible church a dream—a nonentity—a mistake. But it seems to be overlooked that this promise which Christ makes is a *conditional* one. When the Tractarians and Romanists quote it, they quote that part of the promise, “Lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world,” but they quietly skip over the condition of that presence, “teaching the people to observe all things whatsoever I command you.” Now, wherever there is a ministry not teaching all things that Christ commands, there, it is evident from this passage, is not the presence of Christ: wherever there is a minister, a priest, or prelate, or pope, or presbyter—synod, or council, or assembly, that teaches as essential what Christ has not revealed, or what is contrary to what Christ commands, there the promise is not applicable, and Christ is not present. I say Christ is present wherever there is the teaching of Christ’s truth. The truth preached is the evidence of Christ’s presence. The Romanist says Christ is present, *therefore* there must be the teaching of Christ’s truth. We say the truth is preached, and therefore Christ is present. My idea is, that only there is the apostolic succession, where there is the



preaching of apostolic doctrine. The Tractarian reasoning is, where there is the apostolic succession, there cannot but be the teaching of apostolic doctrine. The promise is, I am with you alway; but the condition is, If ye teach all things whatsoever I command you.

Another promise, also, on which we can see light cast by this subject, is that beautiful one in the Gospel of John, xvi. 13, where our blessed Lord promises to his disciples another Comforter, to be with them for ever. "When he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth." Now, these divines to whom I have referred argue, Here is the special promise of the presence of the Spirit of God. That presence, they say, involves this blessed privilege—that they, the church with whom he is present, shall be guided into all truth; and therefore, they argue, the Romish Church, being the only demonstrable visible succession, never can have fallen into heresy, for our Lord has promised that the Spirit should be perpetually with her, and guide her to all the truth. If the promise were to a visible church, their reasoning would probably be true; if the church was not the woman in the wilderness, their reasoning would be incontrovertible. But the church consists of two parts; the inner church, which alone is the kernel, and the outer church, which is only the shell. And what is the test of the presence of the Spirit of God? If that Spirit be with you, then what will that Spirit teach you? We are told immediately after "to glorify me." Then I argue, Wheresoever we have a church and ministry that glorify Christ, there the Spirit of truth is; where Christ is not glorified, there the Spirit is not. But, if I can show that the Church of Rome exalts Antichrist, not Christ—the sacraments, not the Saviour—the church, not the gospel—speaks much of the minister, little of the Master—speaks much of the saints, little of the Son of God—glorifies the Virgin, and not the Virgin's Lord—then you have the proof, that, wherever the Spirit of truth be, he is not with her—she has forfeited the promise, and given evidence that it is so, by glorifying another instead of Jesus Christ.

The visibility of the church—the true church of Christ—I hold is not to be in this present dispensation. At present, the

woman is more or less in the wilderness, and in that condition she will continue till the Lord call her forth to manifest her sons to the world.

Nor is this a mere Apocalyptic statement, unconfirmed by other scriptures; for we read that the sons of God are not now manifest—all creation is “waiting for the manifestation of the sons of God.” The jewels are still hidden—the witnesses are in sackcloth—the woman is in the wilderness. The church that adopts Episcopacy, or the church that adopts Presbytery, or Independency, or Wesleyanism, is the visible church—the outward shell—the ecclesiastical formula; portions of the true church are in each—in the wilderness—invisible to man—visible and known to God. It is true now as it was a millennium ago, “the world knoweth us not,” “our life is hid with Christ in God,” believers are God’s “hidden ones.” The form of godliness is predominant—the substance of it is not so. But in the new heaven and new earth—not in the present dispensation—the visible and the true church shall become identified, and be raised to a state of glorious sunshine, of outward prosperity, and visible greatness, and shine in the firmament as stars for ever.

But driven from the New Testament, these controversialists, to whom I have referred, have argued from the Old Testament; and there is a passage you will find in every controversial work that takes the Romanistic view of the visible church, Isaiah ii. 2—“And it shall come to pass that the mountain of the Lord’s house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills, and all nations shall flow unto it.” This passage is cited to prove that the church of Christ is not to be what we said it would be, a woman hidden in the wilderness, but always a great, visible, manifest corporation of professors of the truth. But, if you quote this passage to prove that the church of Christ will be always visible, you will find that you must draw from the rest of the passage a vast deal more; for if it be the Gentile church that is “the mountain” here spoken of, that mountain being always raised on the tops of the mountains, it will justify the inference of the Church of Rome, that she ought to have the supremacy, and be, as she claims, the mother and mistress of all churches. This Protestants do not admit.

But I believe that the supremacy of this mountain, whatever it be, is not to take place in the present dispensation. We read that in the present dispensation, according to the words of our Lord, "nation shall rise up against nation, kingdom against kingdom;" but the characteristic of the period to which this promise refers, as it is stated in what follows it, is, that they "shall beat their swords into plough-shares, and their spears into pruning-hooks, neither shall they learn war any more." Our Lord says expressly, that, during this dispensation, nation shall war against nation—this is to be its predominant characteristic; but at that time, when this mountain shall be exalted above the mountains, "nation shall not war against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." I draw, therefore, the inference, that it is not in this dispensation that this mountain of the Lord's house is thus to be elevated on the tops of the mountains. If we turn to the parallel prophecy in Micah, (iii. iv.,) where the very same words occur, "Therefore shall Zion for your sakes be ploughed as a field, and Jerusalem become heaps, and the mountain of the house as the high places of the forest." You can plainly see here that the mountain is not a Gentile church, but the Jewish. Jerusalem is first to be overturned—this has been done. "But in the last days it shall come to pass that the mountain of the house of the Lord (the same mountain) shall be established in the top of the mountains"—that is, the mountain spoken of in the closing verse of the third chapter, namely, Jerusalem.

We Gentiles treat the poor Jews in a strange manner: all the brilliant promises we Gentiles take, and say these are ours: but the moment we read threatening and predicted judgments, we say these are for the Jews: we eat the kernel and thank God, and we hand the shell to the Jews, and tell them, this is for you. But this is neither consistent nor Christian treatment. I believe the brilliant promises of Isaiah are primarily the property of the Jews. The Jewish church is chastened, not utterly cast off. I believe, and I think I shall prove it to you in a subsequent lecture, that those deep-toned Oriental voices that you hear in the streets of London, shall yet be heard in the streets of Jerusalem: once they shouted "Crucify him! crucify him!" next they shall cry

in one national burst of exultation, "Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ: This is our God, and we have waited for him: Jesus is the light that lightens the Gentiles, and the glory of his ancient people Israel." I believe that on the very spot on which they crucified him, they shall praise and worship him. Without speaking politically, or saying whether I approve of it or disapprove of it, I may state the startling phenomenon, as a sign of the times, that a Jew has been chosen to represent a portion of the metropolis of the greatest empire in the world, in the midst of the senate of England. Whatever the fact may be, or whatever construction you may put upon the fact, it is one of those precursory phenomena that are drawing the attention of the world to that people. I believe that the day will come when the Jews will start into life in every nation of the earth, like lights breaking forth in the bosom of darkness—like salt amid the corruption of earth; and the unbelievers of the world witnessing the new scene, and arrested by a new evidence, shall some believe and live, and others wonder and perish.

Thus, then, we have proved from this passage, I think, that the promise of the exaltation of the Lord's house above the mountains, does not prove that the gospel church is in this dispensation to be found always invested with great outward splendour.

Then, the only other passage to which I will refer, is that one in John xvii., which I recollect was very often quoted in the course of that interesting experiment, the Evangelical Alliance, and as often misapplied. Our Lord says, "I pray for them: I pray not for the world, but for them which thou hast given me; for they are thine: that they all may be one, as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee: that the world may believe that thou hast sent me." According to the interpretation of some of those men, at whose feet I am unworthy to sit, it means that all Christians may all be so visibly united as Christians, that the world, seeing a united church, may believe, and be converted and live. I conceive this is not the meaning of the passage. In the first place, if this be its meaning, what explanation can we give of what our Lord previously said, "I pray not for the world?" if so be that in this passage he prays for the conversion of the

world? In the second place, it is truly impossible that this prayer should be fulfilled in this dispensation: when our Lord says, "I pray that all who shall believe on me through their word may be one," he does not mean all in every spot of the earth during any one year, but that all, the first that believed in Jerusalem, those in the first century that believed in Rome, and these in the last that believed in London—that they all, that is, all the Christians that have believed in the course of the last eighteen centuries—I pray that they may be visibly one. This cannot take place in this dispensation. It must succeed, not precede, the Resurrection. But will it ever take place? you ask. Yes: for the whole creation groans and travails in pain together, "*waiting for the manifestation of the sons of God.*" That manifestation of the sons of God will yet visibly take place. Then, and then only, will they all be one visibly. I believe the day comes when the whole of the redeemed shall congregate together, when and where the Lord may appoint, and all true believers, thus gathered out of every nation and clime, and kindred and tongue, shall be seen amid the light of glory to be not only essentially, and inseparably, and eternally, but visibly one. These words, "That the world may believe that thou hast sent me," do not imply the conversion of the world: when it is intended to convey a saving acceptance of Christ, it is—that they may believe on me. But here it is not "that they may believe on me," but that "they may believe that thou hast sent me." This expression, believe on me, signifies conviction, and ending in conversion: "believe that thou hast sent me," is conviction not followed by conversion at all. It means, in this case, conviction of the truth when the opportunity of salvation has passed away.

Thus, the woman is still in the wilderness—the true church is still hidden—the sealed ones are seen by God, but not seen as such by the world; and if it be so then, let us recollect there may be Christians where the eye cannot see them, heirs of God concealed where we see none. There are stars in the sky whose light has not reached us; gems in the caves of the sea that eye hath not seen; flowers that bloom in the desert; Christians in Nero's palace; believers in the depths of the Apostasy. Circumstances and situations in life may conceal the Christian from

the eye; the poor man who has not sixpence to put into the box may have a heart more benevolent than the person that sent me without name the other day a fifty pound bank-note for the rebuilding of the Scotch Church. The world judges of benevolence by what it sees in the hand; God judges of benevolence by what he sees in the heart. There may be a church in some hovel into which the rich man would not enter, and which the world's great ones would think themselves defiled if they attempted to approach. It is not the loudest talkers that are the greatest Christians. Real Christianity is concealed by diffidence: many Christians feel the deepest who say the least—they would be better than they seem, not seem better than they are. There are deep streams that rush onward to the ocean, and the very depth of their waters gives them silence.

There may be true Christians hidden by their own constitutional character. Take Peter and Paul and John; God the Creator made them different; and though God the Redeemer gave them grace, he did not mould them all into one character, but he sanctified Paul, and sanctified Peter, and sanctified John. That rugged casket contains a precious gem—that silent man may have a heart that flows with love and is ever open to melting charity—that hot-tempered man may have the most forgiving spirit in the world; many a disguise covers the true Christian. Christ's church is in the wilderness. Her raiment is seen only by the spiritual eye—she is all glorious *within*.

And this grace also manifests itself in a different manner in different individuals. Grace speaks in one; it is silent in a second; it gives in a third; it visits the poor in a fourth; it prays in a fifth; it dies in a sixth. But because the grace that A has does not show itself in the way in which the grace that B has does, we are not to deny that A is a Christian.

Do you belong to the children of the woman in the wilderness? Are your names registered among those who are the witnesses of Christ? The great question for us is, do we belong not to the outward church, but do we belong to that inner church? are we regenerated by the Spirit and risen with Christ? Let me ask the question, then, who is a Christian? Let me ask, who is on the Lord's side?

Not the infidel, for he declares religion to be fanaticism, the Bible to be a lie, and the hope of heaven to be a delusion.

Not the Roman Catholic. There may be Christians in Rome, but not of Rome: as I said last night, there may be many a tonsured monk in Abraham's bosom. Not the Roman Catholic, whether on the Tiber or the Isis—whether at Rome or at Oxford—with them the church is all, Christ is a doctrine of reserve. Not a churchman, as such. You do not belong to Christ's church because you are a churchman. It is quite possible to be established by Acts of Parliament and yet to be disowned by the Acts of Apostles. It is quite possible to bask beneath the sunshine of the state, and yet to be a stranger to the love of Christ and to the light of the gospel.

Not the Dissenters, as such. It is quite possible to dissent from the Establishment, and yet not belong to Christ. It is quite possible to be an advocate of the voluntary system, and yet have in the heart enmity to Christ and him crucified. It is quite possible to be free from all the chains of Cæsar, and all the manacles of the state, and yet to be the slave of Satan, and the servant of corruption and of sin.

Nor, because you are baptized, do you belong to the true church. "He is not a Jew who is one outwardly, neither is that circumcision which is outward in the flesh; but he is a Jew who is one inwardly, and circumcision is that of the heart, in the spirit and not in the letter, whose praise is not of men but of God." Because you take the Lord's supper, you do not therefore belong to the true church. Who then do belong to it? We cannot say, with certainty, A belongs to it, and B does not, or B and C do not: but we can pronounce the characters that compose it. They were chosen of Christ before the foundation of the world that they might be holy. They are "purchased with the precious blood of a Lamb without blemish and without spot." They receive the word of Christ, not as a theory for discussion or a topic for dispute, but as a truth for acceptance in the head, and for influencing the heart, and actuating the life. They build upon the Rock of Ages the superstructure of their hope, and seek heaven in Christ, the only way to it. They have their heart and their treasure in heaven, where Christ their

Saviour is. They are holy, for without holiness no man can see the Lord. They are happy, for how can a Christian feel otherwise than happy?—and, may I not add, how can a worldly man enjoy one moment of real happiness? What is a Christian? A man that feels his immortality till his work is done: for him the arrow that flieth by day has no point, and the pestilence that wasteth at noonday no contagion, till he has finished the work his father has given him to do:—a man that builds upon the rock that remains when all around is swept away—who, when he loses all, wealth, estate, and family, and friends, can lift up his eyes to the everlasting hills, and say, I have lost nothing, for the great God is my father—Infinitude the breadth of my home—Eternity itself the duration of my lifetime. Outward circumstances may conceal or render suspected such a one, but his name is in the Lamb's Book of Life, and his inheritance is a crown of glory.



## LECTURE XIII.

## THE FOLLOWERS OF THE LAMB.

"And I looked, and, lo, a Lamb stood on the Mount Sion, and with him an hundred and forty and four thousand, having his Father's name written in their foreheads.

"And I heard a voice from heaven, as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder: and I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps:

"And they sung as it were a new song before the throne, and before the four beasts, and the elders: and no man could learn that song but the hundred and forty and four thousand, which were redeemed from the earth.

"These are they which were not defiled with women; for they are virgins. These are they which follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth. These were redeemed from among men, being the first-fruits unto God and to the Lamb.

"And in their mouth was found no guile: for they are without fault before the throne of God."—*Revelation* xiv. 1-5.

IN the course of my expositions of the Apocalypse, I have seen so many bright and beautiful spots, that I regret being so often obliged to pass them over, in consequence of the effort I have made to give you a connected exposition of the whole.

We have here the description of that little throng of which we have often spoken, named, in other portions of the Apocalypse, the two witnesses; in another part, the woman clothed with the sun; in another, as having come out of great tribulation, and having washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. In another part they are represented as singing, "Thou wast slain for us, and hast redeemed us out of every kindred, and people, and nation, and tongue, and hast made us kings and priests unto our God, and we shall reign with thee." I showed you that never was there an age in the history of the past so utterly dark, that there were not here and there some bright and radiant stars, indicating that the Sun of Righteousness, though hidden, was not extinguished, or withdrawn from his church. I have shown you that when the Apostasy was

most complete, and its overshadowing superstitions the most oppressive, there were here and there faithful witnesses, who testified for God, for Christ, and for the great truths of Christianity, even in the very worst of circumstances. Now, the hundred and forty-four thousand is only an Apocalyptic phrase for the election of God: it is only a variety of expression for the two witnesses, or for the woman in the wilderness, or for those that came out of great tribulation, and sang the song of Moses and of the Lamb; and here, where this picture is presented of the Lamb seated on the throne, and the hundred and forty-four thousand gathered round him, we have only expressed, in different language, the very same idea which is beautifully set forth by St. Paul in the Epistle to the Hebrews, when he says, (xii. 22-24,) "But ye are come unto Mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly of the church of the first-born, which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus, the Mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel." The same hundred and forty-four thousand are spoken of in other parts of Scripture, as those who say, "our citizenship is in heaven;" as those who are said "to sit together with Christ in heavenly places;" as those who "are sealed with the Holy Spirit of promise;" those who are "justified by faith, and have peace with God;" as those to whom "there is no condemnation;" who "walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." Alas, amid all the clash and collision of opinions upon churches and church forms and church government, there seems to be lost the recollection and expression of this blessed truth, that the church of Christ is a totally different thing from the Church of England, or the Church of Ireland, or the Church of Scotland, or dissenting, or established, or non-established church of any description whatever. I believe that there is no stronger symptom of approaching wreck than when men begin to quarrel about the vessel, and lose their perception of the glory for which that vessel was made. There is no stronger proof of the very first commencement of idolatry than cleaving to the altar, contending for its forms, and forgetting that

the altar was raised that there might burn and glow upon it the mingling beams of mercy and truth that have met together, and righteousness and peace that have kissed each other. The church of Christ is a community spread over every section of the earth; and much as I have said and proved of the corruptions of the Church of Rome, I believe there is a fragment of the church of Christ in the very bosom of that awful Apostasy. I believe that there are many in glory who were in the Church of Rome, but who are not, therefore, witnesses to its purity, but witnesses to the penetrating power of God's truth, which pierces the strongest eclipse, and makes converts under the most unfavourable circumstances. I believe that there are portions of the hundred and forty-four thousand in the Church of England, portions in the Church of Scotland, portions among our Independent, Baptist, and Wesleyan communions also; they are the truest churchmen—and they are the *high* churchmen; they are the *only* churchmen who believe in the reality of this truth. What is it but Popery to magnify the sect, as if that alone were pure, and to excommunicate the sister church because it is not altogether what we should wish it to be. Let us, my dear friends, rejoice that the one, holy, catholic, and apostolic church is not what Dr. Pusey makes it, nor yet what Dr. Wiseman makes it, nor yet what Dr. Candlish makes it, nor yet what Dr. McNeile, or Dr. Muir, or any other may ever attempt to make it—but what Christ has made it, according to his election of grace—the hundred forty and four thousand, who sing the song of Moses and of the Lamb. In other words, we are taught in this passage that the Head of these ransomed ones—the great centre around which they cling—is not any thing earthly, or local, or visible, but Christ alone. Of this church—the hundred forty and four thousand—Christ alone is the living, the everlasting, the glorious Head. Christ is not the head of any visible church on earth in the sense in which he is the Head of this elect and redeemed body, called the hundred forty and four thousand. These are constituent stones of the arch; he is the glorious keystone: they are the body; he is the head, and, as in this vision, they cluster around his throne, and behold the Lamb, and rejoice amid the splendours of his crown, and celebrate his praise and his

alone. The model of the true church is not what some have thought it—the medieval church: that would be a most corrupt model; nor yet the reformed church of the sixteenth century: that was a defective one; but the great model of the Christian church is beyond the skies, and the nearer the church of Christ on earth approximates in its character to the church in glory, the more perfect that church becomes. There is also another lesson that we ought not to forget, which is this: that there are but two great parties in the world, each with its head or its centre. There is the Apostasy—its head and its centre Antichrist; and the apostolical church, the hundred forty and four thousand, with its head and its centre Christ; and that head and centre is the spring and source of all our Christianity. And, as you will see in the Church of Rome, every difference in doctrine, every diversity of sentiment, forgiven and forgotten on condition that all cling to the chair of St. Peter, and hold the pope to be the head of the church; even so it ought to be, if it is not so, in the Protestant church, meaning by that the scriptural church universal, every difference in discipline, every diversity in sentiment or detail, is forgiven and forgotten on condition that you cling to Christ, and to Christ alone, as the head of the true church. This is the difference between the apostate church and the apostolical church: the one has its head and its centre Antichrist; the other has its head and centre Christ; the one has a visible head, and therefore a visible unity or uniformity; the other has an invisible head, and therefore it has an invisible unity, but a real and a substantial unity notwithstanding. Hence I have always felt, that, in the Protestant church, it would be inconsistent with what is stated in the Bible, to make all the sections of that church uniform in rites, ceremonies, and discipline. I believe that it would be not only contrary to what is in the Bible, but that it would be inexpedient as a matter of fact. I believe it was not God's design—it was not God's great design—that there should be absolute uniformity in grace any more than there should be in nature. If we look at the firmament of heaven, God might have made every star of the sixth magnitude, or of the first magnitude; but he has not done so: one star differs from another star in glory. If we look upon earth, each flower differs from another flower in

fragrance and in tints. God might have made each flower a rose; but he did not do so. He made many flowers, of many sizes, of many tints, all having one grand principle in common—their vegetable life—but developing that principle in every variety of tint, and blossom, and beauty. So, when I look at this immense assembly, I can see here several thousand faces; every face in this assembly has several characteristics in common—two eyes, one nose, one mouth, so complete, that there is none without these characteristics; but there are not two faces in this hall that are so like each other that you could mistake them for a moment. What does this show? That there is a certain principle called unity, common to all, but that this unity develops itself in infinite varieties. This I believe to represent the state of God's visible church: all its parts hold certain great principles in common. We hold one God, one Christ, one Spirit; we hold one baptism, one Lord's supper; we hold the sacredness of the Sabbath, the completeness of the Bible: these are the grand essential, elemental characteristics of our common unity; but these grand essential points or principles which we hold in common have developed themselves in a great variety of forms; but that very variety itself only proves the essential unity that is within. Nature resists uniformity, and so does grace. If you go into the wood in the season of autumn, and cut each outspreading oak into the form of a perfect cone, you will thus have made every oak the fac-simile of its fellow, and produced a most complete and perfect sylvan uniformity. But is this the will of Him that made the trees? Wait a little: wait till next spring. The moment that the sap of life rises from the roots into the trunks, and breaks out into foliage, that moment the uniformity is gone, for each branch will develop itself according to its own "sweet will," and the dead trees only will remain as man shaped them, to let the uniformist know that God meant unity to be in nature, but not uniformity in development. So it is in the church of Christ. Wherever a pope with his tiara, or an Archbishop Laud with his crosier, or a king with his sceptre, or a Cromwell with his iron sword, have tried to make Christians perfectly uniform in all things, they have found a power mightier than kings, and popes, and prelates, and consuls, in that great law that God has

struck into his kingdom of grace, telling us that unity in essentials with diversity in development is God's great design.

Now these hundred forty and four thousand have one centre, one head. They are complete in Christ—they glory in his grace—they look to Jesus in heaven just as they looked to him on earth. On earth they ran the race set before them, looking unto Jesus; in heaven they surround his throne and sing the praises of the Lamb, that sits upon that throne with his hundred forty and four thousand. Now it is stated that this elect, this justified, this redeemed company, sang a new song which no man could sing, except the hundred forty and four thousand, “who were redeemed from the earth.”

I have spoken of election. Now I have heard that there are strangers who attend this hall, who complain that I even mention the word. They say it is not a true doctrine; but I think, if they read a little longer their Bibles, they will see that it is true. The question is not, can you comprehend it? or can I reconcile it? But the real question is—Is it in the Bible? I wish I could only teach you this point, which is at the present day of great importance. I believe a thing, not because A says it, or B holds it, or A can comprehend it, or B can explain it, but because God says it. Our rule of faith is not what the best men say, or what most men say, but what God says in his blessed word. Because I cannot comprehend a doctrine, I do not give that as a reason for rejecting it. First, I ask, is it here? If it is, I say, it is God's truth; if it is not here, I say it is not true. We read in one page, “No man can come to me, except the Father which hath sent me draw him.” I read on the next page, “Come unto me.”—“Ye will not come unto me.”—“Why will ye die?” You say, these are contradictory. I say, they look so to us; they are not contradictory absolutely, but contradictory relatively—that is, we cannot see how to reconcile them; but that does not prove they are irreconcilable. You know it is a great law in mathematics, that if two lines were to start out from the position that I now occupy, these two straight lines might seem to you for a thousand miles to be perfectly parallel and never to meet; but if in either of these lines there were the very slightest inclination to the other, they will ultimately meet and blend together.

Thus it is with these truths of election and man's responsibility. They may seem to us for ten thousand miles to be perfectly parallel, never to be in contact together, but when we meet with the hundred forty and four thousand, we shall see that there was an inclination given them in heaven by the touch of God, and in the brightness of that throne they will meet and mingle and be eternally one. I open my Bible, and there I find, "No man can come to me, except the Father which hath sent me draw him." There is God's sovereignty! On another page I read, "Ye will not come to me"—there is man's responsibility. I do not say, because God is sovereign man is not responsible, or because man is responsible God is not sovereign; but, I say, both are true, for both are plainly stated in God's word; and he that rejects one, leaves not an inch of ground on which to stand for the reception of the other. Such passages as these, "Elect from the foundation of the world,"—"Chosen in Christ before the world began," you say will tend to make men sin, because since they are elect, they must be eternally saved. That is your logic, not God's word—that is human reason, not God's revelation. You have no more authority for such reasoning than you have for the rejection of both the doctrines I have now stated. I not only refer to other texts, but I appeal to fact. Do you find that the most devoted Christians concur with you? Not at all. The man that believes he is saved most completely by grace, is just the man who abounds the most consistently in whatever things are pure and just and lovely and of good report. One fact will be felt by many of you to be better than a thousand arguments. With a Scotch audience, metaphysical reasoning will always have the most power; with an English audience, a fact will always be the most conclusive. Then here is a fact, I say, that the men who believe in that doctrine are the men: I appeal to their lives, I appeal to their writings. I appeal to the Newtons, the Howels, and others, of whom the world was not worthy—who were the purest and the holiest in their lives and conversations.

But it is now stated, "and no man could learn that song but the hundred forty and four thousand." The song is described in another part of Revelation:—"Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and

priests unto God and his Father; unto him be glory and dominion for ever and ever, Amen." Why is it that they could not learn this song? First, its key-note was Christ, and they that belong to Antichrist have nothing in their constitutions made to receive it. You know that an unmusical ear is never pleased with melody, or harmony either. An unsanctified heart is never refreshed by holiness, and purity, and peace. You cannot make the physical ear susceptible of sweet sounds, and man cannot make the natural heart susceptible of divine grace. It needs the touch of the Creator in the one, it needs the tuning of the Creator in the other. Hence, if an unforgiven and an unsanctified sinner were admitted into heaven, he could not take his part in that choir—he could neither be admitted as a performer, nor as a hearer. He could take no place in it; he would find himself in a strange and uncongenial element, and the sharpening of a saw would not be greater discord to our ear than the new song of the hundred forty and four thousand to his. And the reason of this is explained by such passages as "the preaching of the cross is to the natural man foolishness"—"foolishness to the Greek, and a stumbling-block to the Jew, because it is spiritually discerned."

The epithet "*new*" is applied to the song. What is meant by that? I think it is one of the most expressive appellatives in the word of God. Why is the song of the gospel said to be "*new*?" Does this mean new in the sense of just being discovered? No; it means this:—All created things on earth may soon pall: the fairest landscape that you have often looked at, fails at length to please—the most exquisite melody which is too frequently sung, soon becomes hackneyed—infinite excellence alone will bear to be seen every day, and never to fade. This song is infinite music—it is an infinite harmony—an infinite Christ is its key-note—it has infinite glory its diapason for ever, and it is as new after a million years as it was when it was first sung.

But the great characteristics of the redeemed ones are two that I must especially notice.

I.—The first of these is, that "they followed the Lamb."

II.—The second is, that therefore "they are without fault before the throne of God."

I.—First, then, "They follow the Lamb whithersoever he



goeth"—this was their practice on earth; "they are without spot before the throne of God"—this is their reward in heaven. The two are so connected, that without the one we can never attain the other.

Let me now show you how Christians still follow the Lamb. They follow him, 1st, in the end and object of his life; they follow him, 2dly, in the great standard to which he appealed; they follow him, 3dly, in his intercourse with the world; 4thly, in his joys; lastly, in his sorrows. They follow Christ in all these points of view.

First, then, they follow Christ in the end and object of his life. I put the question to you, my dear friends, what is the end and object of your existence? What is it that you specially contemplate as the great end that you are seeking to attain? There are as various ends among you as there are persons in the world. The only object of some is to satisfy the desires of the flesh; they live sinners, they die sufferers. They are slaves in life, they are wretched in death. There are others, again, whose main object is to do no harm. There are persons in the world who propose nothing definite to themselves, but to pass through the world without doing harm to anybody. They are content to be blanks, if they can only escape the ignominy of being blots. They are satisfied to hide their talent in a napkin, but they must be ignorant of the judgment of Him who gave it, "Cast him into outer darkness, there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth." There are others whose great object is to possess the world, to get rich, to become comfortable, to provide for their families, to retire and spend the remainder of their days in uninterrupted happiness. They are always disappointed; they are the most miserable men, whose consuming care has been to retire and enjoy themselves. These persons, by a great law, never know what enjoyment is. The very transition is miserable, from the fact that their minds are not prepared and filled with the glorious truths of the gospel to be their consolation and the subject of their thoughts in age; and this will sufficiently account for my assertion, that such men can never be happy. There are others, again, whose main object in life is to do good to others. These are of a nobler grade: there is something beautiful in the benevolent man. It is no

light evidence, one might believe, of grace, when a man can say, "When the ear heard me, then it blessed me, and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me : because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had no one to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me : and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy." And beautiful as this character is, it is not all. We may be benevolent, and yet not Christians; we may minister to the wants of the bodies of thousands, and yet never have cherished one anxious thought about the state of our own soul. But what was Christ's great object in life? He himself has told us; he says, "My meat and my drink is to do the will of him that sent me." Here was the great end proposed by our Lord. And, in another passage, "I come not to do mine own will, but the will of him that sent me."

And now, my dear friends, let me speak to you. Do not ask, when some design is placed before you, Is this profitable? Will this be popular? but ask the question, first of all, Is it consistent with the will of Christ? Our Lord, the great example to us, all the time of his sojourn on earth, sought to do the will of God : and if we are washed in his blood, we shall endeavour to imitate his example ; and our first and chiefest inquiry on many subjects, in all situations, in college, in school, and in business, will be, What is the will of God? and, Is this consistent with that will?

They follow Christ, not only in the *object* of his life, but also in the *great standard* to which Christ appealed. This was a remarkable characteristic of our blessed Lord. Christ was God; in him were the treasures of infinite wisdom. When any one asked him a question, he might have said, I say unto thee thus it is; but he did not say so. And this is a wondrous fact, and I hope you will not forget it: when our Lord was asked, Is this so? is it lawful to do this? is it right to do that? he did not reply, It is so; for I, who am infinite wisdom, tell thee so; but he always replied, "How readest thou?"—"It is written"—"Search the Scriptures, for these are they that testify of me." Can you conceive a higher honour put upon God's word, than that he that inspired it should appeal to it for a response to every question? that he who is infinite wisdom should draw from it the exposition of every difficulty? When the Jews asked him any

thing, his continual answer was, "How readest thou?"—"Search the Scriptures;" and when he answered them, "then opened he their understandings, that they may might understand the Scriptures."

My dear friends, let it be so with you: and this brings me to a subject on which I have already said something. If you are asked, Is the doctrine of election true? the right answer is not, I cannot believe it—I cannot see how it can be so; but the right answer is, How readest thou? and if you find it written here, the question is answered—the controversy settled, for God has spoken. And again, do you wish an answer to the question, What is man's state by nature? some will tell you, Can we believe that that beautiful babe that slumbers on its mother's knee, with the countenance of a cherub, can have the heart and nature of a sinner? Dear friend, how readest thou? Search the Scripture—"The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked"—"Every imagination of the thoughts of our heart is only evil continually." And in that beautiful babe's heart lie coiled up all the passions that swept Europe in the history of Napoleon, or deluged the earth with blood in the persecutions of the Papacy. Nothing can save that child—though I believe and can prove that every babe that dies in infancy is saved, and saved for ever—yet it is true that nothing can make that sweet unconscious babe a child of grace—but the God that made him—the Holy Spirit, the Quickener. If you ask the question, How can I be justified before God? some will say, Give alms to the poor—do good to others; but the right way is—How readest thou? What does God say? We are justified by Christ—we are justified by faith—"He who knew no sin was made sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." And whatever be your difficulties with reference to religion, always open the Scriptures—read—and see what is written there. You must bring every thing to the test of the Bible—you must bring every thing within the Bible. The instant you go out of it—it matters not whether you go to the fathers, or bishops, or councils, or synods, or doctors—the instant you go without the Bible for the solution of a religious question, you are upon Popish ground, and must become a Pa-

pist; but the instant you open this blessed book, and appeal to it alone, you are on Protestant ground, and God, our own God, will teach you.

Then, in the next place, they follow Christ, not only in the standard to which he appealed, but they follow him in his *intercourse with the world*. He has said, "Ye are not of the world, even as I am not of the world." Now, what was the nature of Christ's intercourse with the world? He did not go *out* of the world, as some propose, but he remained *in* the world, as the Bible prescribes. He prayed, "I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil." To retreat from the world, as monks and nuns do, is cowardice—to conform to the world, as professing Protestants do, is sin—to remain in the world, and meet and conquer the world, is Christianity. To be in the world, and not of it, is the great law of our existence. If your situation in life is such that you cannot perform its duties without committing sin against God—then it is time you were out of it. But then you must take care that you do not confound great difficulties with absolute impossibilities. You must take care, I say, before you leave the situation in which Providence has placed you, that you do not confound very great difficulties with absolute impossibilities; and you must also take care that you do not confound your own indolence and love of ease with the love of Christ and obedience to his laws. It is rarely that Providence places us where grace cannot keep us—rarely are we placed by God in the world without our having grace given us to conquer the world. And, my dear friends, with respect to another point; while you are to be in the world, and not of the world, you are to take care not to go without a call into the midst of tempting circumstances, for that is not being in the world and trying to conquer the world. If you go into the midst of temptation voluntarily, and expect that your Christianity will sustain you there, you calculate erroneously. You first violate what you know to be duty, and you then expect that the God whom you have insulted will protect you in the midst of the peril you have provoked. When our blessed Lord, my dear friends, went into the wilderness, recollect what is said. It is not said that when our great example—for

he was our example as man just as he was our atonement as God-man—it is not said that he *went* into the wilderness to be tempted—but “he was *led* into the wilderness, to be tempted of the devil.” Now, take care that you do not go into the midst of temptation, but that if ever you are found in the midst of it, it has been in the leading of the providence of God. But you will say, Did not our Lord eat with the publicans and sinners? Yes, he did; and if you go there exactly in the same character, and with the same designs, you may eat with them too. He went not to be their companion, and to enjoy their festivities; but he went to instruct, reclaim, and sanctify them. Hence it has always seemed to me another ruling principle, whenever you engage in any thing on which you cannot ask the blessing, the grace, and the direction of God, you are upon wrong ground. You may lay this down as a great rule, that if you cannot pray that God would keep and guide and bless you, then you are on false ground, and it is time to retire, and go back to the place from whence you came. This I have always felt in reference to play-houses. As I never was in either of them, I cannot speak to what goes on; yet, suppose the play were pure, suppose the actors were honourable men, I suppose there could be no sin in repeating the play, therefore no sin in representing the characters of that play; and I could conceive a theatre to be a place where a Christian might go and be instructed. But I do not take visionary shadows of what might be, but a true exhibition of what exists. The plays, I am told, are disgraceful; the company that you meet at the theatre, the most enthusiastic admirer of the theatre must confess is not the company in which he would wish his sons and daughters to spend many happy and agreeable hours. Suppose a Christian goes to the play-house—he says, I am strong—it may be so; I have grace—it may be so; I shall come in and go out without any contamination, or getting into any evil company—it may be so. This may be perfectly possible; but by going there, remember you have set an example which others will copy. Are you sure that your son or your daughter will copy it, and not contract the evil you have avoided? Can you be responsible for those who will quote your example as one which they may follow, but who are strangers to the grace which

keeps you from falling? And if it be, what some of you may say it is, even *questionable*, hesitation in matters of conscience is perilous—the clear duty is to avoid it: and if you have the grace of God, you will find in the sacred sketches of heaven, in the employments of true religion, in the duties and responsibilities of the gospel, what will suit your taste far better than the stimulating and exciting exhibitions of the play-house. Some of you perhaps have been there: I will presume that some there are in this assembly who have been in their thoughtless days—and perhaps even some who know the truth, and hope that they have the grace of God; you came home, say eleven or twelve o'clock. Did you then kneel down and pour forth your heart unto God? Did you feel in the least in a temperament for prayer? Did you not feel inclined to think about any thing rather than about God, or about your soul—about Christ and eternity? Did you not regard such matters with a feeling of dislike? Did you not feel them quite uncongenial with the sort of happy dream into which the excitement of the theatre had thrown you? You know it is so, and it ever has been and ever will be so. Hence, my dear friends, the result of the gospel will be that the grace of God will separate you from the world—or the world, understanding your character, will separate itself from you.

But Christians follow the Lamb, next, in his condition of life. He was the Saviour—he was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. He was satisfied; but how few there are at the present day who are contented with that position in which God has placed them! Instead of being satisfied, the lower stratum is ever pushing to get above the upper, and one class treading on the heels of those that are before them; and all actuated by a consuming thirst for wealth, or power, or supremacy.

Let me add, in the next place, they follow Christ in his sorrows. What was the great subject of his sorrow? We weep over our losses—that is nature; we weep over our bereavements—that is natural too. But this was not Christ's chiefest sorrow: he wept over suffering; but the great subject that produced his tears was sin. He wept not at his own sufferings, but he wept for our sins. And in proportion as a Christian feels what sin is, in the same proportion will he learn thus to weep also.

Lastly, we are to follow Christ in his joy. What was his joy? Not the joy that is carnal—not the joy that is sensual—but the joy that is spiritual—“for the joy that was set before him;” that is, the joy of converted sinners, a reclaimed earth, and a glorified God.

And then we must follow him *with the heart*—not only with the outward, but with the inward man. We must follow Christ *openly*. No Christian goes to heaven by stealth; no Christian would be satisfied with creeping to heaven. “I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ,” is his language. Boldly to confess Christ is his first and essential duty. “Whosoever shall confess me before men,” says our blessed Lord, “him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven.”

We must follow Christ *fully* and *constantly*—not by fits and starts. Having within them a fountain that ever flows, because ever fed from the springs of heaven, the followers of Christ go wherever he calls—when he precedes them to prison—when they must march through the blazing fagots, or endure the taunts and contumely of a despising world; and following him in all the places where he beckons them to follow him upon earth, at length they mingle with the hundred forty and four thousand who celebrate his praise as he sits upon his throne.

## LECTURE XIV.

## THE FAULTLESS CONGREGATION.

"Therefore are they without fault before the throne of God."—*Revelation* xiv. 5.

I EXPLAINED in my last the great characteristics of the saints of God on earth as these are described in the previous portion of this chapter. They are the hundred and forty and four thousand who surround the throne of the Lamb, and who sing the new song, and who exhibit their faith in their practice, inasmuch as "they follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth." I now turn to a picture of the redeemed in heaven. You have had the portrait of Christians here upon earth—"they follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth." You have in the next clause the portrait of these Christians in heaven—"they are without fault before the throne of God." By the first they were justified before the world—by the second they are justified before God. The church at large recognised the image of their Master in the lives of his followers, for "they followed the Lamb whithersoever he went." And God recognises his own in those that stand before his throne: and he pronounces that they are "without fault before that throne."

Now, the first question to which I will endeavour to reply is, Who are they that are here spoken of? Whence did they come? What are they now? They are "without fault." And lastly, Where are they? They are "before the throne."

First, then, who are these that are before the throne without spot? I will give you a specimen list. Some of the names you will recognise as household words; others you will dimly remember; and those who were present during the last Sabbath evenings I have lectured upon the subject, will hear names, though not familiar to them, yet described by me as among the sealed of God,



that "washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." In answering the question, Who are they? I must mention the name of Abel, who, "being dead yet speaketh" upon earth, whose soul is also now "without fault before the throne of God." The next I will enumerate in this glorious catalogue is Abraham, the "father of the faithful," who went forth following God, "not knowing whither he went," and who was justified by faith instrumentally, by works declaratively, and by Christ meritoriously. Another of that illustrious throng was Lot, who, however, narrowly escaped the pollution of Sodom and the condemnation of sin. There is also Isaiah, who was sawn asunder—Luke, who was hanged on an olive-tree—Peter, who was crucified with his head downward, and innumerable others "of whom the world was not worthy." And in that illustrious throng I see also the publican, who cried in the agony of his soul, "God be merciful to me a sinner," and whose cry of agony is now lost in the song of praise, "Unto him that loved me and washed me in his blood be honour and glory." I see in that congregation the prodigal, who said, "I will arise and go to my Father's house:" admitted to a home in which there are no tears, from which there can be no exile, a companion of "the angels who rejoiced over him as one sinner that repented and returned unto God." And I see amid the shining throng Mary Magdalene, who poured her tears upon the Saviour's feet, and wiped them with the hairs of her head; and who, having washed his feet upon earth, and having been washed with his blood by grace, also joins in the anthem of the redeemed, "Unto him that loved me, and washed me from my sins, and made me a priest unto God"—"unto Him be all the glory." I see Peter, too, who once denied Him upon earth, and, in all his epistles, never forgot to allude with deep sorrow to that denial as the bitterest thing in his experience, now not denied by the Master as the Master was denied by the servant, but accepted and justified and without spot before the throne of God. I see there also one pronounced by himself to be the chiefest of sinners, "not worthy to be called an apostle"—"the least of all saints"—"in perils by land, in perils by sea, in perils among false brethren, in cold, in nakedness, and in hunger;" who having triumphed over all, and having been found faithful in all, is

“without fault before the throne of God.” And I see also one sparkling gem in that diadem, one bright and happy one in that throng—one who saw in the dying Saviour’s countenance the kindling beams of an unearthly glory, and as he beheld that countenance, to the outward eye more marred than any other man’s, and yet to the inner spirit more glorious than all other men’s, he cried, “Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom.” There he is remembered now in glory, and he remembers there, as the burden of his song, the love that ransomed him—the grace that plucked him like a brand from the burning. I see others also in that congregation, if I may leave the illustrious apostles whose names are familiar to us all, and touch upon the names of some whose writings have often been misunderstood and whose characters have as often been mistaken, who nevertheless, with all their faults in life, with all their imperfections in their writings, held the foundation. I can see among them the “peaceful” Irenæus, the great advocate of peace in a world of conflict—and also the violent Tertullian, now subdued and sanctified. Amid that throng I can see the tolerant Clemens of Alexandria—the faithful historian Eusebius—the majestic Athanasius, who, Gibbon says, was fit to occupy a throne, but whom God has received and admitted to a throne in glory. I can see among them too the acrimonious Jerome, purified of all his fierceness, and the Protestant Vigilantius, denounced and reviled by Jerome, but now reconciled, and both together rejoicing before the throne. I can see there the excellent Basil, and his contemporary Gregory Nazianzen, and the evangelical Augustine, admitted to the true city which he so eloquently described; and the golden-mouthed Chrysostom, whose eloquence agitated the souls of the masses, and yet charmed the most cultivated tastes. These all had their faults upon earth, and in many of their writings were the seeds of the Apostasy; in their lives were all the infirmities of fallen humanity; but they grasped the main truth, they held the essential doctrines of Christianity; and now the seeds of the Apostasy have been extracted from their hearts—their imperfections forgiven—their sins covered—and in the lustre of heaven and before the throne of God, they are now without fault. The goodly fellowship of the prophets—the noble army of martyrs—

the glorious company of the apostles, are all "before the throne without spot," "having washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." There is also Isaac, "who blessed Jacob and Esau concerning things to come"—there also is Moses, who "refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter; choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt." There also are they "who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens. Women received their dead raised to life again; and others were tortured, not accepting deliverance; that they might obtain a better resurrection: and others had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover of bonds and imprisonment. They were stoned, were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword: they wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented, (of whom the world was not worthy,) they wandered in deserts and on mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth." But they are now "without fault before the throne of God." Referring to the links of that chain of witnesses whom I enumerated in tracing the two witnesses,—I may add, before that throne are Sergius, and Claude of Turin, and Agobard, Henri, and Peter Waldo. Before that throne there is Wicliffe, the morning star of the Reformation, whose dead dust was denied a grave upon the earth, but whose living soul occupies a throne in heaven. There too I can perceive John Huss, the faithful Reformer, who found the promises of priests and the pledges of kings all fail him, but who now finds before the throne that the promises of God were all yea and amen. I see there, too, Martin Luther, the monk that shook the world; whose life was a drama, in which pontiffs and kings were but the shifting scenery—the translator of the Bible—the vindicator of the glory of Christ—who bequeathed to us a Protestant church, an open Bible; his rugged soul subdued—his indomitable heart beating with the pulses of immortality—amid the light that never knows a cloud—without fault

—and he had several upon earth—before the throne of God and of the Lamb. I see too, amid that glorious assembly, Calvin, whose grave is not to be detected among the acres of this world, but whose spirit now feeds upon that living bread he so largely distributed to others. I behold there Ridley, who cheered his brother amid the blazing fagots by uttering that memorable prophecy, which God grant may be fulfilled to the latest generation, “Be of good cheer, brother, for we shall this day light a candle in England, that, by God’s grace, never shall be put out.” I view there also the amiable, and learned, and accomplished Melancthon, enjoying in heaven the peace which he sighed and prayed for upon earth—the stern and indomitable Knox, who “pulled down the nests, that the rooks might never again return”—who feared not the face of clay—who spoke the truth to princes, and treated the man with the gold ring as he treated the man with the beggar’s wallet—the stern, the indomitable, the faithful, the holy, who feared God, and feared none besides—now without fault before the throne of God. I see Pascal, whose letters did such havoc among the Jesuits, and whose thoughts have conveyed such comfort to Christians; and Quesnel, condemned by the bull of Clement XI., and pronounced to be a heretic, but acquitted by the Judge of all the earth, and welcomed as a saint into glory. And will you allow me—for charity should ever go as far as truth—to say that in that shining throng are some who were in the Church of Rome even, but who, like Martin Boos and Fenelon, were not altogether of it; men that singed their outer garments only by the fires of the Apostasy, but whose souls were preserved safe by the Son of God. And I see in that illustrious throng Clarkson and the eminent Wilberforce, who achieved for England’s colonies what is the characteristic of England’s shores, that the moment the slave touches them, that moment the shackles will drop from his limbs, and he be free as the mightiest of England’s nobles. I see there Bunyan, who has passed all his perils, and has crossed the river, and now dwells in the glorious city; and Baxter, who now enjoys the rest in heaven he so beautifully depicted upon earth; and John Newton, who was converted to God when he stood at the helm on a stormy night, and in a tempestuous sea, by recollecting a text which his mother taught

him when he prattled as an infant at her knee; and there too the sainted Flavel, and the beautiful and amiable Leighton, and Simeon of Cambridge, and Elliott the apostle of the Indians, and Henry Martyn, and Oberlin, who has left to statesmen a lesson that the way to civilize is first of all to Christianize. I can perceive, too, in that assembly, Robert Hall, whose beautiful style was only surpassed by his lofty piety; and Andrew Fuller, who excelled all scholars, and yet studied at no university; and John Wesley, and Watts, whose hymns are sung where cold cathedral chants and Gregorian-tones are unheard and unknown; and Whitefield, who evangelized the masses; and Williams, who perished in his mission; and last, though not least, one whose intellect was equal to the intellect of any of them, and whose piety was not surpassed by the piety of any of them—the late lamented Thomas Chalmers of Edinburgh.

The removal of this great and good man, as I have elsewhere stated, and now repeat, is a loss not to a party, but to the whole Christian church. His name will last with the literature and language of our country. Over the grave of so illustrious a man—so great a benefactor to the church—so distinguished an ornament to his country—all party spirit, all sectarian feeling should be quelled; and we should show that, whatever our opinions may be, we are not incapable of appreciating transcendent greatness, or of doing homage to unrivalled worth. No party disputes—no denominational differences—no remaining recollection of rash expressions or hasty censure should be suffered for one moment to stifle our Christian feelings, or dilute our expression of regret, or dim that admiration or lessen that gratitude we feel for the life and labours of so great a man, so good a minister.

He is now indeed before the throne and without fault, far above the dark vortex of terrestrial strifes, in which frail spirits vex and fret. He lives amid the light and breathes the love of eternity. He has not ceased to be; he has merely ceased to minister in this tabernacle. He has merely laid aside the robe in which he ministered as a faithful Levite without the vail. In his case death has removed only the limits and restrictions of the soul; it has extinguished, not life, but its troubles—it has shut up all the springs of sorrow, and opened at the same

time all the fountains of eternal joy. He has died only that he may die no more.

His great genius would have raised him to the very loftiest place of power, pre-eminence, and even gain in any other profession. But all his talents were consecrated to the cause and enlisted in the service of his Lord. An astronomer—a mathematician—a philosopher, he yet preferred to be felt while living, and to be remembered when dead, as the earnest and devoted Christian. His reason was guided by the inspiration, and his imagination kindled from the altars of Christianity. In church politics he could be dazzled by a crotchet, and led about, the almost unquestioning victim of subtle and unscrupulous spirits; but in the higher walks of eternal truth—in the vindication of the gospel—in the defence of its glory, its excellence, and its truth, he was the independent thinker—the mighty logician—the eloquent orator. With the simplicity of a child he combined the intellectual calibre of a giant. Whatever great truth he discussed he made so luminous, that few could fail to see it; while at the same time he clothed it with such and so varied splendour, that all retained the impression even after the minuter features had perished from their memory. With a mode of address the most unprepossessing—a style and phraseology idiomatic and uncouth—and an accent utterly wanting in music to southern ears, he yet riveted the minds of the thoughtless, mastered the objections of the skeptic, and roused the conscience and stirred the responsibilities of the ungodly, and led all captive as beneath the might and witchery of an irresistible spell. Long the minister of one of the largest parishes in Glasgow, he set there an example of earnest piety and untiring labour. He had a word of power for all. The merchant felt Christianity, by means of his commercial sermons, present in the very centre of his circumstances, prescribing duties, and promising rewards, and rightfully exacting a tribute from all his gains for the altar of Him whose smiles made him rich, and whose grace alone could make him happy. He followed the skeptic into all his retreats, and overtook and overwhelmed him in each in succession. At one time he would track his course along subterranean mines, amid fossil remains and fragments of aboriginal chaos, and con-

found him there with the undeniable footprints of Deity. At another he would rise on untiring wing, and pursue him from star to star—from system to system—and confute him there, and bring back to this earth as the evidence of his victory a more glorious apocalypse of the power, resources, and glory of God.

Nor did he less excel in exhibiting the great and distinguishing doctrines of the everlasting gospel. All his discourses are inlaid with these. He, of all men, mostly clearly detected the links of connection among the doctrines of the gospel, long hidden, and beautiful affinities unseen by ordinary minds, but visible to his; and truths that seemed to the outward eye isolated and disconnected, he showed to cohere by fibres running below and binding together all the trees in the paradise of God, one with the other, and all with the Tree of Life. He never handled a doctrine without throwing forth masses of truth that were like ingots of gold, to ordinary minds. It would not be easy to express the greatness of the obligations of the Christian ministry to Dr. Chalmers; and it would not be more easy to state how much men of science owe to him. He was the first who made the scholars and literati and philosophers of the nineteenth century feel their littleness beside the apostles and evangelists of the first. None were so successful in extorting from all the sciences tribute for Christianity, or so happy in casting light on the most distinguishing peculiarities of evangelical religion from the various discoveries of modern science. In his writings all the sciences are seen to be as the handmaids of religion, approaching the great temple of everlasting truth, spreading new embroideries on its shrines, and laying their most precious things on her altar. Astronomy, in his pages, owns all her splendour borrowed from the Sun of Righteousness. Geology empties the deepest mines at his bidding, and presents her most brilliant gems and her most precious metals, as dim reflections of his glory. Botany weaves around the cross her amaranthine garlands; and Newton comes from his starry home—Linnaeus from his flowery resting-place—and Werner and Hutton from their subterranean graves, at the voice of Chalmers, to acknowledge that all they learned and elicited in their respective provinces has only served to show more clearly that Jesus of Nazareth is

enthroned on the riches of the universe, and that the voice of Christianity is the voice of God. This is no ordinary demonstration. Yet it was the demonstration actually achieved by the great and accomplished man, whose loss is not the calamity of a sect, but a catastrophe to the Christian world.

His death, however, was not a mere fact occurring amid the tumbling accidents of a chaotic world, but an appointment of God. "It is appointed unto all men to die." Were we to regard his removal as a mere fact, we should place it in the hands of blind and unintelligent fate; but in regarding it as the appointment of God, we attach to it a holy significance. It is seen as coming from the wisdom which precludes all supposition of error, and from the love of which we can have no suspicion. The day, the nature, and the place of our death are all fixed by our Father. We are each

"Immortal till our work is done."

Chalmers ceased to be on earth when there was no more work for him to do. His mission was done—his journey finished; and the voice that guided him in all his ways addressed him, "Come up hither; those hopes I impressed upon your heart shall now be realized; those longings of yours after a perfection, a glory, a permanence, which earth could not satisfy, shall now be satisfied; that great soul of thine which I made, shall now be relieved of its limits and shackles. My finger will now open all its stops, and awaken the awful harmony of its thousand strings, and give it powers to magnify me, such as it never imagined on earth. Come up hither: in this new Eden the leaves of the Tree of Knowledge are all luminous, and cast around them no shadow. Come up hither; and see the only free church in the universe—not the phantom, the delusion, which man calls so, but the reality which God pronounces so—'Jerusalem which is above is free, which is the mother of us all.'"

The name of Chalmers will be cherished by the good and great of every party through many generations. He will rise in the recollection of future ages, not in the robes of a sect, but in the white garments of catholic Christianity; his first love restored without its alloy, and his last errors erased, and without a vestige; his dead dust awaiting the first beam of the resur-



rection morn, and his glorified spirit joining with a great multitude of many sects and tongues and countries, saying, "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

These all are before the throne without spot. I can see there also the babe that withered like a bud prematurely from its mother's bosom; and I can see there, too, the son, the daughter, that seemed to have passed through the earth like an angel, and you only knew it was an angel by the vision of the departing wing. And I can see there the father—your father—whose gray hairs were the crown of glory; whose deeds were articles of faith—whose conduct was his confession of faith—who could say, "When the ear heard me then it blessed me, and when the eye saw me it gave witness to me: because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy." I can see there innumerable others—friends and relatives—who preferred to be better than they seemed rather than to seem better than they were; who said little upon earth, but who saw very far into glory. I see there is no nook of humanity in which a Saviour may not be discovered—no portion of human experience where that Saviour is inaccessible. I see there the merciful, the pure in heart, the peacemakers, and those that were persecuted for righteousness' sake. I can see there all those who were invited by the King of kings, "Come, ye blessed of my Father: for I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; sick and in prison, and ye visited me;"—these, from all the varieties of human life—from all the vicissitudes of human experience, we may pronounce, without bigotry on the one hand or exclusiveness on the other, to be "before the throne of God:" and, let me tell you, you will meet in heaven many whom bigotry proscribed, and ignorance mistook, and uncharitableness excluded; while you will miss in heaven great professors whom you made sure to meet there.

So far, then, I have endeavoured to answer the first question ; let me now proceed to answer the second.

Whence do they come ? They come from every part of the inhabitable globe ; and the Lord himself is my authority : "They shall come from the east and from the west, and shall sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, in my kingdom." The African from his burning sands—the Laplanders from his everlasting snow, shall be there—the Arab from his wilds—the Druse from his mountain fastnesses—the antediluvian, the patriarch of ancient days—the children of Shem, and Ham, and Japhet, that met first in the ark, careering upon the waves of the deluge that laid waste the world, till they rested upon the summit of Ararat—the children of these, the gray fathers of the human race, shall meet again ; first in Christ, the true Ark, by faith ; and lastly in heaven, the great antitype of Ararat, no more to look forth upon the world depopulated and dismantled by the flood, but to bask amid the splendours of the beatific vision, and to be for ever "without fault before the throne of God." They come not only from various countries, but they come from various scenes of suffering—some from hunger, and cold, and nakedness, and peril—some from sick-beds, and hospitals, and prisons, and inquisitions—some shall come from battle sods, from Marengo, and Austerlitz, and Waterloo—and some from the silent depths of the ocean—the slain of Camperdown, and Trafalgar, and the Nile—and some from the stony pyramids—and many whose winding-sheets have been the sands of the desert, and whose requiem has been chanted by the waves of the desert sea. No circumstances can conceal them whom God bids rise—no distance can keep away those whom God summons. And they shall come, too, from various sections of the church universal. No sect has a monopoly of Christians, because no sect has a monopoly of the gospel. There are diversities of gifts, we are told, but one Spirit. The distinctions that are made between sect and sect are paper walls, that will be consumed by the flames of the last fire : those points and practices about which true Christians quarrel, will pass away like straw and straw huts before the overwhelming flood of universal light, and universal love ; and it will be found at that day that the things

for which churchmen and dissenters quarrel were but microscopic points, and that those things about which churchmen and dissenters agree were majestic as the attributes and enduring as the throne of the Deity. I have often thought that the following little incident recorded of a good man was a very beautiful one:—A skeptic addressed him, and said, “What will become of all the sects into which you Christians are split at the judgment-day of Christ?” The ingenious yet scriptural answer was, “God will say to one, ‘What are you?’ ‘I am an Independent.’ ‘Sit you there.’ To another, ‘What are you?’ ‘I am a Presbyterian.’ ‘Sit you there;’”—for I believe that, notwithstanding the authority of our Puseyite brethren, even a Presbyterian can get to heaven.—“Another will be asked, ‘Who are you?’ The answer will be, ‘I am a churchman;’ and he will be told, ‘Sit you there.’ And a fourth will be asked, ‘What are you?’ The answer will be, ‘I am a Christian;’ and the commission will be given *him* from God, ‘Walk about heaven in any place you like.’” For as it is true that one star differeth from another star in glory, so it is true that he that hath the most of bigotry will have the least of heaven, and he that feels all things subordinate to Christ, and him crucified, will have the largest space to walk in. I believe, too, that those who are before the throne will be from every form of government. The stern republican will be there—the accomplished monarchist will be there also; and there will be no nation under heaven which will not contribute its quota—the subjects of uncivilized governments and the victims of cruel ones will be there. They are a great multitude—much greater than the Antinomian will allow—fewer than the Universalist believes—“a great multitude whom no man can number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues;” and this is their harmony, “Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb.”

What are they? The answer was given in the text, “they are without fault before the throne.” But I may be asked, Were they always so? The answer must be, Not so. For hear what the Apostle says, “Be not deceived: neither fornicators, nor adulterers, nor idolaters, nor abusers of themselves with mankind, nor thieves, nor covetous, nor revilers, nor extortioners,

shall inherit the kingdom of God. And SUCH WERE some of you : but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God." Here upon earth Christians need from Christians the continual exercise of candour and of charity ; and that man who knows his own heart best, will always be found the first to pardon the failings and sympathize with the infirmities of a brother. But in heaven they do not need the exercise of candour—they do not require that their acts should be charitably construed : there each soul is radiant with light ; each affection inlaid with love ; each motive is infinite charity ; and the end of each is exclusively the glory of God ; for "they are without fault." The God that sits upon the throne examines them—the eye that penetrates all destinies, and pierces all darkness, analyzes them—the Judge of all hearts pronounces their character to be "without fault." What made them so ? "They washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." And why should not you be so ? There is no reason upon earth but your own reluctance. My dear friends, there are but two classes in this assembly ; those who are perfectly justified by the righteousness of Christ, and who, as far as their title is concerned, are at this moment without any flaw or fault ; and those who are without any interest in it at all. Let me ask, to which of these classes you belong ? The blood of Christ is accessible to you—the atonement is freely offered to you—God beseeches you by us, be ye reconciled unto God.

Where are they ? That question is answered in another portion of the Book of Revelation. "And he asked me, Who are these, and whence came they ? And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest." You may recollect what I stated to you, that Burns, who had all the sensibility of the poet, if he failed often in the duties of the Christian, said he never could read these words without weeping. "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb : " and then notice what follows : "therefore," on this account, "therefore are they before the throne of God." Here is what they are doing : "they serve God day and night in his temple, and he that sitteth upon the throne shall

dwell among them : they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more ; neither shall the sun light on them nor any heat ; but the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters ; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." And the place that they occupy is, first, the place of great dignity. They are made kings and priests unto God : they shall sit upon thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel. And in the next place, it is a place of great safety. No fallen spirit shall be admitted into that better paradise to seduce them. No criterion of creatureship by attendance to which they shall stand, and by neglect of which they shall fall, shall be there. They are placed before that throne, and amid the lustre of that crown, where there is nothing that defileth—where there are no separating elements that divide the creature from his God, the redeemed sinner from his glorious and revealed Saviour : the crown that is theirs "fadeth not away," the inheritance that is theirs "is incorruptible and undefiled"—"a city that hath foundations, its builder and its maker God," their "kingdom is an everlasting kingdom," that never shall be moved. It is the place of perfect satisfaction. "When I awake," says the Psalmist, "I shall be satisfied with thy likeness." "Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, and heart hath not conceived the things that God hath prepared for them that love him." In that blessed land their robes have no moth to consume them—the trees have no worm to gnaw them—the gold of that land has no rust to corrupt it—its melodies have no intermingling minors—the last tear has been shed ; the last pang felt, the last agony endured ; the very recollection of orphanage and widowhood has passed away, and the hours of heaven, like the hours of a sundial, are measured only by sunshine. They are in a place of dignity and safety, and before the throne of God. They are in a place, too, of perfect joy. There is a joy that endures for ever, and is unmixed with grief. And, lastly, they are in a place of complete reunion and recognition. I believe that in heaven we shall recognise, amid the lustre of glory, the countenances on which we looked with tears upon sick-beds on earth. I believe that in heaven the parent will recognise his children, and the children recognise the parent, and the redeemed friend the

redeemed friend, and sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob in their Father's kingdom. Thus the very language used by the apostle in order to comfort those who were bereaved, implies that they will recognise their lost ones when they meet in glory; for he says, "I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep. For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first; then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words." What is the comfort here intended to be conveyed? Have any of you lost your relatives? You are weeping for them as those that have no hope; but here is your comfort; they are not lost for ever; you shall meet them again, and if it be comfort to anticipate that meeting, the comfort would be lost if there were no recognition when that meeting takes place. Therefore believe that the redeemed in heaven will recognise each other. Those pictures of the departed that are preserved in your memory as in a picture-gallery—freshened by every circumstance, and revived by every recollection, are these foretokens of the originals; ties severed on earth shall be reunited in heaven, and friends and circles dissolved by death, shall be completed never to be broken.

Such, then, are my replies to these questions; but the great practical question still remains, Are we to be amid that throng? Are we to join in that eternal and glorious choir? Are we, my dear friends, in our inmost hearts conscious of a great change that has passed upon us, without which we cannot see the kingdom of God? It will be no advantage to you in the issue to have calculated exactly who shall be saved, or to have speculated upon who shall be lost, if we perish ourselves. "Lord, are there few that be saved?" was a question that was once asked before,

and the answer was, "Strive to enter in at the strait gate." Were you in a ship that was sinking inch by inch in the waves, would you stand counting how many perish and how many escape, and care not that the deck on which you stood was inch by inch disappearing in the fathomless abyss? Such conduct would be folly. But is not this the conduct of the man who would stand counting the probable numbers of the lost and the probable numbers of the saved, and forget that his own soul is unjustified, unsanctified, unpardoned, by the blood of Jesus and by the Spirit of our God? Let me ask you, then, my dear friends, are you trusting on a Saviour's righteousness as your only title to that presence? Do you look upon that Saviour's blood as the only element in the universe that can forgive you? Can you say, my dear friends, if you were called upon to die this moment, there is no reason upon earth in me, but every reason external to me, in the shed blood of my Lord and my Saviour, why all my sins should be forgiven, all my trespasses covered, and I justified and sanctified, and glorified for ever? Have you washed your robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb? Is it not a strange thing that we leave no questions upon earth unsettled except the most momentous question of all? Is it not strange that there is nothing in politics—nothing in science—nothing in literature—nothing in news—nothing in astronomy—nothing in geography, that we do not like to know; but this question, "Am I a child of God, or am I still in the flesh?" is a question which we leave unsettled and undetermined. Is it not a fact, that if you speak of poetry, men's countenances will glow? If you speak of politics, they will instantly enter into it? If you speak of trade, commerce, merchandise, they will discuss every point connected with them eloquently and readily? But the instant you speak to a man of that question which ought to absorb every other question, his countenance instantly falls: he does not say, Am I my brother's keeper? but he says, practically, that religion is a thing for the church—for a funeral, for a sick-bed. Here lies a great obstruction to your being Christians: you think that Christianity is a capital thing for sick-beds, and funerals, and absolutions; but you think it not a thing for bridals, and for business, and for the happy, and

for the sunnier parts of human life : in other words, your idea is that religion is a nauseous drug, which must be taken in order to give us eternal life ; but the longer we put-off the nauseous draught, the more happy shall we be, and not the less safe when we come to die. Oh what a grievous misapprehension, my dear friends ! Each truth is a leaf from the tree of life, to give balm to the bleeding, and healing to the broken heart. The reception of the gospel of Jesus is the reception into your hearts of an element that will sanctify every trial—that will give emphasis to every happy beating of your hearts—that will make you not only holier men, but will make you what you never otherwise could have been, perfectly happy men. And if it be true, as our wise men or serious mensay, that the days of trial are rapidly approaching—if it be true, as the wisest and most wary students of prophecy believe, that a great crisis is coming, more terrible than any that has yet overtaken our world, what will sustain you therein ?—what will support you ?—what will give you perfect peace ?—what will protect you from being scathed by the storm, and overwhelmed by the flood, except that you know this, that come what may, nothing can come that has a particle of wrath in it ; and come the worst that can come, the very stroke that severs me from earth is the stroke that sends me to the throne of God, where I shall be before that throne, without fault, for ever and ever.

Whence is it, my dear hearers, that you have so wretched views of the gospel of Jesus ? Why do you not open your Bibles and read this good news ? The object of it was as much to make men happy as it was to make men holy. When I say to you, be Christians, I simply say to you, to translate it into other words, be happy. The gospel is the panacea for all grievances—the balm for all bleeding hearts—the only thing that can give a peace which the world cannot give, and which the world cannot take away. My dear friends, do not speculate about Christianity, but receive and live it. Do not ask for an analysis of the drug, if you will call it a drug, but make up your minds to taste it ; see what its effects are. No man yet from a death-bed said, “I have tried the gospel, and I have found it neither make me holy nor happy.” Did you ever hear a man say so ? Never. You have



heard man only regret that he has not been so holy as it was intended to make him, nor so happy as it was calculated to render him. My dear friends, were all the people of this great realm Christians, then this great realm would be, indeed, a glorious one. The revolution that is wanted, the reformation that is needed, is not in the palace, nor in the parliament, nor in our courts, nor in our churches, but in your hearts, and in your homes; for, if men were Christians at home, the whole of society would be Christians abroad. And if the people were Christian—all, from the highest to the lowest—then God, our own God, would bless us; the earth would yield her increase, and the nations that were spectators of our country round about would pronounce that people to be, indeed, a happy people, whose God is the Lord.

Go, then, this day to your homes, each to his own closet; and from the very depths of your heart acknowledge how truly ruined, how sinful, how guilty you are, and pray thus unto the Lord Jesus:—"I want to make the experiment of Christianity; I want to try whether what that preacher in Exeter Hall told me is a lie or a great truth, when he said that the gospel is intended to make men happy, just as much as it is intended to make them holy. Oh wash me with Thy blood, and clothe me with thy righteousness; lead me by thy spirit—open mine eyes—renew my heart—make me a Christian—I would test it—help me!" and as sure as there is a God in heaven, you will thank the preacher as the instrument who proposed the experiment, and you will give to him who crowned the experiment with his blessing, honour, and thanksgiving, and glory, and praise, now and for ever.

## LECTURE XV.

## THE WILD BEAST RISING FROM THE SEA.

“And I stood upon the sand of the sea, and saw a beast rise up out of the sea, having seven heads and ten horns, and upon his horns ten crowns, and upon his heads the name of blasphemy.

“And the beast which I saw was like unto a leopard, and his feet were as the feet of a bear, and his mouth as the mouth of a lion : and the dragon gave him his power, and his seat, and great authority.

“And I saw one of his heads as it were wounded to death ; and his deadly wound was healed : and all the world wondered after the beast.

“And they worshipped the dragon which gave power unto the beast : and they worshipped the beast, saying, Who is like unto the beast ? who is able to make war with him ?

“And there was given unto him a mouth speaking great things and blasphemies ; and power was given unto him to continue forty and two months.

“And he opened his mouth in blasphemy against God, to blaspheme his name, and his tabernacle, and them that dwell in heaven.

“And it was given unto him to make war with the saints, and to overcome them : and power was given him over all kindreds, and tongues, and nations.

“And all that dwell upon the earth shall worship him, whose names are not written in the book of life of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world.

“If any man hath an ear, let him hear.

“He that leadeth into captivity shall go into captivity : he that killeth with the sword must be killed with the sword. Here is the patience and the faith of the saints.

“And I beheld another beast coming up out of the earth ; and he had two horns like a lamb, and he spake as a dragon.

“And he exerciseth all the power of the first beast before him, and causeth the earth and them which dwell therein to worship the first beast, whose deadly wound was healed.

“And he doeth great wonders, so that he maketh fire come down from heaven on the earth in the sight of men,

“And deceiveth them that dwell on the earth by the means of those miracles which he had power to do in the sight of the beast ; saying to them that dwell on the earth, that they should make an image to the beast, which had the wound by a sword, and did live.

“And he had power to give life unto the image of the beast, that the image of the beast should both speak, and cause that as many as would not worship the image of the beast should be killed.

“And he caused all, both small and great, rich and poor, free and bond, to receive a mark in their right hand, or in their foreheads :

“And that no man might buy or sell, save he that had the mark, or the name of the beast, or the number of his name.

“Here is wisdom. Let him that hath understanding count the number of the beast : for it is the number of a man ; and his number is six hundred threescore and six.”—*Revelation* xiii.

I HAVE laid before you on a previous occasion that beautiful piece of biography, the history of Christ's true church. I have tracked its checkered story under the name of the two witnesses for Christ, first through the Paulicians in the East, and next through the Waldenses in the West, onward to the day when the witnesses were slain and rose again, and were exalted to the skies. I have shown you the same great truth in another symbolical exhibition of Christ's church, not as a gorgeous and powerful hierarchy, but as a little flock—a very few—under the symbol of the woman hidden in the wilderness for a time, times, and half a time, or its equivalent, forty and two months, or the equivalent of that, 1260 years. We have thus seen Christ's church, the church within a church, the church invisible, as it has been called in contrast with the church visible. We have seen visible Christianity rolling along like a turbid stream, changed altogether in its character from the Christianity that was sealed by the death of Christ, inspired by the Spirit, and preached by the apostles of Jesus ; but we have seen beneath the turbid torrent a little silver streamlet, crystalline and beautiful, flowing from the rock that was smitten upon Calvary, and speeding onward with unbroken current until it shall mingle with the eternal and glorious main. Having thus seen Christ's true church, I proceed to show you what was the state of the visible church that assumed the name of Christian. This may not be so interesting in our view as the sketch of the true church, but it may be no less instructive and useful to our minds : and it is most important, my dear friends, that we should understand this. The great aim of the predominating tendencies of the day is to make the visible church, in some shape, be it Episcopacy, or Presbyterianism, or Independency, or Wesleyanism, or whatever it be—and more especially in one of these—to make the visible church to be identical with Christ's true church. Dr. Hook, Dr. Dodsworth, Mr. Per-

ceval, Mr. Newman, all of them declare that the Church of Rome, prior to the Reformation, was the true church, and that separation from that visible corporation was a sin or a misfortune, and union with such a corporation, as it now exists in some shape or another, is duty; now, in opposition to that, we believe that no visible church upon earth is exclusively or alone the redeemed and regenerated church. There are tares in the Church of England, tares in the Church of Scotland, tares among dissenters: the wheat and the chaff are mingled together, the gold and alloy are mixed in one mass: man cannot wholly separate them; God, in his judgments or in his mercy, I believe, will very soon separate them.

Now in turning your attention to this most graphic description of the wild beast—for that is the true translation of the word *θηρίον*—that was to rise from the sea, and who exercises all the terrific functions that are here ascribed to him, it will be necessary that I show you that this is not an isolated description, but one that carries forth only more fully what is stated and impressed in others. Thus, for instance, the description contained in chap. xvii. of this book is substantially the same; and I am anxious this evening, I may just remark, by way of parenthesis, to give you a full sketch of the wild beast that is represented as rising out of the sea, in order that, having given you in succession the Apocalyptic view of the true church and the Apocalyptic view of the false church, or the description of Christ and Antichrist, I may the next two or three Sabbath evenings enter upon an exposition of that portion of the Apocalypse that bears upon the very age in which we live, or the pouring out of seven vials. This evening, therefore, instead of commenting much upon the several points, I will give you, as briefly, but as clearly as I can, a comprehensive sketch of the whole.

You will perceive that the seventeenth chapter contains at the 8th verse a description, almost identical in words, certainly identical in meaning, with the description I have this evening read from the thirteenth chapter. “The beast that thou sawest,” it is written in the seventeenth chapter, “that was and is not”—and I beg of you to note each clause, because then you will see more clearly the force of my explanation—the beast that thou sawest was and is not; and shall ascend out of the bottomless pit, and

go into perdition: and it is said, "they that dwell on the earth shall wonder," always excepting one class, "whose names are in the book of life:" and I am sure you must be struck with this exception: for wherever a sketch of the Apostasy is given, there is nearly always given this excepted class—"the sealed ones" of the fourth century—"the woman in the wilderness" of the 1260 years—"the two witnesses" of the same time—or, as it is here stated, those "whose names are written in the book of life from the foundation of the world." The explanation is next given us—"Here is the mind that hath wisdom. The seven heads are seven mountains, on which the woman sitteth,"—that is the first Apocalyptic meaning of the seven heads; then the chapter goes on, "And there are seven kings, five are fallen, and one is, and the other is not yet come, and when he is come he must continue a short space. And the beast that was and is not, even he is the eighth, and is of the seven, and goeth into perdition. And the ten horns are ten kings who have received no kingdom as yet; but receive power, as kings, one hour with the beast. These have one mind, and shall give their power and strength unto the beast. These will make war with the Lamb, and the Lamb shall overcome them." Now you will notice the points of coincidence between the thirteenth chapter I have this evening read, and the sketch from the seventeenth which I now read.

First of all, each of the sketches is associated with ten kings and ten kingdoms; each of the wild beasts has the name of blasphemy; each of them makes war on the saints; and each of them is associated with an ecclesiastical or priestly power: and the apparent discrepancies, if I had time to solve them, would, when solved, only prove more clearly the perfect identity which subsists between them.

Now, having seen the general parallelism of the wild beasts described in these two chapters, let me notice the points of contact between them, and a short sketch taken from the Book of Daniel, which has often been referred to in prophetic inquiries. It is in chap. vii. 19. I wish you to see clearly each characteristic in order to understand the exposition which follows. "Then I would know the truth of the fourth beast which was diverse from all others, exceeding dreadful, whose teeth were of iron,

and his nails of brass; which devoured, brake in pieces, and stamped the residue with his feet. And of the ten horns that were in his head, and of the other which came up, and before whom three fell." Now I shall show you hereafter that of the ten horns, or ten kingdoms, three were to fall, or be cast off, or extirpated by the beast, or that "little horn" represented in the thirteenth chapter as the wild beast from the sea, or in the seventeenth as the wild beast from the abyss, in Daniel as the little horn; which little horn, he says, had eyes, and a mouth that spake very great things. He had eyes like a man; he was a seer. What is a bishop? an overseer; *ἐπίσκοπος*, an overseer, not an over-looker, but a looker-over; this little horn was ecclesiastical power, then, he says, it had eyes, and a mouth speaking very great things. "I beheld, and the same horn made war with the saints and prevailed against them." Now notice again; how long? "Until the Ancient of days came, and judgment was given to the saints of the Most High; and the time came that the saints possessed the kingdom. Thus, he said, the fourth beast shall be the fourth kingdom upon earth, and shall be diverse from all kingdoms, and shall devour the whole earth, and shall tread it down, and break it in pieces. And the ten horns," notice how Daniel coincides with the Apocalypse, "and the ten horns out of this kingdom are ten kings which shall arise, and another shall arise after them; and he shall be diverse from the first, and he shall subdue three kings. And he shall speak great words against the Most High, and shall wear out the saints of the Most High, and think to change times and laws: and they shall be given into his hand until a time, and times, and the dividing of time," 1260 years, 42 months, or, as Daniel calls it, "a time, and times, and the dividing of time."

Notice here the points of identity. First of all the empire, according to Daniel, was to be a great and commanding empire in its decem-regal, or, if you will permit me to English the expression, in ten-kingdoms form. These ten kingdoms were to be supplanted by some power, called here a "little horn," that started up among the rest. This little horn, according to Daniel, was to have eyes like a man: *ἐπίσκοπος*, an overseer, the bishop of Rome, the pontiff, the great ecclesiastical seer in Christendom.

This "little horn," in the next place, just like "the wild beast" from the abyss and from the sea, was to "make war with the saints, and to wear out the saints of the Most High," and the duration of his tyranny, it is stated, was to be for a time, times, and half a time, 1260 years, all of which are the characteristics of "the eighth head," which "eighth head" is the same as the "wild beast from the abyss," or "wild beast from the sea," the great Antichrist, the Roman bishop that heads the Apostasy of Rome, of which we now speak.

The prophecy of Daniel and the Apocalypse of John indicate a common origin and inspiration. It is thus that the Old and New Testaments are not two religions, but two witnesses to one great and eternal truth. As the tips of the wings of the cherubim upon the mercy-seat, in the Holy of Holies, touched each other while the two angels looked down upon the propitiatory glory that burned between them, so these twain testaments, while they speak in different formulas, yet speak of the same Saviour, and concentrate all their illustrations upon his personal glory, that solemn glory, made up of mercy and truth and righteousness and peace, that God has kindled, and neither time nor men nor evil spirits can put out. The two testaments, like the twin lips of an oracle, open to give utterance to one truth, to Christ as the Lamb of God, the King of kings, and Lord of lords. Their harmony demonstrates their divinity. And hence I am satisfied no man is so irrational as he that calls himself a rationalist—no man so superstitious as he that calls himself a skeptic. It requires ten times the amount of credulity to believe that this book is a lie than it does to believe that it is God's truth. It requires but an honest mind and an open heart to join in the conclusion that this is the book of God: it requires a crooked heart and a distorted mind to come to the conclusion, after hearing the evidence, that it is a fable.

Suffer me, then, with this digression, which I would place, if you will allow me, in a parenthesis, to proceed to another illustration of this chapter which I have now read: it is contained in 2 Thess. ii. 7-10: "For the mystery of iniquity doth already work; only he who letteth will let until he be taken away. And then shall that Wicked be revealed, whom the Lord

shall consume with the spirit of his mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of his coming: even him, whose coming is after the working of Satan with all power and signs and lying wonders, and with all deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that perish; because they received not the love of the truth that they might be saved."

I have another reason for referring you to this passage and comparing it with the Apocalyptic delineation of Antichrist, and thereby showing its identity. That reason is the Puseyite treatment of it. What do you think has been one great object of what is called the Tractarian party during the last ten years? It has been very directly to explain away the description of Antichrist given in 2 Thess. ii., and the same description in Timothy, where it says, "The Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of demons:" their great effort has been to show that these passages are not descriptions of the Roman Catholic Apostasy, but are descriptions of some terrible monster, who is to be more than six times the height and breadth of an ordinary man, and is to be in the temple of Jerusalem, and to show himself to be the Antichrist there. They have a reason for this. If I am right in my interpretation of all these passages, Rome is not a sister church—and if names were authority, I might show you that all the Reformers, without exception, and some of the most distinguished Christian teachers of the day, adhere to the exposition I have given; and reason and common sense seem to me to plead for the justice and propriety of it. I admit there are some—a few—a very few excellent divines, who are any thing but Tractarians, and yet take, I am sorry to say, the Tractarian interpretation. I believe, notwithstanding, that one of the most successful efforts that have been made during the last ten years to reintroduce Popery into this country, has been the sweeping away, or the pretended sweeping away of those brands that mark it out in the oracles of God. I am thoroughly satisfied that Tractarianism is the smoke from the bottomless pit, and that the priests of Rome are like the locusts sustained by it, and carried by it to blight all that is green, and to blast all that is lovely. And Popery does come in like a



torrent. It finds channels ready for its waters. It is already fixed by Pope Pius IX. that there is to be an archbishop of Westminster—a bishop of York—a bishop of Birmingham—a bishop, I believe, of Liverpool; who are to lay aside the name of “Roman Catholic,” and assume to be the legitimate bishops with the true apostolical succession, in the midst of this country; then I do not doubt that when it comes to this height, and Romanism rules in the ascendant, men will learn they were not fanatics who denounced it, nor alarmists who warned you, but that we spoke forth the words of soberness and truth. I solemnly believe, my dear friends, that all but a judicial blindness rests on the minds of many in the present day; I believe that that judicial blindness exhibits itself most strikingly in the efforts made to explain away the brands upon the Apostasy.

One regrets to find that there should be some excellent men who are not Tractarians, who deny the interpretation which I have put upon this passage, and say it does not apply to Popery. Among others, there is Mr. Burgh, a very pious and very able man, who has written upon prophecy, but unhappily has taken the Tractarian view; and another, whom I have the honour of claiming as an intimate friend, takes the same view, but has no sympathy with Romanism in the least degree. The description in the Thessalonians, I do submit, in its main points, coincides with the thirteenth chapter that I have now read. I will give a fuller exposition at a future day. First, then, however, we read that the mystery of iniquity doth already work, only he who now letteth—that is, the Roman emperor, “will let until he be taken out of the way,” or the seventh head, as I shall show you, shall be removed, and the eighth shall take its place. “There shall be a falling away,” as it is in our translation; but our translation is in this defective; it is in the original “*the Apostasy*,”—that day shall not come except there be “the Apostasy first, and that man of sin be revealed, the son of perdition.” According to the Epistle to the Thessalonians, it is to emanate from Satan: according to the Apocalypse, it is to be an aggression of the dragon; according to the Epistle to the Thessalonians, it is to be “with signs and lying wonders;” according to the Apocalypse, he is to “deceive with miracles;”

according to the Epistle to the Thessalonians, it is to be an ecclesiastical power, for it shall "sit in the temple of God," literally *cathedrize*, sit as in a cathedral, in a bishop's seat. According to Daniel, it is to be an ecclesiastical power, a little horn with eyes—a seer; and a wild beast doing miracles, as described in the Apocalypse: according to Thessalonians, to oppose Christ, and to continue till Christ should come. All these, therefore, coincide perfectly, and are together the full description of that great Apostasy—the Apostasy—the Church of Rome.

I now revert to the seventeenth chapter. The first thing brought before us is the wild beast's head, or the pope: secondly, we have its body or its main constituency, ten kingdoms: next, we have the two-horned wild beast, which I shall show you denotes the Romish priesthood: and lastly, we have the image of the wild beast, which I shall show you denotes the representative councils, synods, or assemblies of the Romish Church. You will notice now that this wild beast rose from the flood. You will recollect last Lord's-day evening I stated that the flood was the Gothic Arian invasion that Satan poured out from his mouth, in order to deluge the woman or true church of God, rising from the midst of the Apostasy, and hastening to flee for shelter into that wilderness provided for her. It was from this flood that Satan poured from his mouth, that this wild beast arose. Thus Arianism ministered to Romanism. This power was to have seven heads, and these seven heads we read have a twofold meaning. I do not invent a meaning, St. John himself assigns it, therefore there can be no doubt about it. These seven heads are, first of all, declared to be, in chap. xvii., "The seven heads are seven mountains," an expression which identified the locality. Consult any Latin writer, either of the classic or patristic ages, and he will tell you that the seven-hilled city is Rome. I could quote for you many proofs.

Sed quæ de septem totum circumspicis orbem  
Montibus imperii Roma Deumque locus.—OVID.

Dîs quibus, septem placuere colles.—HORACE.

Tertullian, in his Apology, speaks of the citizens of Rome as

the population that dwell upon seven hills. There is, therefore, not the least doubt that the seven hills are a geographical description of the seat of this apostasy, and in Rome accordingly, the answering locality, all the elements of the Popedom grew up. The ashes of Peter and Paul were supposed to be buried at Rome; the pope constituted himself guardian of their dust, and ultimately the sole interpreter of their writings. It is a remarkable fact, that when the pope tried to fulminate his bulls and launch his thunders at a distance from Rome, as, for instance, from Avignon, where the popes were driven for a little—those thunders produced no echo, his bulls had no effect, it seemed as though it required that the popes should reside at Rome, in order to give force to their thunders, and effect to their anathemas.

But the seven heads, we are told, denote, not only "seven hills," but "seven kings," or forms of government; and the language here is very remarkable: "there are seven kings, five are fallen, and one is,"—John is supposed to be standing in Patmos at the close of the first century—"five kings are fallen, and one is," *i.e.* while John was a prisoner in Patmos—"and the other is not yet come," *i.e.* the seventh is future from John's day; "when the seventh shall come he shall only continue a little time:" then that seventh, we are told in a subsequent part, shall be wounded, and shall receive a deadly wound; and in order to compensate for the deadly wound inflicted on the seventh, an eighth head shall come up; that eighth head is identified with the wild beast, or with the pope, the head of the Papal Apostasy.

Let us now notice the historic fulfilment of these Apocalyptic descriptions. The point of view is Patmos. John is the speaker: he says, there were seven kings, five are fallen, and a sixth is, A. D. 97, and a seventh is yet to come: this seventh shall be wounded, and an eighth shall arise, which is identified with the little horn, or wild beast from the sea, or head of the Apostasy. I open the pages of history, and I find that there had been five different forms of government, all of which had passed away prior to John's day, or the close of the first century. Livy and Tacitus enumerate, 1st, kings; 2d, consuls; 3d, decemvirs; 4th,

dictators; 5th, military tribunes: these five dynasties, or forms of government, had successively ruled the Roman empire, and had passed away. Then John says, "one is." What one was that? We answer, the emperors in their primitive or early official character, having on their heads, as I showed you in a previous lecture, not the *diadem*, or badge of imperial sovereignty, but the *stephanos*, or badge of the general of the armies.

We have, then, here the historic fulfilment of the five that had passed away and of the one that is, which is the sixth: but who then was the seventh? This was the great difficulty which it was reserved to the Rev. Mr. Elliott to explain: because what commentators said, and what would strike a mere superficial reader of history, was that the emperors not only were when John wrote, but they continued till the days of Constantine, and the establishment of the eighth head, to make room for whom they had passed away: no interpreters had ever been able to explain it, till, guided, I believe, by the Spirit of God, Mr. Elliott, a scholar, a Christian, a divine, discovered what I think to be the clear and unequivocal fulfilment in history of the Apocalyptic reference to the seventh king of the Apocalypse. The *name* of emperors, I allow, continued till the very moment when the eighth head, or the pope, took the supremacy; but the *office* was utterly changed, for just before the passing away of the imperial power and the coming upon the stage of the supremacy of the ecclesiastical or Papal power, the *laurel crown*, which was the characteristic decoration of the emperors, as mere leaders or generals, was laid aside; and in its place was worn the Asiatic *diadem*, the sign, and under it the substance of absolute power, first, by Dioclesian, and afterward by all the Roman emperors. You will recollect, in explaining the previous symbol of the seal, how I told you that the στεφάνος, or the laurel crown, was the crown that Augustus wore, and all the emperors prior to the third century; and that the διαδήμα, or an Asiatic diadem, was adopted in the third century, and subsequently worn.

The name emperor continued, but a new officer really came upon the stage—the name of the sixth survived, but in fact the seventh had come into office in the change of the στεφάνος, or laurel crown, into the διαδήμα, that is, the change from being

simply emperor, or general of the Roman armies, to be the *τύραννος*, or tyrant, or sovereign, or absolute ruler of the Roman empire: and there was as marked a difference between the *laurelled emperor* of the first and second centuries, and the *diademed sovereign* of the third, as there is between the President of the United States and the Autocrat of all the Russias. The name emperor was retained, but the government became an absolute despotism.

Is there any satisfactory historical evidence that this was regarded as a change of government? I must appeal to him who was the cleverest and most sarcastic infidel historian, but the most brilliant commentator, not by choice, but undesignedly, on Apocalyptic prophecy: Gibbon says, "Dioclesian assumed the diadem and introduced a new ceremonial: this WAS A NEW FORM OF GOVERNMENT;" it was, in short, the seventh head. "Dioclesian," says Gibbon, "may be called the founder of a NEW EMPIRE." Thus, you observe, the translation from the *στεφανος* to the *διαδημα*, from the laurel crown of the general who commanded the Roman army, to the diadem of the sovereign, who was the *δεσποτης* or *βασιλευς* in the Greek, or the *dominus* in the Latin, provinces of the empire, was so remarkable a change, that the historian says it was the commencement of a new dynasty; and thus we find the true solution of what so long puzzled commentators, in actual historical facts, of five heads that had passed away, a sixth that continued in the days of John, and of the seventh that was to last till he should be wounded to death, and also pass away to make room for the "wild beast from the abyss," or eighth head, or head of the Papal Apostasy.

The next declaration in this chapter is that the seventh head should be wounded to death—chap. xiii. 3—"And I saw one of his heads as it were wounded to death; and his deadly wound was healed, and all the world wondered after the beast;" and then, in chap. xvii., it is said, "five are fallen and one is, and the other is not yet come, and when he cometh he must continue a short space:" now, of course he is come now: and then he adds, "And the beast that was and is not, even he is the eighth, and is of the seven, and goeth into perdition;" *i. e.* this wild beast or head is to succeed the seventh so quickly, and be grafted, as it

were, upon the neck of the beast so closely and so unexpectedly, as to be of the seventh, and yet to be the eighth.

Let us endeavour to ascertain if there is any historical evidence that the seventh head, whom we have ascertained to be the diademed sovereign of the Roman empire, or "he who lets," according to St. Paul, was wounded to death in order to make way, as if mortally wounded, for the eighth. You recollect that the twelfth chapter, on which I have commented, pointed to a season of persecution by the heathen power; and you may recollect that that persecution was inflicted by the heathens on the Christians. Gibbon states that four great battles were fought in the days of Constantine, that is, under the *diademed* emperor; on which he makes the remark, "the sword of the Christian struck down the last pagan head of the Roman empire." And yet, as he states, though "mortally wounded"—the very language of the Apocalypse—he lived. The Apocalypse intimates that the seventh, though mortally wounded, continued a lingering, dying existence. And now Gibbon says, the heathens—after the heathen had been struck down—and, in the language of Gibbon, or in the words of the Apocalypse, he had received a deadly wound, he lived a little longer—or in the words of Gibbon, who is here the commentator of the Apocalypse—"the heathens cherished a secret hope that some auspicious revolution would yet restore to them all that they had lost;" till at last, as Gibbon goes on to say, "the violent and repeated strokes of the Christians gradually destroyed the pagan." Then, he adds, that in a full meeting of the senate, the emperor Constantine proposed to decide which was true by votes. I am not saying that this was a Christian mode of deciding what is truth and what is error: I am merely quoting an historical fact. But if I may venture to give an opinion: I would not desire you should take your creed from minister, prince, or emperor. No man has a right to dictate to you or me my belief: and while I would obey, and cheerfully obey, the powers that be, yet when it comes to the question whether the powers that be shall decide for me what creed I shall believe, then I must suffer rather than yield. I would rather be a martyr amid the smiles of truth, than be a prime minister amid the applause of the prince, and the plaudits of the multitude over the sacrifice

of truth—Gibbon, I repeat, states that in a full meeting of the senate, the emperor proposed for decision by vote, whether the worship of Jupiter or the worship of Christ should be the religion of Rome. Jupiter was condemned by a very large majority. In this instance the majority was right: whether the motives which actuated them, and the grounds on which they proceeded, were right, is a different question; but in their decision they were undoubtedly in the right. And then, says Gibbon—as if he had read the Apocalypse, and I do not believe he ever did read it; and as if he believed the Apocalypse, and he believed not a syllable of the New Testament—in almost the very language in which we read, that the seventh king received a deadly wound, or was mortally wounded, “THEODOSIUS INFLICTED A DEADLY WOUND ON THE SUPERSTITIONS OF THE PAGANS.” Thus we have the seventh head, or the pagan empire, swept away, and thereby leaving room for the eighth to come. It has been said in physics, nature abhors a vacuum: that is, you cannot make and maintain a vacuum; some crevice will be left, the smallest aperture will be sufficient for the atmosphere to rush in. What is true physically is true morally. There cannot be a moral vacuum. No man’s heart can ever be empty. You think when you have closed your heart against the entrance of the gospel, you have left it empty, swept, and garnished. My dear friends, it is only opened for seven demons to rush in and reign and revel there: man’s heart can never be empty; it must have God to fill it with his glory, or it will have an idol to fill it with superstition. If the seventh head disappears, another will occupy its place. A nation must have a religion.

The seventh head was wounded to death, but Satan had found a compensation for his loss in the eighth that followed: and, I must add, this one point opens to me a range of thought the most important, if I dare enter upon it. Satan felt that when paganism was smitten down never to rise again, he had lost one great servant and supporter upon earth. I believe that if ever Milton’s picture became fact, that Satan and the fallen angels in hell held conclave, or a synod, or a general council, it was on this occasion: and that as the result of their deliberations they pronounced the funeral oration of paganism—I would have said with tears, if

fallen spirits could weep; but it is their agony that they have the intensest sorrow, but no channel for tears; but surely if ever they felt pain, it was when paganism, the servant of Satan, was dethroned: but this sorrow was turned into joy, for if ever hell was lighted up with infernal joy, it was when Satan hit upon his masterpiece, the great Roman Apostasy. In other words, the wounding of the seventh head signifies the overthrow of paganism, and the eighth, its successor, describes Satan's compensatory provision, the supremacy and power of the great Roman Antichrist. This was a master-stroke, a compensation for loss; a defeat turned into victory, for Satan has done ten times more mischief by means of the instrumentality of an Hildebrand, or an Alexander VI., than ever he did by means of a Nero or a Tiberius. The vacancy was left by the destruction of the pagan head, and the eighth or Papal was prepared to fill it: and again I appeal for evidence to what is so clearly explanatory of the Apocalypse, history, and to the chiefest historian, Gibbon. Now what does he say when recording the facts of this very period, this very portion of the history of the world? He says, "Like Thebes, or Babylon, or Carthage, the name of Rome must have been erased from the earth, if the city had not been actuated by a vital principle which restored her to honour and dominion." This vital principle he explains to be a tradition that two Jewish teachers, a tent-maker and a fisherman, had been executed at Rome, in the circus of Nero—that after five hundred years their genuine or fictitious relics were adored as the Palladium of Rome—and that about this time the bishopric of Rome was filled by one of living energy, the first of the Gregories.

And two writers, describing the time when the eighth head thus became Satan's compensation for the wounding and death of the seventh head, or paganism that passed away, neither of them of very great celebrity, thus write:

Augustine Steuchus: "The empire having been overthrown, unless God had raised up the pontificate, Rome would have become uninhabitable."

Blondus writes: "The princes of the world now adore and worship as perpetual dictators the successors, not of Cæsar, but



of the fisherman Peter, that is, the supreme pontiff, the substitute of the aforementioned emperor."

I now proceed to give the explanation of another passage. There are ten horns, described by the Apocalyptic writer to be ten kingdoms. These ten kings, with their kingdoms, are stated to have been in communion with the beast; "to give their strength unto the beast;" that is, that they were to be part and parcel of the body of the beast. Let us endeavour to ascertain if there is any truth in this by an appeal to history. I refer to A. D. 532, and I find the following enumerated, not by Mr. Elliott, or any commentator on the Apocalypse, but by every historian of the period, viz. the Anglo-Saxons; the Franks of Central France; the Ullman Franks of Eastern France; the Burgundic Franks of South-eastern France; the Visigoths; the Suevi; the Vandals; the Ostrogoths in Italy; the Bavarians; the Lombards; making in all ten kingdoms, now known by more modern names, but constituting the main ten kingdoms of the Christian world. These ten kingdoms, I say, have been thus enumerated by various authorities, and admitted by almost every Romish, Protestant, or infidel historian since; and the ten horns therefore arising from the eighth head are, in simple language, the ten kingdoms that rose up under the superintendence and patronage of the Roman pontiff; and thus Müller, the celebrated German historian, gives a confirmation of this very symbol or hieroglyph of the Apocalypse, when he remarks, "WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE PAPACY, THESE TEN KINGDOMS HAD NO OTHER POINT OF UNION." They shall give their strength to the beast, and shall be part and parcel of the great Apostasy.

And now I must attempt to describe the development of this power. First, then, the great policy of Satan was to compensate himself for the defection of the seventh head, or the ruin of paganism. To do this he hit upon the scheme of Romanism; a scheme that assumes the name, but renders null every precept of the gospel, and has all the virus without the honesty of that infidelity or paganism which had passed away—which was Cæsar's vile brass stamped with Cæsar's superscription; whereas Popery, or the religion of the eighth head, is Cæsar's vile brass still, but wickedly stamped with the image and superscription of the Son

of God. The one was Satan honest, and acting as an honest devil. The latter is Satan acting as an angel of light. The one denied all truth—denounced all hope; the other professes to admit all truth, while it really overwhelms all truth by the sanction and the admission of error. Open, my dear friends, what I have often explained, the Roman Catholic Creed; a mere reference to it will show you at once what Popery is. It first admits twelve articles called the Nicene Creed, drawn up by the Council of Nice in 325; it is contained in the liturgy of the Church of England, and in Scotland I believe we learn the foundation of it, on which it was constructed, the Apostles' Creed, which is in our Catechism, and also in the Westminster Confession of Faith. But to these twelve articles you observe, they add twelve other articles. The second of the twelve novel articles is as follows:—"I also admit the sacred Scriptures in the sense in which holy mother Church has held and does hold, to whom it belongs to judge of the true sense and interpretation of the Holy Scriptures; nor will I ever take or interpret them otherwise than according to the unanimous consent of the Fathers." Such is the fourteenth article of the Roman Catholic Creed. The mystery of godliness is that God should come down to the limits of a man; the mystery of iniquity, that a man should dare to usurp and assume the attributes of God. And here is the explanation of the mystery. There is first the admission of every Christian truth; then, corresponding to it, the application of an antichristian lie. The temptations of Popery are like the temptation of Eve by Satan. He did not say, "God hath not said," he insinuated a doubt. "Can it be so? surely you are mistaken, that God hath said you shall die, a creature so fair, so lovely, so beautiful. It is impossible. The laws of nature and physical science tell you that my interpretation is correct; you shall not die. I can tell you, by my own experience as an angel, that ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil." Eve first became accustomed to have the word of God explained away, and then she learned to disbelieve it, and lastly felt it taken from beneath her altogether, till she learned what good was by its evanescence, and what evil was by feeling its corrosive poison thrill through all her moral economy. So Satan seduced the visible church.

It was as a commentator on Scripture, not as an avowed opponent of it, that he introduces the Apostasy, and just while the seventh head was still in existence—while the church was in its Puseyistic state, prior to its full development in the Popish state—for Puseyism is but Popery in miniature; Popery is but Puseyism at full length—Satan first quoted the text, “Thou art Peter, and upon this rock will I build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it;” and upon the perversion of that text he laid the foundation of the superstructure of the Roman Catholic Apostasy. I explained its meaning in my last lecture, but I have just one thought more upon it that struck me in correcting the report of the last lecture. *Πετρος*, I told you, means a little stone—a fragment struck out from the rock. “And upon this *πετρα* I will build my church:” not on *πετρος*, masculine, meaning a little stone, but on *πετρα*, feminine, meaning the solid rock. Now hear its obviously true exposition: Christ presents himself to us as a builder, who is going to build a church—a composition of such stones as Peter was; for what is the church? a fabric, a building, erected of *πετροι*, living stones, all based on the great stone, or solid Rock of Ages; a number of elect stones, chosen from the quarries of the earth, and built upon the Rock of Ages—the same body that is called the woman in the wilderness—the two witnesses—the church of the living God. This is that against which the gates of hell shall not prevail. Satan’s grand policy lay in confounding the true church with the visible church—the truly regenerate with the baptized—the man-baptized with the God-baptized—those who are Christians in heart with those who are Christians in name only: and in this intermingling of heaven and earth, he raised the great antichristian Apostasy. Now there are two temples, one built upon Christ, composed of living *πετροι*—living stones—taken from nature’s quarry; selected, and cut, and squared by God himself—cemented by living love—until they grow up into a glorious fabric, immovable and immortal; but there rises along with it—parallel to it—more impressive to the eyes of men—more beautiful before princes—more attractive to the senses—more fascinating to the mere carnal beholders—so charming to the mere man of taste, that the celebrated architect,

Mr. Pugin, became a Roman Catholic, not by Popish reasons, but by the magic of Popish building—so fascinating in its exterior, that all men who are guided by their senses only are disposed to join it—the fabric of the Romish Apostasy. You may yet have to make your choice: the time may come again when gold will lie upon the altars, and rich gifts upon the shrines of the Popish church, and the desert, the den, the cave, the solitary places of the earth, will be the portion of God's people. Some one made the sarcastic remark, that in every one hundred persons, you may calculate on making converts of ninety-nine, if you can only captivate their five senses. Satan believes so. He made Popery on this principle. Popery has splendid paintings for the eye—gorgeous music for the ear—incense for the smell—on that side license, on the other, absolution. Rome captivates the senses, and she counts on all the rest. I have seen Popery in its splendour—Tractarianism is but a shabby imitation of it—with no contiguous Protestantism. I have said, when I listened to the pealing of its organs—when I beheld the beauty of its paintings, the *chef-d'œuvres*, the master-pieces of the world, affixed to its walls—when I beheld the sunbeams shedding their light through the beautiful windows, reflected from the golden robes of twenty or thirty intoning, crossing, and genuflecting priests—If I were not a Christian I would be a Roman Catholic: but I am a Christian by grace; and, by grace, I never can become a Roman Catholic. My dear friends, those whose names are written in the Lamb's book of life, never can become Roman Catholics. Popery makes no converts of regenerated hearts. It does not attempt to do so. Such are beyond her reach, and she knows it. Did you never read that when armies are marching to the battle, there is always seen a dark speck approaching from the distant point of the horizon, hovering with outspread pinions over the field, keeping without the range of gunshot, yet following the scent of blood. Have you not read, or perhaps seen, that this foul vulture, the instant it sees a soldier fall, dashes upon him like a thunderbolt from the sky, and feeds upon his vitals, and gorges itself with his blood. It attempts not to touch the living warrior, it seeks the slain. That vulture is the type of Romanism—she leaves the man whose heart has been

quickenened with the electric spark of grace divine—who has been made alive by the Spirit of God; she will neither approach nor touch him; but the dead, they who have the name without the reality of religion—believers in Christ by profession, but not in principle—those who have been baptized by man, but not baptized by God—she seizes on as her quarry, and carries away captive. I say, when I think of the multitude of unbelievers, and the fewness of true Christians, I do not wonder that Rome makes so many converts—I wonder that she does not make many more. If I saw the whole church of Christ composed of living believers, we could sit upon our island rocks and hurl defiance, in the name of God, to all the swarms of priests that are threatening us; but when I see so many who are mere professors—and if there be any inconsistency in earth or hell, it is the inconsistency of merely professing Christians—I fear for our country.

Only three days ago, one of the secretaries of the London Missionary Society came to me, and said that the secretaries of the different Missionary Societies had been consulting together on the painful fact that, wherever the missionaries of Christ endeavour to spread the gospel, they are assailed by the emissaries of Rome endeavouring to circulate the errors of Antichrist. I have promised to the Rev. Mr. Freeman to prepare a book or explanation of texts misinterpreted by the priests and misapplied by them, in order that it may be put into the hands of missionaries of all denominations. My dear friends, the conflict between truth and error seems to come on quickly—their respective forces are getting ready; those only will be more than conquerors who have washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb, and to whom Christianity is more than a letter—to whom it is life and light, and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.

## LECTURE XVI.

## THE WILD BEAST FROM THE SEA.

“And he opened his mouth in blasphemy against God, to blaspheme his name, and his tabernacle, and them that dwell in heaven.

“And it was given unto him to make war with the saints, and to overcome them: and power was given him over all kindreds, and tongues, and nations.

“And all that dwell upon the earth shall worship him, whose names are not written in the book of life of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world.

“If any man have an ear, let him hear.

“He that leadeth into captivity shall go into captivity: he that killeth with the sword must be killed with the sword. Here is the patience and the faith of the saints.

“And I beheld another beast coming up out of the earth; and he had two horns like a lamb, and he spake as a dragon.

“And he exerciseth all the power of the first beast before him, and causeth the earth and them which dwell therein to worship the first beast, whose deadly wound was healed.

“And he doeth great wonders, so that he maketh fire come down from heaven on the earth in the sight of men,

“And deceiveth them that dwell on the earth by the means of those miracles which he had power to do in the sight of the beast; saying to them that dwell on the earth, that they should make an image to the beast, which had the wound by a sword, and did live.

“And he had power to give life unto the image of the beast, that the image of the beast should both speak, and cause that as many as would not worship the image of the beast should be killed.

“And he caused all, both small and great, rich and poor, free and bond, to receive a mark in their right hand, or in their foreheads:

“And that no man might buy or sell, save he that had the mark, or the name of the beast, or the number of his name.

“Here is wisdom. Let him that hath understanding count the number of the beast: for it is the number of a man; and his number is six hundred three-score and six.”—*Revelation* xiii. 6–18.

THOSE who were present last Sunday evening will recollect how completely I identified the eighth head that was to arise on the destruction of the seventh, with the little horn of Daniel, or with the antichrist spoken of in 2 Thess. ii., and with the wild

beast to arise from the abyss in the seventeenth chapter of this book. I showed you by clear historical facts that the eighth head was an ecclesiastical power that followed on the destruction of the seventh, and that that ecclesiastical power reigns at Rome to this day. I proved its identity with the popes of Rome, first by showing that the seven hills is the very description employed by classic writers to describe Rome. I showed you, too, that the seven heads denote, as it is explained in chap. xvii., seven forms of political government—five in existence before John's day—the sixth, or the imperial, in his day—the seventh, or the change from the *στεφανος* of the general of the Roman armies to the *διαδημα*, the symbol of the Asiatic sovereigns, in the days of Dioclesian, and immediately after the destruction of this the seventh head, the rise and power of the eighth, in the pope of Rome and his successors. I was obliged to defer to this evening the proofs and characteristics of the eighth head, as these are declared in the sequel of the thirteenth chapter; and also the explanation of the second wild beast, that had horns like a lamb and spake as a dragon; and next, of the image of the beast; and lastly, the number of his name, 666—each of which I will therefore attempt to describe.

Now, to illustrate the great position which I assumed last Sunday evening, I shall have simply to make extracts, and these extracts, if they have any value, have this at least, that they are from authentic and original sources. You may depend on the extracts that I make, and the references that I give, as perfectly authentic.

I will first trace the initial history of the eighth head in the popes of Rome, and show from what small beginnings their tremendous power originally sprang. First, Peter was gratuitously assumed to be the prince of the apostles. For this assumption there was no evidence in authentic history or in Scripture. It was merely the conclusion of those that wished it to be true. Next, Rome assumed to be the place of the martyrdom and sepulchre of the ashes of Peter and of Paul; although there is no evidence in Scripture, and not very much in ecclesiastical history, that Peter ever was at Rome at all. Most certain it is, that, if ever he was there, there is no evidence whatever that he

was constituted the bishop of that see or prince of the apostles, or if he was so constituted, that he bequeathed his prerogatives and powers to the popes that should follow. In the next place, the bishop of Rome, being the prelate of the metropolitan see, a see peculiarly central, and a locality beyond all others celebrated in the history of the past, was naturally deferred to and respected by the rest of the ministers and bishops of Christendom. By and by it came to be a custom that when disputes occurred between the bishops or ministers of other dioceses, the bishop of Rome, as being the most prominent, the most powerful, and, owing to these facts not the least learned, was selected to be umpire, and to decide their controversies; and out of these elements and on this basis there shot up that tremendous despotism which has lorded it over the consciences of men, and bestridden the kingdoms and empires of the earth.

By and by bolder claims were put forth, and as early as at the Council of Ephesus, A. D. 431, the legate of Celestine, the then existing pope, made the statement, "A thing it is undoubted that the apostle Peter received the keys and the power of binding and loosing; and Peter still lives and exercises power in his successors even at this day." About twenty years after this, Pope Leo said, "As being the see of the blessed Peter, the pope is made the head of the world." I need not explain to you what a see is. It is derived from the word *sedes*, a seat, a pulpit, the place where the minister or the presiding minister sat. And I may also here state—and I am aware you will not say it arises from prejudice, but from facts—I believe the very earliest form of ecclesiastical politics was that of a presiding minister with two or three ministers under him; but then the extent of his diocese was a congregation within four walls. For instance, we read that Cyprian was bishop of Carthage; but how many presbyters had he, do you think? When you hear the word bishop, you think of the bishop of London, or the bishop of Winchester—you think of one who is made a lord by the laws of the realm—who exercises great power and lives in great splendour; but the bishops of the primitive church were simply the presiding ministers, who each exercised control over two or three ministers under him, and whose only diocese was probably about forty feet



square ; and the only income of the bishops was derived, not from the pew-rents, for I think they were not then known, but from the gratuitous contributions of the people that met together ; and accordingly Cyprian, bishop of Carthage, primitive in this respect, though not so in others, had just five presbyters under him, and these presbyters he sent forth to make converts to the gospel through the length and breadth of Africa.

Then Hilary, we read, the successor of Leo, accepted the title, in the fifth century, of successor of Peter, to whom the keys of the kingdom belong. Pope Gelasius said, "There are two authorities by which the world is governed, the pontifical and the royal, and in divine things it becomes kings to bow the neck to priests, especially to the head of priests, whom Christ's own voice has set over the universal church." And Pope Symmachus, when presiding at a Roman council, accepted the defence set up for him by Ennodius, "that the pope was judge in the place of God, and could himself be judged of no man." And, finally, we read that Justinian in his code, and, seventy years afterward, Phocas, the emperor, in his decree, constituted the pope the great head and ruler of the church universal, and commanded all men to obey his behests, or to be punished with imprisonments, confiscation of goods, exile and death, in case of disobedience or dissent.

Such, then, is the rise of the Papal power. Now, you will recollect, I identified the wild beast from the abyss with the little horn of Daniel ; that little horn having eyes as a seer, being literally a seer ; and the translation of the Greek word *ἐπίσκοπος*, which we have Saxonized into bishop, is an overseer—not an overlooker, as the best of bishops sometimes are—but an overseer, as bishops ought to be, superintending and taking care of the duties that devolve upon them. I showed you this little horn was the symbol and prophetic type of the pope. I read from the seventh of Daniel the account of the ten horns, or the ten kingdoms, which I identified and named—of whom three were to fall before the little horn ; for it is written, "And of the ten horns which were in his head, and of the other which came up"—*i. e.* the little horn—"and before whom three fell." In like manner we find in the Book of Revelation the ten horns were ten king-

doms subject to the pope, and that three of those kingdoms were subverted, in order to make way for the development and expansion of the Papal power. I open the pages of Gibbon, or of any other faithful and authentic historian, and find that three great kingdoms, the Vandals, the Ostrogoths, and the Lombards, were found to be extremely troublesome neighbours to the pope, interfering with his power, checking his pretensions, and otherwise disturbing the privileges he believed to belong to his see; and these three were rooted up and destroyed: and thus there is seen to be complete identity between the prophecy of Daniel, the Apocalypse of John, and the records of history.

We have before us the full and gradual development of that terrible power; and we have, in that gradual development, a striking evidence of what Mr. Newman assumed for all the doctrines of the popedom, namely, the power, the inherent power of a gradual progressive expansion. Mr. Newman says that the apostles planted the seeds of truth, and nothing more; that it was left to the church to foster and develop them; he contends that transubstantiation is the legitimate development of the Lord's supper, and that the pope of Rome, lording it over the kings of the earth, is the proper divine development of the ancient fisherman Peter. Mr. Newman's idea is this: that the acorn of truth is planted in the soil, where it gradually germinates and shoots up, until at last, in the nineteenth century, it appears in the form of the outspreading and gigantic oak. But when we come to analyze the proofs of his theory, and the illustration that he gives of it, we find that he has mistaken his illustration; and that the true symbol is not the acorn expanding into the oak, but the snowball starting from the summit of the loftiest snow-clad Alp, rolling down the mountain side, attaching to itself snow, ice, straw, earth, stones, stubble, until it lies at the bottom of the hill, a tremendous aggregate of all that is corrupt in nature, and heterogeneous in composition.

I proceed in the next place, after thus touching upon the gradual development of the Papacy, to show proofs—and these are spread over every page of the history of the past—of one distinctive and branding character here ascribed to the pope, that he “opened his mouth in blasphemies against God, and blasphemed

his name," and that there was given unto him a mouth speaking great things and blasphemies." I need scarcely tell you that this is the common character that pervades all the portraits. In Daniel, the predicted apostate speaks great things. In Paul's Epistle to the Thessalonians, "he exalts himself above all that is called God." In this chapter he is represented as "speaking blasphemies." In chap. xvii. the very same character is applied to him. We may therefore assume, that if the pope can be proved to speak blasphemy, not once, nor twice, but statedly, and inseparably from his very office, he is, in this respect alone, the identical wild beast from the sea described in chap. xiii. of the Book of Revelation. Let us see, then, if there is evidence of this.

First, I will give an extract from the official directory for the election of the pope, the prescriptions of which are to be followed whenever a new pope is chosen. In that directory, which is embodied in the *Notitia Romana*—that is, the standing orders of the Court of Rome, edited by a Jesuit, and published in 1683—the following description is given:—"After the pope's election and proclamation, the pope, attired in his pontifical dress, is borne in the pontifical chair to the church of St. Peter, and is there placed upon the high altar, where he is saluted, for the third time, by the cardinals kissing his hand and foot and mouth, and, in the mean time, the *Te Deum* is sung—'We praise thee, O God! we acknowledge thee to be the Lord,'—and when the *adoration* by them is over, the pontiff then descends from the altar." Now, recollect what the altar is with the Roman Catholic. It is that sacred spot in the temple of God on which the wafer, or the consecrated host—his God—lies, as soon as the priest pronounces the words, "*Hoc enim est corpus meum.*" The Roman Catholic believes that what was flour and water to all the senses, a moment before, by being placed on the altar, and breathed on by the priest, is turned into the soul and divinity, the literal flesh and the literal blood of the Son of the living God. And it is upon this altar, on which the Roman Catholic priest pretends to offer Christ as a propitiation for the sins of the living and the dead, that the pope is placed. On that spot, the most sacred in the eye of a Romanist, on the spot to which the Roman Catholic turns to adore and worship his God, the pope is throned and "adored" by

the cardinals, and the *Te Deum* is the incense that is raised in his presence.

But perhaps you will say, "This is an old, and, it may be, an obsolete book." No doctrine is obsolete in the Church of Rome. Her doctrines are stereotyped—she boasts that she is unchanged and unchangeable, and every one cannot but feel, that if a doctrine was infallibly orthodox in the sixteenth century, it cannot be infallibly heterodox in the nineteenth. Truth must be still true, in all the centuries of time, in all latitudes and longitudes of the earth, and under all circumstances. But lest there should be the least misapprehension in this matter, I will prove that these blasphemies are neither obsolete nor repudiated. I will refer to so recent a fact as the election of the present "liberal" pope, who, we are told by his friends, is resolved there shall be no tyranny in his domains, no despotism beneath his crosier. I open a newspaper published in France under the auspices of the Jesuits, called *L'Univers*, and in this paper I read the following account of the consecration of the present pope, Pius IX:—"On the 17th June, 1840, about half-past five, his holiness, Pius IX., appeared at St. Peter's, to receive the adoration of the cardinals. Having entered the Sistine chapel, the pope prays: *he then seats himself upon the altar*, where he receives the adoration"—not the *homage*, mind you, but the *adoration*—"of the cardinals, who also kissed his hands and his feet; his holiness was then raised on the *sedia*, preceded by the cross, and the choristers of the papal chapel chaunt, 'Behold the great high-priest,' is carried to the basilique or church of St. Peter, then placed upon the middle of the high altar of St. Peter, he there received the third adoration of the cardinals. The cardinal Dorien, having first made his obedience, intones the *Te Deum*, which the choristers continue till the pope has received the adoration of all the sacred college, then the cardinal intones, 'Our Father who art in heaven.' " I may just notice, all the bishops, clergy, cardinals, and priests kiss the pope's hand, but the greatest sovereign upon the earth—Queen Victoria—if she were to be so misguided as to offer such homage, which I am sure, by the grace of God, she never will be, would not be allowed to kiss the hands of the pope, but must kneel down and kiss his feet. The highest layman in the world down to the

lowest, in order to show the superiority of the pontiff to all civil power, must kiss the pontiff's feet, and not, as the clergy do, his hands. I have spoken of the power of the pope. Let me show that it is real, and requires room only to develop its pretensions. Two years ago, there were instituted in Ireland certain colleges for the education of the young. It was supposed by the government that then was—that education apart from religion would be acceptable to all, and I think that in Ireland any light is better than the darkness they have, and therefore, for one, I was not disposed to complain of these institutions. No religion was to be taught, the only subjects were to be sciences, literature, mathematics, languages, history, philosophy. It is true I felt pity for the poor professors who might be appointed, because I cannot conceive how it is possible—still very talented men might contrive to effect it—but I say, I cannot see how it is possible to teach any thing upon earth, and yet keep out the word and get rid of the continual presence of God, who is the author of all science, and the end of all literature. Yet any light is better there than no light. These colleges were appointed. Two-thirds of the Roman Catholic bishops of Ireland approved of the plan, and expressed themselves thankful for it. I thought this was a token for good. They expected to make proselytes. We expected to do the same. One bishop, who calls himself—blasphemously enough, I cannot but feel—"the Lion of the tribe of Judah," protested against the colleges. The matter was referred to the pope. Did Pius IX. say, I have no jurisdiction in Ireland? Only ten days ago, this same Pope Pius IX., the liberal pope, the reforming pope, issued his bull, in which he declares his decision against them. These colleges must be left to moulder in the winds of heaven, not a bishop who approves of them dare patronize them, not one Papist dare enter them. The bishops, the priests, and the people, all obey, as if it were the bidding of a god. A power resides upon the banks of the Tiber that can command by a word seven millions of the population of Great Britain.

By way of illustrating the origin of this power assumed, and, in the case of Ireland, wielded by the pope, I will quote from the very same paper, *L'Univers*, not only the description of the pope's

consecration, but the description also of his coronation. The pope receives not only the mitre, which would make him the *summus sacerdos*, or *pontifex maximus*, but he receives also the tiara, which has quite a distinct and separate meaning, and I will show you what its meaning is, by referring to the words used at the ceremony. "The cardinal puts on the tiara"—the tiara is a cap composed of three crowns. There have been various mystic interpretations of it—some have explained it to denote that the pope is lord of heaven, that is the first crown; lord of earth, that is the second; and lord of hell, or rather of purgatory, that is the third. But whatever be the meaning of it, the words used in the ceremony, when the tiara is placed upon the pope's head, are, "Receive thou the tiara adorned with three crowns, in token that thou art the father of princes and kings, the governor of the world, the vicar of our Saviour Jesus Christ upon earth, to whom be glory and honour, for ever and ever, Amen."

Such, then, is the record of the consecration and coronation of the pope. Having heard these strange and extraordinary pretensions, you cannot, if you are acquainted with your Bibles, but instinctively revert to that striking description which the apostle Paul gives to the Thessalonians, of one that "sitteth in the temple of God, saying that he is God, and exalteth himself above all that is called God." Every expression used by the apostle is ecclesiastical and distinctly allusive. The word "sitteth" is there *καθίσαι*, which is the origin of the word cathedral. The meaning of *cathedra* is strictly a seat; and the cathedral was the church which contained the bishop's cathedral or chief seat. Now, when the apostle speaks of the pope, he says, that he will have his cathedral in the church—*ναος*—that is, the most sacred end—the high altar; thus *ναος*, the word that he uses for temple, is not the common word that is employed for temple in the New Testament, but a totally different word—the most sacred place of the temple, or, as the Roman Catholic would say, the altar end of the temple. Now, says the apostle, he sits there, opposing and "exalting himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped, showing himself that he is God." I will now read to you a document which also conveys the same idea of blasphemies—for that is the Scripture epithet bestowed on the as-

sumptions of the pope. The quotation is authoritative, being from one of the symbolical books of the Church of Rome. It is entitled, "Libri Symbolici Ecclesiæ Catholicæ editi a Streitwolf, Götting. 1838." The passage I now quote is to be found in vol. ii. p. 343, and it is called the Confession of the Catholic faith to be taken by all Protestants in Hungary, conforming to that faith. "*First*, We confess that we have been brought from heresy to the Roman faith, by the diligence of the fathers of the Society of Jesus. *Secondly*, We confess that the pope of Rome is head of the church, and cannot err. *Thirdly*, We confess and are certain that the pope of Rome is vicar of Christ, and has plenary power of retaining and remitting sins, according to his will, and of thrusting men down into hell. *Fourthly*, We confess that whatever new thing the pope of Rome may have instituted, whether it be in Scripture or out of Scripture, is true, divine, and full of salvation, and therefore ought to be regarded as of higher value by lay-people than even the precepts of the living God. *Fifthly*, We confess that the most holy pontiff ought to be honoured by all with divine honour, with more prostration than even what is due to Christ himself." Now, recollect, this document is not a document propounded in this country, but a document restricted to Hungary, propounded by the Jesuits, and set forth in the year 1838, as a creed to be received by all that become converts from Protestantism to Romish superstition. And the eleventh article of this document is, "We confess that the pope has power of altering Scripture, or increasing or diminishing it according to his will." How truly descriptive of him who openeth his mouth in blasphemy, blaspheming the temple and the name of God!

Another class of proofs of Papal blasphemy I take from the "Moral Theology" of Liguori, whose writings have recently been brought before the public by an esteemed friend of my own, the Rev. Mr. Blakeney, incumbent of a church in Nottingham.

In 1839, Liguori was canonized, that is, declared by the pope to be a saint in heaven; and a collect was drawn up, which is in every Roman Catholic missal, and is prayed by every Roman Catholic once a year. "O God, who didst give blessed Liguori to be a doctor to thy church, grant that we may be enlightened by

his doctrine, and benefited by his intercession." Before he was canonized, there were twenty different examinations made of his writings, and all were pronounced faultless; four popes declared his writings were absolutely perfect; the Sacred Congregation of Rites at Rome, composed of cardinals and bishops, declared they had examined his "Moral Theology," and there was nothing in it in the least degree untrue. He was canonized by a pope; he is now worshipped by Roman Catholics: his doctrines, of course, are of the highest authority, next to church authority itself, and in giving extracts from it, I quote the acknowledged theology of the church. Now, let me show what he says by way of proving, however unintentionally, that the pope is the wild beast from the abyss, that openeth his mouth in blasphemy. First of all, on the fourth commandment, that is, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," you will find it stated by him, "The pope can decree that the observance of the Lord's day shall continue only for a few hours." He assumes the power of enlarging or restricting a divine commandment. Again, on the commandment, "Thou shalt not kill," Liguori quotes with approbation this sentiment:—"Those who are confined in prisons may slay themselves, or commit suicide, for the purpose of avoiding the certain sentence of death." On another commandment, "Thou shalt not steal," Liguori says, "A servant can, according to his own judgment, compensate himself for his labours, if he think that he deserves more wages than those that he has received." Thus, then, you have the Papal power annulling the commandments of God, setting itself *above* God, and pronouncing that to be void which God has pronounced to be eternal and unchangeable. But, lest it should be supposed that there is any thing strange or startling in this, I will quote similar instances from catechisms I hold in my hand. I have four Roman Catholic catechisms, bound together for the sake of convenience. The first is a catechism composed by the four Roman Catholic archbishops of Ireland, and the ten commandments are contained in it thus:—"Repeat the ten commandments of God. *A.* I am the Lord thy God; thou shalt not have strange gods before me. 2. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." Now, every one acquainted with his Bible misses a whole commandment.



The Roman Catholic Church divides the decalogue differently from us. I give her all the credit of that; but what we complain of is, that she has left out what we Protestants enumerate as the second command, and what she herself, according to her own arrangement, must call nine-tenths of the first commandment. You naturally inquire, What can be the reason of that? The answer is plain. It was left to the pope either to raise his worship to the height of the requirements of God's word, or to bring down God's word to the depth of the debasement of his worship: he preferred the latter, and made God's word suit his worship, instead of making his worship suit God's word. He "opened his mouth in blasphemy against God." And lest you should think that this was extraordinary, I will produce another specimen, from another quarter. I have here a catechism that was picked up in the streets of Rome, by a lady, a friend of mine; and if there be sacredness in its soil, as our Tractarian friends assert, there is sacredness in this catechism, for it is covered by the mud from which it was picked up by this lady. This catechism was issued under the authority of the Roman pontiff, drawn up by Bellarmine, the celebrated Roman cardinal, and published in 1839. In this catechism the second commandment is omitted, just as it is in the Irish one; but in addition to this, our fourth commandment is thus given:—"Recordati de sanctificare le feste;" that is, "Remember to keep holy the festivals." The Sabbath is thus expunged from the law, in the exercise of the same power which is arrogated by the pope. No man can set himself more distinctly above God than he who pretends to annul and set aside God's commandments! Would not that man be setting himself above our queen who should assume to invalidate the laws of our land. The fourth commandment is cast out in the Italian catechism from the ten. The Sabbath, in short, is cast away, and the inventions of men substituted for the institutions and appointments of God.

Thus, then, I have given you the evidences that the pope opens his mouth in blasphemies. In speaking, however, of the pope's liberties with the law of God, let me say I have always admired one thing in the Church of England. There is much that I admire in every section of the church. What Christian

will not admire the spirituality of one section, the energy and devotedness of a second, and the stability and resources of a third? But one thing in the Church of England I like—the ten commandments, in full, are painted on the walls of her churches. I think I shall have them written in their Protestant fulness on the walls of my own church, as soon as the walls are dry. It is a beautiful protest against that church that suppresses one, and mistranslates, perverts, and corrupts another. Let the Papist stick up his images; but let the Protestant inscribe texts alone, our only images, on the walls of his church. I may give another instance of this making void the commandments of God, by quoting from the Moral Theology of another distinguished writer in the Roman Catholic Church. I need not tell you, perhaps, that there is a college in Ireland called the Royal College of St. Patrick at Maynooth; I do not wish to make any remark in the least that might be misconstrued about the institution; but, surely, it cannot be interfering with things too high for me, if I merely quote as pure Popery what is taught there to the rising priests of Ireland, by giving extracts from one of the class-books used there. We may surely quote what we are taxed for spreading, and it can be no reflection to that church to adduce the sentiments actually sanctioned by its prelates and propagated by its teachers. It is from the Moral Theology of Bailly, and that part which treats of the decalogue, chap. 37, p. 232. He says, “How much must be stolen in order to constitute a mortal sin?” How much? you observe, is the question; and the answer is, “Theologians are accustomed to divide men into four classes: first, those who live in splendour; secondly, those who live on their own estates; thirdly, tradesmen, artificers, and those who support themselves by their labour; and fourthly, the poor.” Now, notice what is laid down. That “mortal sin is committed by persons of the third rank if sixty pence be stolen.” Mortal sin is defined to be the sin that ruins the soul; and venial sin, “sin that does not break charity between man and man, or between man and God.” A person, then, who steals sixty pence from this class is guilty of a mortal sin—a sin for which he may be damned for ever; but if he steals to the value of fifty-nine pence three farthings, he is only guilty of a venial sin, which

does not break charity between man and man, or between God and man. Heaven and hell are suspended on a halfpenny!! Thus, you observe, by a sophistry the most plausible, by an argument the most refined, the commandments of God are made of none effect through the traditions of men. Thus the pope assumes power and prerogatives superior to God, and annuls, cancels, and modifies the commandments of heaven, to suit the conveniences of earth—the consciences of sinners. But I must give you one or two more illustrations of this point. In the fourth session of the Lateran, a Venetian prelate thus addressed the pope:—(you will recollect what I am illustrating, *viz.* “his opening his mouth in blasphemies against God”—his being guilty of blasphemy:)—“Thou art our Shepherd, our Physician—in short, a second God upon earth.” At the sixth session of the Lateran, the bishop of Modrusium called the pope, “The Lion of the tribe of Judah—the promised Saviour. Thou shalt rule from sea to sea.” On the election of a pope, the following words are used, even by the conclave:—“I tell you good tidings of great joy,” (you recollect when these words were employed before,) “a new pope is elected.”

Cardinal Bellarmine says, “The pope is the father of fathers, the pontiff of Christians, the prince of priests, the vicar of Christ, the head of the body the church, the foundation of the building, the universal bishop.” Again, Lord Anthony Pucci, in the ninth session of the fifth Lateran, said, “The sight of thy divine majesty,” addressing the pope, “does not a little terrify me, for I am not ignorant that all power, both in heaven and in earth, is given unto you; that prophetic saying is fulfilled in you, ‘All the kings of the earth shall worship him, and all the nations shall serve him.’” The bishop of Bitonto, at the Council of Trent, in 1546, said, “The pope is come a light into the world, and men love darkness rather than light.” Pope *Nicholas*, addressing the emperor Michael, says, “The pope, who is called God by Constantine, can never be bound or released by man, for God cannot be judged by man.” Of Alexander VI. it was said, “Cæsar was a man, Alexander was a God.”

I have thus given extracts to prove that the pope answers to the Apocalyptic description, “opening his mouth in blasphemy.”

And if the pope be not the power that answers to that Apocalyptic description, I ask you to specify any power in the last nineteen centuries of the church, in any portion of the church, that makes the faintest approximation to the portrait here sketched, or so vividly fulfils the prophetic description.

It is next said in this chapter, xiii. 14, "These kings have one mind, and shall give their power and strength unto the beast." In the eighth century—to give an illustration of this—Gregory II. boasted, "All the kings of the West reverence the pope as God." Charlemagne received his title and his empire as a donative from the pope. The Western emperors took an oath "to be submissive to the pontiff and to the Roman Church." The Spanish king resigned his kingdom, that he might receive it again at the hand of the pope. John, king of England, resigned his crown to the pope's legate, that he might receive it as the vassal of the Roman see. It was the duty of kings of old to hold the pope's stirrup, and to kiss his foot. Pope Celestine III., A. D. 1191, struck off Henry VI. the German emperor's crown, with his foot. Pope Pius V. deposed Queen Elizabeth, declaring, "God hath set me as a prince over all nations, to root out and to pull down, to destroy and to build." The Church of Rome has not renounced that deposition; and, at this moment, the bull "in Cœnâ Domini," an authentic document of Rome, denounces not only Elizabeth, but all her successors holding heretical, *i. e.* Protestant principles. And to show that the Church of Rome was not ashamed of Pius V. for denouncing and absolving the subjects of Elizabeth from their allegiance, she has introduced into her Breviary the following collect: "O God, who for *crushing* the enemies of thy church, didst choose the blessed Pius as pope"—crushing not the heresies, but the "enemies" of the church. Thus she celebrates the deeds and proclaims the glory of that pontiff who dared to depose the queen of England, and to absolve all her subjects from their lawful allegiance. And not only were kings thus submissive to the Papal power, but the people were no less so. They believed his dogmas, they feared his bulls, and they paid for his indulgences; and Gerson, the most enlightened speaker at the Council of Trent, said, "The people think of the pope as they think of the one God." And

the Sicilian ambassadors sent there thus addressed the pope: "O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world." In one word, "all the earth wondered after the beast," and "all that dwell in the earth shall worship him, whose names are not written in the book of life of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world."

The next feature in this description of the wild beast from the abyss is, that he should war with the saints and overcome them; in the seventeenth chapter, the woman is described as drunk with the blood of the saints and with the "blood of the martyrs of Jesus." Need I refer to the Inquisition, which sent its emissaries like an argus-eyed police into every land, that made the father accuse the son, and the son the father, and infected the whole social atmosphere of Europe with one terrible and fearful suspiciousness, so that no man felt that he was safe when he spoke to his fellow—no relative was sure that what he unbosomed to his nearest relative would not be made a reason for placing him in the Inquisition, a prisoner for life, or a victim doomed to death? I need not mention the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Who has not read of the massacre of St. Bartholomew? Hear a sketch of it.

"At length Charles IX., casting his half-closed eyes on the floor, gave the fatal order for the murder of his subjects. The alarm-bell of St. Germain was instantly rung, and in a moment the Palais, the Tuileries, the banks of the river, the public places, the streets, the churches and edifices of Paris, were brilliantly illuminated.

"Guided by those terrible lights, which enveloped the capital as in a circle of fire, they distinguished the dwellings of heretics by the fresh-made marks. '*Open, by command of the king,*' was the order given by the murderers. Some hastened to obey, and their lives were extinguished with the lights which they brought to see who called them; others, opening their windows to discover who knocked at so unseasonable an hour, fell, struck by twenty balls at once: another, burying himself in the bed-clothes, would perhaps pretend to be fast asleep; his door was shattered in pieces, and two or three assassins, separating from the rest, ran and slaughtered him in his bed. Sometimes they

left the house unstained with blood; but, dragging the victim from his couch into the street, they gave him up to the weapons of the populace. As the spoils of the doomed were to belong to those who should despatch them, a thousand blades were raised at once over the unfortunate wretch, whose death, swift as lightning, left no time for pain. Happy they who were thus surprised in their first sleep; their sufferings were brief; but when the hands of the murderers became wearied with slaughter, the agony of the sufferer was prolonged for hours.

“While blood was thus spilt in torrents before the eyes of the queen-mother, the bell of the Palais rang, and the general massacre began. At this signal, Tavennes and the duke of Nevers drew their swords, crying, ‘Kill! kill!’ The night-guards, the citizens among whom arms had been distributed, the whole tribe of murderers, sallied forth from their lurking-places, repeating, ‘Kill! kill!’ The shrill sound of the bells, the clatter of arms, the vagabond tramp of the assassins, the flickering glare of torches, mingled with shouts, which the night-echo rendered still more horrible. The massacre then became general; there was no pity for sex, age, or condition; no blood came amiss, provided that it circulated in heretic veins; and these were the signs by which the heretic was distinguished:—Whoever shuts his door at the approach of an armed band is a heretic; whoever refuses to answer, or begs his life, is a heretic; whoever has not a white badge on his arm is a heretic; whoever does not come when the murderer calls is a heretic. The assassins had no need to speak: here were no judges—all were executioners: but, if words did now and then drop from their lips, it was to complain to one another of their fatigue, or to insult the sufferer; nay, it was often an infernal laugh that greeted his last sigh.

“Pursued on all sides by those insidious flames with which the capital was lit up, driven like a flock of sheep, tracked like deer, in vain did the Protestants endeavour to fly from fate. If they would have sought refuge in the Catholic churches, armed men guarded the doors of the sanctuary; if they approached the Louvre, the Swiss awaited them with presented muskets; if they burst open the prison-doors, to conceal themselves among the malefactors whom the justice of men had condemned, the jailers

denounced or drove them out by main force. If they attempted to gain the banks of the river, the implements of destruction were quite ready; boat-hooks to catch them in their flight, and to knock them on the head, poles to thrust them into the water. If they took shelter in the dark, they fell into the snares of an assassin lurking for human prey; if they sought the light, the light was deadly as the darkness; death was everywhere—in their beds, in their house-tops, within, without, in the public places, and in the very waters of the river.

“They were flung alive into the Seine, and dragged out to be plunged in again: if the unfortunate creatures, struggling against the current, contrived to reach the shore, invisible hands, armed with sharp spikes, thrust them back into the stream, which drove some upon the sand of an islet facing the Louvre, and carried others toward Chaillot, Auteuil, St. Cloud, and the adjacent parts, to which these carcasses carried terror and infection. The grave-diggers were too few in number, or worked to death. The *Prévôt des Marchands* and the *echevins* were obliged to double their wages to induce them to go to those distant places to bury the corpses of heretics: a column of them started, carrying along with them all the ordinary implements of their calling, and it was several days before they returned to Paris. It is calculated that in this interval about eleven hundred drowned persons were interred. The boatmen distinguished themselves in this abominable night. Standing up in their light barks, they cleft the water with the rapidity of lightning, striking the heads that rose above the surface, separating the hands clasped in the last prayer, and lifting up bodies by the garments and dropping them back into the abyss, till they were sure that the victim was suffocated.

“Suspended, not interrupted, the carnage recommenced at eight in the morning, but with colder and still more ingenious cruelty than before: if the victims were multiplied, so were the executioners. Darkness no longer shrouded the abode of the heretic from the eye of suspicion: there was now no inaccessible retreat, and places were ransacked to which the light of day never penetrated. How many of the Protestants now regretted that darkness, and deplored the return of that light which they had so earnestly solicited of God in their prayers! The sun, it is true,

beamed upon the vengeance of some of those who sold their lives dearly, and stained the thresholds of houses with the blood of the victors. Almost all expired with folded hands and faces turned toward the palace of the sovereign.

“Such were the last scenes of the ever-memorable drama of St. Bartholomew. A month after St. Germain’s bell had given the signal, all the dead were not buried. Some were yet floating on the Seine, to which fishermen resorted for the purpose of picking them up and selling them to any who chose to buy them. For a long time, there was an auction of corpses on both banks of the river, which was publicly cried, and at which the lots were adjudged to the highest bidder. Some buyers buried their purchases by night in sequestered spots; others burned those whom they loved while living, and collected their ashes in urns which afterward constituted ornaments of their habitations. For above a year, people durst not pass at night along the banks of the river; some said that they had seen the earthquake there, others had beheld spectres gliding along the water: fishermen had asserted that invisible hands loosed after dark the boats moored to the shore, and propelled them toward the islets in the Seine, which sent forth moans like those of human voices. In some old historians, we read that young females, murdered on St. Bartholomew’s day, wandered about after dusk in Paris, covered with long vails, which they lifted when they perceived the murderer, showing him the wound still fresh, and calling him by his name. The grave De Thou hast not disdained to collect some of these popular traditions.”

There is no reason to doubt that the pope was privy to the intended massacre. “Cardinal Alexandrin, nephew of the late pope, had made no secret of expecting intelligence of a great victory gained over the heretics, and exclaimed, when it arrived, ‘The king of France has kept his word!’—‘Good news! good news!’ cried Gregory XIII., who had been crowned about two months before the catastrophe, ‘all the Lutherans are massacred except the *Vendomets*, whom the king has pardoned for his sister’s sake.’ That term he applied contemptuously to the three princes of the house of Bourbon-Vendôme, the king of Navarre, and the princes of Condé and Conti. At night the guns of the castle of



St. Angelo were fired, and bonfires blazed in every street in Rome. The pope ordered a jubilee and a solemn procession, which he accompanied himself, to thank God for this glorious success. He sent a nuncio extraordinary to France to congratulate the king on having so easily caught all the heretics in the same net. Medals,\* which I have seen, were struck at Rome, in approbation of the massacre, and to perpetuate the memory of the happy event: on one side was the portrait of the pope; on the reverse the destroying angel, holding a cross in one hand, and in the other a sword, with which he is slaughtering the Frenchmen called Protestants; and having this legend, HUGONOTORUM STRAGES—the slaughter of the Huguenots. In short, no demonstration of this great triumph of the Church of Rome, of the church militant, over her enemies was omitted: and that Buon Compagno might keep his work incessantly before his eyes, he had a large picture of the massacre painted and hung up in the Vatican. A scroll at the top of it contained these words:—PONTIFEX COLINII NECEM PROBAT—‘The pontiff approves the murder of Coligni.’ ‘To this day,’ says Brizard, whose work on the massacre appeared in 1790, ‘the French who visit Italy behold, not without indignation, this picture, which, though half effaced, still portrays but too faithfully our calamities and the excesses of Rome.’

“The cardinal of Lorraine was at Rome when the news of the massacre of St. Bartholomew arrived there. He was so transported with joy at the success of a plan which he justly considered as in part his work, that he gave a thousand gold crowns to the gentleman sent by his brother, the duke of Aumale, with the welcome intelligence. At his instigation, the pope and the cardinals ordered a general jubilee and public processions. He went in procession himself to the church of St. Louis, the patron saint of France, where they attended, with all the nobility of Rome. The cardinal officiated in full pomp and splendour. On the front of the church was a long inscription, purporting that the ‘Cardinal of Lorraine, in the name of the most Christian king, Charles IX., was returning thanks to God, and congratulating our holy father the pope Gregory XIII., and the sacred college of cardi-

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\* I have one in my possession.

nals, on the astonishing and incredible success which had attended the counsels given by the Holy See, the success which it had sent, and the prayers which his holiness had never ceased to offer for the last twelve years."

Roman Catholics are but too able to reply, Some of your Protestant reformers also persecuted in their turn. I believe the right course is not to deny what is true, for the cause of truth will never be assisted by shield or sword from the armoury of falsehood, but to admit plainly and candidly that it is too true, that Calvin acquiesced in the burning of Servetus; Cranmer sanctioned the execution of two Anabaptists; John Knox, as I told you on a previous occasion, held that all Roman Catholics, in Scotland at least, ought to be put to death. But when Roman Catholics state such facts as these, our reply is very plain: first, they persecuted as individuals. The Church of Rome persecutes as a church. Secondly, these men were first priests of the Church of Rome; they learned their persecuting principles by being taught in the colleges of Rome. Instead of being charges against Protestantism, they are the evidences of their connection with that system, some of the principles of which they carried with them into a holier and a purer communion. And lastly, Protestants of every name have improved; they now denounce persecution: the Romish Church retains it; Rome is stationary. We improve. If the sword is to be unsheathed—if the fagot is to be lighted, we say, let that sword be unsheathed, let that fagot be lighted by the foes, not by the friends of Christianity. A good cause was never put down by the sword, and a bad cause was never permanently benefited by it. "The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds."

Now I must just occupy your time for eight minutes longer; as I wish to finish this subject this evening, and to enter upon another and very important one next evening. We come to the other wild beast that was to arise, and "exercise all the power of the first beast before him, and cause the earth and them that dwell therein to worship the first beast whose deadly wound was healed." Who was the second beast who is mentioned in this chapter? Mr. Elliott has been the first to show conclusively the

application. This second wild beast exercises all the power of the first beast, as it is in the original, *ἐν ὧπιον*, in the presence of, or, as it might be translated, with the authority or under the episcopacy of the first wild beast. The first wild beast, I showed you was the pope; the second wild beast exercises his powers subject to the authority of the pope, and this second wild beast had also the "horns of a lamb," but "spake as a dragon." Christ speaks of false teachers as "wolves in sheep's clothing." Illustrating one passage by the other, I conclude that the symbol here used is descriptive of the character of false teachers, and therefore that the second wild beast denotes the whole missionary instrumentality of the Church of Rome—her bishops, her cardinals, her priests, her Jesuits, those skilful emissaries called the Janissaries of the Church of Rome, as distinct from and dependent on the pope. I need not tell you that the clergy of the Church of Rome are totally different from the clergy of any other ecclesiastical communion. The ministers of every church upon earth, except the Romish Church, may marry, and thus create social circles around them; the Roman Catholic priest must not do so. You ask, perhaps, why it is so? Never did Satan hit upon a cleverer artifice than the celibacy of the clergy. It is the strength of the Romish pyramid, for whenever a man marries he becomes the centre of a little circle likely to absorb a large share of his sympathies, and to awake within him the pleasures of a parent, and the affection of a husband. But in the Church of Rome the priest may not marry: hence all his sympathies must circulate within the great visible corporation, to which he is entirely devoted and attached. It absorbs the man. It is the circumference of all his cares. Therefore every Roman Catholic priest feels the deepest interest in the aggrandizement, expansion, and glory of that visible corporation called the Roman Catholic Church, an interest which he would not feel to be so exclusive and absorbing were he the centre of a circle of his own. The individual is lost in the aggregate, the personal is merged in the corporate. He is a mere cog or crank in the vast machine. The Papal pyramid would be materially weakened but for the doctrine of the celibacy of the clergy.

It is said that this wild beast was to be lamb-like in its horns,

but dragon-like in its tongue. Appearing to be the ministers of Christ, the priests are the ministers of Antichrist. Professing to be the lambs of the Lord, they are really the destroying dragons of the Apostasy.

They exercise, it is said, all the power of the first beast, and had power to do great miracles, and signs, and lying wonders, all "in the presence" (or under the superintendence) "of the first beast." Priests are the delegates of the pope; they curse and bless in the village as the pope does in Christendom. Mosheim, by way of illustrating Popish miracles, says, "In former ages heresy was silenced by two things—the authority of the church and miracles." I need not enumerate the pretended miracles of the Church of Rome—her moving and winking images—her weeping Madonnas. I need not remind you of the well-known lying wonder—the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius at Naples—nor of the mesmeric miracles to which Lord Shrewsbury has given credit and currency. Who has not heard of the miraculous medals consecrated by a pope, one of which, a perfect wonder-worker, was lately hung round the neck of a Protestant lady in Cornwall, and was (so says the priest) the means of converting her to the Roman Catholic faith, and her case is quoted as proof of the miraculous efficacy of the medal? I need not do more than quote the great standing miracle performed by the priests (as they believe)—transubstantiation—in which they declare, with monstrous impiety, that they bring Christ down from heaven, and place him bodily upon their altars. "He maketh fire come down from heaven," is the very description of the curses and anathemas of the Church of Rome, and these, therefore, are the fulfilment of this prophecy. At the excommunication of the emperor Frederick by Pope Innocent, at the first Council of Lyons, the following illustration of the Apocalyptic statement—"he maketh fire to come down from heaven"—is recorded:—"These words, uttered in the midst of the council, struck the hearers with terror as with flashing thunderbolts, when, with candles lighted and flaring down, the lord pope and assisting prelates flashed their lightning fire against the emperor Frederick." It occasionally scathed kingdoms in the shape of interdicts, the effect of which was to close the churches, stop the

celebration of sacraments, and all service over the dead. In the *Pontificate Romanum*, the great directory of the priests and prelates of the Romish Church, is the following curse, often recently pronounced, and familiar to ever priest:—

“By the authority of the Omnipotent God, and of St. Peter and St. Paul, his apostles, we firmly, and under the threat of anathema, enjoin that no one carry off these virgins or religious persons here present from divine service, to which, under the standard of chastity, they have been dedicated, that no one plunder their property, but that they enjoy it in quiet. If any one shall have presumed to attempt this, may he be cursed in his home and out of his home, may he be cursed in the state (or city) and in the field, cursed in watching, and cursed in sleeping, cursed in eating and drinking, cursed in walking and sitting; MAY HIS FLESH AND HIS BONES BE CURSED, AND FROM THE SOLE OF HIS FOOT TO THE CROWN OF HIS HEAD MAY HE ENJOY NO HEALTH. May there light upon him the curse which the Lord sent in the law, by Moses, on the sons of iniquity. May his name be erased from the book of the living, and not be recorded with the righteous. May his portion and his heritage be with Cain the fratricide, with Dathan and Abiram, with Ananias and Sapphira, with Simon Magus and with Judas the traitor, and with those who said to God, ‘Depart from us, we will not follow thy ways.’ MAY ETERNAL FIRE DEVOUR HIM WITH THE DEVIL AND HIS ANGELS, unless he make restitution, and come to amendment. So be it. So be it.”

Such is the curse which every priest pronounces on the proper occasion. Cursing by bell, book, and candle is common in Ireland; and when these curses are pronounced, lighted candles are flung upon the earth, and thus they seem to make fire descend from heaven.

Then the second beast, it is said, caused all the inhabitants of the earth to worship the first beast. What is the great aim and design of the Romish clergy? To be caterers for the pope; to make proselytes to their lord pope, under whose episcopacy they act; to make all the inhabitants of the earth to worship and obey the Roman pontiff. “We declare, affirm, and define, that submission to the Roman pontiff is necessary to salvation,” is

their unanimous belief. "The monks of the seventeenth century," says Mosheim, "held up the pope to the veneration of the people as God."

"Saying to them that dwell in the earth, that they should make an image to the beast." This subject was one which has been the occasion of much difficulty; but Mr. Elliott, I think, has solved the difficulty by showing on, I think, sufficient evidence, that the image of the beast which they had power to make, is the SYNODS and GENERAL COUNCILS of the Romish Church; and that this is not a mere fanciful interpretation, I think will be plain from the following evidence:—Tertullian, a Latin father, calls councils the *ipsa representatio*, or very representation of the church. The word *representatio* means the likeness of a party who is absent, but as true as if the party were present. After the Reform Bill was passed in the parliament of England, a very celebrated speaker in the midst of that assembly said, "This house is now the real and express image"—the very word that is here used in the Apocalypse—"and representation of the country." The original word *εἰκὼν*, which is in this place translated image, has been frequently used as the proper and appropriate expression for a General Council.

"To give life to the image of the beast, that the image of the beast should both speak," &c. (ver. 15.) When a council met, the laity were present, but the priests alone could vote; and when the council had issued its decision, it was by a majority of the clergy. Thus it may truly be said that it was the clergy in a council that gave breath to the image of the beast, by embodying its mind. Though councils assume to be free, the pope inspired the clergy, and they originated all their conclusions. In the fourth Lateran, at which one thousand bishops were present, seventy canons were dictated by the pope, and received by the council. The pope's powers were ultimately more restrained; but his power of suspending, revoking, or dissolving a council gave him practically the power of swaying it. Hence the pope and his tools, the clergy, were substantially the council. And the decrees of the Council of Trent were not the conclusions of all the bishops in Christendom, but the collected sentiments of the pope's own creatures, and of these only.

Next, the second beast was to cause as many as would not worship the image of the beast to be killed. The great end of councils—and the priests were really the councils—was the extirpation of heretics. The third Lateran decrees the extermination of heretics. The fourth Lateran decrees the confiscation of their goods. All history, with its thousand tongues, and Scripture, with its one emphatic voice, declare, that when Rome had the power, that power displayed itself in deeds of blood; and from the snow-clad Alps, that have been trodden by the feet of roving barbarians, to the sacred heights of Calvary itself, there is no spot which has not been drenched with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus, and from which that blood does not cry to heaven for vengeance on the persecutor of the saints.

In conclusion, let me draw your attention to the last distinction which identifies, and, like a clasp, binds together the whole, viz. the number of the beast: that number is declared to be 666. In our English language, we use what are called Arabic numerals, 1, 2, 3, 4, &c., quite separate and distinct from the letters of the alphabet; but in the Greek language there are no numerals distinct from the letters; hence the letters of the alphabet are employed instead of numerals. In ancient times, all slaves, soldiers, and devotees to a god had their characteristic stigmata; and so the wild beast from the abyss has its characteristic stigma: that is, the whole Church of Rome has some grand, apparent, characteristic stigma—something that marks distinctly that corporation from all other churches and bodies in the world. Let us endeavour to ascertain what that is. I will take the number 666 according to the Greek notation:  $\lambda'$  is 30,  $\alpha'$  is 1,  $\tau'$  is 300,  $\epsilon'$  is 5,  $\iota'$  is 10,  $\nu'$  is 50,  $\omicron'$  is 70,  $\varsigma'$  is 200. Adding together these numbers, they make exactly 666; and, putting all the letters together, they form the word *λατεινος*, (*Latinus*,) or Latin man. His prayers are Latin; his canons Latin; his missal Latin; his breviary Latin; the decrees of his councils, his bulls, are all Latin; he worships in Latin; he blesses in Latin; he curses in Latin; all is Latin.

$\lambda$	$=$	30
$\alpha$	$=$	1
$\tau$	$=$	300
$\epsilon$	$=$	5
$\iota$	$=$	10
$\nu$	$=$	50
$o$	$=$	70
$\varsigma$	$=$	200
$\lambda\alpha\tau\epsilon\iota\nu\omicron\tau$	$=$	<hr/> 666 <hr/>

I have thus described the wild beast as faithfully and as succinctly as I could; and I trust that in so doing I have not violated the laws of charity, or the claims of love. It is not from hatred to the men, but from faithfulness to God that I have made these statements. And if this be true, and I am in no manner of doubt that it is so, is it not a blessed thing to have the great foe clearly set before us? to have no doubt whatever about the character of the enemy with whom we have to contend? I believe that all the conflicts that have befallen our churches are but preparatory skirmishes—all our quarrels between churchmen and dissenters are but child's play in comparison of what comes. The great conflict already looms in the horizon; it gathers strength and approaches with greater speed every day—the conflict between God's truth and man's tradition—between the breviary of the priest and the Bible of the living God—between Christ, the Head, the King, the Priest, the Saviour, and Antichrist, the great usurper, and the head of the Apostasy. Let us all, then, churchmen and dissenters, of every name, merge the microscopic points on which we differ, or melt them in the majestic points on which we agree, which are glorious, eternal, and infinite! What we agree in is worthy of being embalmed for ever: what we differ in is, in comparison, worthy of being buried. Let us love as brethren—let us labour as the followers of the Lamb; and when the great conflict comes, let us stand, differing in uniform, but agreeing in principle, in object, in aim, in hope; and, “if God be for us, who can be against us?”



## LECTURE XVII.

## THE FIRST VIAL.

"The second wo is past; and, behold, the third wo cometh quickly.

"And the seventh angel sounded; and there were great voices in heaven, saying, The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ; and he shall reign for ever and ever.

"And the four and twenty elders, which sat before God on their seats, fell upon their faces, and worshipped God,

"Saying, We give thee thanks, O Lord God Almighty, which art, and wast, and art to come; because thou hast taken to thee thy great power, and hast reigned.

"And the nations were angry, and thy wrath is come, and the time of the dead, that they should be judged, and that thou shouldest give reward unto thy servants the prophets, and to the saints, and them that fear thy name, small and great; and shouldest destroy them which destroy the earth.

"And the temple of God was opened in heaven, and there was seen in his temple the ark of his testament; and there were lightnings, and voices, and thunderings, and an earthquake, and great hail."—*Revelation xi. 14–19.*

"And I heard a great voice out of the temple saying to the seven angels, Go your ways, and pour out the vials of the wrath of God upon the earth.

"And the first went, and poured out his vial upon the earth; and there fell a noisome and grievous sore upon the men which had the mark of the beast, and upon them which worshipped his image."—*Revelation xvi. 1, 2.*

THE two first woes have passed away. A third was pronounced from the firmamental heavens, and roused an echo like each of the other woes, commensurate to its force from the earth. The first evidence of its responsive echo is found in the expressions of infidels during the years immediately preceding the French Revolution, when the very oracles of Satan became unconsciously the organs of truth. Voltaire thus writes in 1764 :—

"Every thing is preparing the way for a great revolution. It will undoubtedly take place, though I shall not be so fortunate as to see it. Light has been diffusing itself, and on the very first opportunity the French nation will break out, and the

uproar will be glorious. Happy those who are young, for they will behold most extraordinary things !”

Christian men saw, too, the approach of the coming wo. The Protestant churches, they felt, had lost sight of their main duty to witness to the word: they had become salt without savour, and, in the words of Bishop Horsley, “the clergy substituted for the great doctrines of the gospel a system little better than heathen ethics.”

Cowper, writing of the era of the French Revolution, says—

“The world appears  
To toll the death-knell of its own decease;  
And by the voice of all its elements,  
To preach the general doom—when were the winds  
Let loose with such a warrant to destroy.

———the old  
And crazy earth has had her shaking fit  
More frequent, and foregone her usual rest;  
And nature seems, with dim and sickly eye,  
To wait the close of all.”

“Already,” said Burke, in 1790, “in many parts of Europe there is a hollow murmuring under ground—a confused movement that threatens a general earthquake of the political world.”

There were also physical intimations of the coming wo. In fact, almost every prediction of Scripture has not only a moral and ultimate fulfilment, but a symbolical and literal fulfilment also. Thus, the ancient prophecy, “a star shall come out of Jacob,” was not only morally fulfilled by the advent of Christ, but literally also, inasmuch as a literal meteor star guided the magi to the manger; and the overthrow of Jerusalem was predicted by our Lord, as accompanied with earthquakes and eclipses, which had not only their symbolical, but their literal fulfilment also. We may, therefore, fairly presume that those earthquakes and hail-storms, which were to be the precursors of the coming wo, had their symbolico-literal fulfilment likewise. Thus, a tremendous hurricane ravaged the whole West Indies in 1783, and Vesuvius burst forth with terrific fury. Sir William Hamilton gives an account of an earthquake lasting from 1783 to 1786, and

convulsing all Italy. In 1788, a hail-storm, unprecedented in fury, ravaged the harvests and vintages of France. Of this storm, Alison writes, vol. i. p. 172—"Even the elements contributed to swell the public discontent. A dreadful storm of hail, in July, 1788, laid waste the provinces, and produced such diminution in the harvest, as threatened the horrors of famine." In the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, article "French Revolution," we read thus:—"On Sunday, July 13, 1788, at 9 A. M., without any eclipse, a dreadful darkness overspread several parts of France. It was the prelude to such a tempest as is unexampled in the temperate climates of Europe. The soil was converted into a morass, the standing corn was beaten into quagmires, vines broken to pieces, fruit-trees demolished, and new unmelted hail lying in heaps like rocks of solid ice. The hail was composed of enormous solid and angular pieces of ice, weighing from eight to ten ounces. The country people were beaten down in the fields amid the concussions of the elements, and concluded the last day had arrived." So truly was it fulfilled, "there were lightnings and thunderings, and a great hail." The moral and political convulsions presignified by these symbols were no less palpable. Alison says, "The minds of men were shaken at this time, as by the yawning of the ground during the fury of an earthquake."

Having thus seen the general character of the seventh trumpet, which includes the seven last vials, we are now prepared to explain the nature and the action of the first vial. New angelic agencies are obviously employed. The four angels do not come from the circumference of the earth, which would be the symbol of foreign invasion. Their coming forth from the temple habited in pure linen, implies their being sent from the immediate presence of God, and commissioned to execute special judgments. The fact that one of the four living creatures gives the vials to the angels—in other words, equips them for their missions—seems to indicate that these judgments will be righteous retributions on them that persecuted the saints of other days. The plagues resemble those of Egypt—Papal Christendom being figuratively Egypt. A vial is the same as the cup of trembling, so frequently alluded to in Scripture. It is obvious, that the localities on which the vials are poured out—the earth, the sea,

the rivers, and fountains, are substantially the same as those on which the judgments of the four first trumpets fell.

The word which is here translated "sore," is used in several passages of Scripture. It is applied to the case of Job, where it is stated, (Job ii. 7,) "Satan smote Job with sore boils from the sole of his foot to his crown." It is also used to denote the condition of Hezekiah, as well as that of the beggar Lazarus. In all these it is descriptive of very severe disease. Whatever, therefore, be the nature of the visitation inflicted on the earth by the pouring out of the first vial, it is obvious that it must be some severe and terrible calamity—some dreadful corruption.

From the name applied to the Roman earth, the alleged place of its descent, "which is spiritually called Egypt," the sore would seem to indicate its having some analogy to the plagues of Egypt. The very same word is applied to the plague-spot of Egypt—the most noisome and painful of the judgments that fell upon the subjects of Pharaoh, and one specially noted for its contagious nature. So peculiarly severe and infectious was the Egyptian plague, that its name was applied to the most malignant kind. The testimony of heathen writers also confirms the description of holy writ. Thucydides traces the origin of the great Athenian plague to Egypt; and in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, the plague is said "to be generally brought into European Turkey from Egypt." I need not remind you, that this sore is evidently used in the text in a figurative sense, as it has been used in the prophecies of Isaiah, in which he describes the national corruption of his age: "The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint: from the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it; but wounds, and bruises, and putrefying sores." Isa. i. 6. This use is also apparent from the figurative sense clearly belonging to the Apocalyptic Egypt.

The contents of the first vial were poured out at the French Revolution, 1789. There had been long maturing and gaining head in the social system, partly from the spread of such writings as those of Rousseau, and still more from the immorality and licentiousness of the Papal clergy—a corruption too deep and too intense not to find for itself ten thousand vents, in the shape of sores and plague-spots, over the length and breadth not only of

France, but of Europe itself. The sarcastic skepticism of Voltaire was followed up by the sensual but brilliant bursts of passion from the pen of Rousseau. D'Alembert, Diderot, and Helvetius laboured hard to write down the existence of God. Crebillon, Laclous, and Louvet turned into captivating fiction the materialism of the Encyclopædists; and the French clergy, the only representatives of Christianity, furnished abundant materials in their superstition, unbelief, licentiousness, and avarice, for a united onslaught on all that wore the Christian name.

The dreadful fever soon appeared, and infected every order, and rank, and class of the community; the deadly virus—the more deadly because moral—shot through every vein, and smote the springs and sources of all virtue, all morality. Intense suffering rocked the fevered and restless mass, and began to show, to discerning minds, what scorpion stings sin has within itself, and how naturally the guilty become the executioners of their own punishment. Infidelity and Popery combined spread their influences far and wide, till at length the nation which had long been subject to their action broke out into that moral sore here attached to the First Vial. Sir Walter Scott, in his *Life of Napoleon Bonaparte*, thus describes these roots and sources of this noisome sore:—"The licentiousness which walked abroad in such disgusting and undisguised nakedness, was marked by open infamy, deep enough to have called down, in the age of miracles, an immediate judgment from heaven; and crimes, which the worst of the Roman emperors would have at least hidden in his solitary isle of Caprea, were acted as publicly as if men had no eyes, and God no thunderbolts." (Vol. i. c. 2.) What renders the parallel between a "noisome and grievous sore" and the French revolutionary mania more marked, is the fact that, as the former is not easily detected in the earliest stages, or may be mistaken for a source or symptom of returning health, so the French Revolution was hailed at its first outburst, as the dawn of a new and glorious era; though, it ought to be observed, the very parties that thus prognosticated its glories, lived to retract all they said in its favour. Fox, even after the murder of the king—Louis XVI.—declared in the British Parliament—"I, for one, admire the new constitution of France, considered altogether

as the most stupendous and glorious edifice of liberty which has been erected on the foundations of human integrity in any age or country." Bishop Watson looked upon it as the dawn of a new day; and Dr. Price, a dissenting minister of that time, applied to it the words of Simeon—"Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

But the true character of this "sore" soon showed itself. It was not a symptom of health, but the prelude to corruption—the plague-spot of death—as the scenes and deeds that followed abundantly proved. By and by we read that Camille Desmoulins harangued the mobs of Paris, and urged a "St. Bartholomew of the patriots." Soon after this, the revolutionary mob laid siege to the royal palace of Versailles; and finding an avenue, rushed into the royal apartments, and after murdering two of the body-guard, who made the most heroic defence, and by their protracted resistance, gave the king and queen time to escape from the demons who thirsted for their blood, they beheaded the two faithful guards, and carried their heads on pikes through the streets of Versailles. It was on this occasion that the infuriated democrats stabbed the bed from which the queen had just risen and escaped, thinking she might be concealed beneath it—an incident, let me observe, which gave birth to the following beautiful and touching apostrophe of Burke:—"It is now sixteen years since I saw the queen of France, then the dauphiness of Versailles, and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in—glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendour, and joy. Oh what a revolution! and what a heart must I have to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream, when she added titles of veneration to that enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom! Little did I dream that I should live to see such disasters fall upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honour and cavaliers! Methought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards, to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the

age of chivalry is gone ! That of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded ; and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever. Never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive even in servitude itself the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise, is gone."

Even this, however, was but the beginning of the sanguinary outburst. The king was soon after dragged a miserable captive to Paris, surrounded by his wounded and bleeding body-guard, no longer to rule the realm on the throne of which Providence had placed him, but to receive the orders and obey the dictates of the Parisian mob. The people grasped the sceptre and the sword, and made and executed laws at pleasure ; and the unhappy monarch was now the subject of their merriment, and anon the object of their gross insults. He was shorn of his power, denuded of his royal equipage, and denied the titles conceded to kings by universal consent. In November, 1789, the property of the French Church was confiscated by an act of the National Assembly, and the proceeds were applied chiefly to the national exigencies, and instead, a miserable pension decreed to the various ecclesiastical orders. While we admit that no clergy had more neglected the great functions of the ministerial office, or in their day and power exercised a more sanguinary despotism over all that would not bow beneath the iron crosier of the Papacy, yet it must not be forgotten that the spoliation and cruelty of which they were the victims was not inflicted by the Jacobins on account of their crimes, which were black and many, but out of antipathy to every thing like the Christian faith. In June, 1792, and soon after this, upward of 30,000 Parisians proceeded from the Assembly toward the palace, displaying banners inscribed with revolutionary sentiments. "At the end of one pike," says Alison, "was placed a bleeding heart, with the inscription around it—'The heart of the aristocracy.'" The palace was entered by the mob, the red cap of liberty was placed by force on the king's head, and the venerable monarch was made the sport of the infuriated demons who surrounded him ; ultimately he was iniquitously condemned and

executed by his subjects in January, 1793, and his queen was beheaded in October following. Forthwith began that terrific epoch in the history of the world, when the noisome ulcer attained its height, which by universal consent has been called the "reign of terror." It was during this period that the frightful massacres of La Vendée and Lyons were perpetrated, of which I give the accomplished Alison's graphic description. (Vol. ii. p. 391.)

"A Revolutionary Tribunal was formed there under the direction of Carrier, and it soon outstripped even the rapid march of Danton and Robespierre. 'Their principle,' says the Republican historian, 'was, that it was necessary to destroy *en masse* all the prisoners. At their command was formed a corps called the Legion of Marat, composed of the most determined and bloodthirsty of the Revolutionists, the members of which were entitled, of their own authority, to incarcerate any person whom they chose. The number of their prisoners was soon between three and four thousand, and they divided among themselves all their property. Whenever a fresh supply of captives was wanted, the alarm of a counter-revolution, the *generale* beat, the cannon planted; and this was immediately followed by innumerable arrests. Nor were they long in disposing of the captives. The miserable wretches were either slain with poniards in the prisons, or carried out in a vessel and drowned by wholesale in the Loire. On one occasion, a hundred 'fanatical priests,' as they were termed, were taken out together, stripped of their clothes, and precipitated into the waves. The same vessel served for many of these Noyades; and the horror expressed by many of the citizens for that mode of execution formed the ground for fresh arrests and increased murders. Women, big with child; infants, eight, nine, and ten years of age, were thrown together into the stream, on the sides of which men, armed with sabres, were placed to cut off their hands, if the waves should throw them undrowned on the shore. The citizens, with loud shrieks, implored the lives of the little innocents, and numbers offered to adopt them as their own; but though a few were granted to their urgent entreaty, the greater part were doomed to destruction. Thus were consigned to the grave whole generations at once—'the ornament of the present, the hope of the future.' So immense were the numbers of those



who were cut off by the guillotine or mowed down by fusillades, that three hundred men were occupied for six weeks in covering with earth the vast multitude of corpses which filled the trenches which had been cut in the place of the department at Nantes to receive the dead bodies. Ten thousand died of disease, pestilence, and horror, in the prisons of that department alone.

“On one occasion, by orders of Carrier, twenty-three of the Royalists, on another twenty-four, were guillotined together, without any trial. The executioner remonstrated, but in vain. Among them were many children of seven or eight years of age, and seven women; the executioner died two or three days after, with horror at what he himself had done. At another time, one hundred and forty women, incarcerated as suspected, were drowned together, though actively engaged in making bandages and shirts for the Republican soldiers. So great was the multitude of captives who were brought in on all sides, that the executioners, as well as the company of Marat, declared themselves exhausted with fatigue; and a new method of disposing of them was adopted, borrowed from Nero, but improved on the plan of that tyrant. A hundred, or a hundred and fifty victims, for the most part women and children, were crowded together in a boat, with a concealed trap-door in the bottom, which was conducted into the middle of the Loire; at a signal given, the crew leaped into another boat, the bolts were withdrawn, and the shrieking victims precipitated into the waves, amid the laughter of the company of Marat, who stood on the banks, to cut down any who approached the shore. This is what Carrier called his *Republican Baptisms*. The *Republican Marriages* were, if possible, a still greater refinement in cruelty. Two persons of different sexes, generally an old man and an old woman, or a young man and a young woman, bereft of every species of dress, were bound together, and after being left in torture in that situation for half an hour, thrown into the river. It was ascertained, by authenticated documents, that six hundred children had, on one occasion alone, perished by that inhuman species of death. The Noyades at Nantes alone amounted to twenty-five, on each of which occasions from eighty to a hundred and fifty persons perished; and such was the quantity of corpses accumulated in the Loire, that the

water of that river was infected so as to render a public ordinance necessary, forbidding the use of it to the inhabitants. No less than eighteen thousand perished in these ways, or by the guillotine, in Nantes alone, during the administration of Carrier; and the mariners, when they heaved their anchors, frequently brought up boats charged with corpses. Birds of prey flocked to the shores, and fed on human flesh; while the very fish became so poisonous, as to induce an order of the municipality of Nantes, prohibiting them to be taken by the fishermen."

"The scenes in the prisons which preceded these horrid executions exceeded all that romance has figured of the terrible. Many women died of terror, the moment a man entered their cells, conceiving that they were about to be led out to the Noyades; the floors were covered with the bodies of their infants, numbers of whom were yet quivering in the agonies of death. On one occasion, the inspector entered the prison to seek for a child, where the evening before he had left above three hundred infants; they were all gone in the morning, having been drowned the preceding night. To every representation of the citizens in favour of these innocent victims, Carrier answered, 'They are all vipers; let them be stifled.' Three hundred young women of Nantes were drowned by him in one night; so far from having had any share in political discussions, they were of the unfortunate class who live by the pleasures of others. Several hundred persons were thrown every night, for some months, into the river: their shrieks at being led out of the entrepot on board the barks, wakened all the inhabitants of the town, and froze every heart with horror. Early in the Noyades, Lambarty, at a party at Carrier's, pointing to the Loire, said, 'It has already passed two thousand eight hundred.' 'Yes,' replied Carrier; 'they are in the national bath.' Fouquet boasted that he had despatched nine thousand in other quarters on the same river. From Saumur to Nantes, a distance of sixty miles, the Loire was, for several weeks, red with human blood; and the multitude of corpses it bore to the ocean so prodigious, that the adjacent coast was strewed with them, when a violent west wind and high tide having brought part of them back to Nantes, followed by a train of sharks and marine animals of prey, attracted by so prodigious an accumulation of human bodies, they

were thrown ashore in vast numbers. Fifteen thousand persons perished there under the hands of the executioner, or of diseases in prison, in one month; the total victims of the Reign of Terror at that place exceeded thirty thousand.

“The spectacles of horror which ensued when the reflux of the tide and the force of the west wind brought the corpses in numbers back to Nantes, were of the most appalling description. Crowds of the peasants hastened from the adjoining country, in the pious hope of recovering the body of a dear and lost relative from the waves, and giving it a decent sepulchre; but though they in some instances were successful, yet it was only with great difficulty, and often after a severe contest with the monsters of the deep. Huge sea-snakes and enormous eels twenty or thirty feet long, fierce sharks, and other marine animals of prey, followed the blood-stained waves, and contended with vultures and ospreys for the mangled corpses with which they were charged. Inexpressible were the scenes of tenderness which these piteous remains brought to light. Children were found with their lips affixed to those of their dead mothers, locked in so close an embrace, that even the struggles of drowning and the action of the waves had been unable to separate them. Mothers with their infants yet at the breast were found floating together in the waves. Often a voracious fish had eaten out the entrails of the young infant without being able to dissolve the close embrace; and the dead remains, yet locked in each other's arms, were disputed fiercely by a shark and a vulture, each striving for the tender spoil.” (Alison's French Revolution, vol. ii. p. 391–396.)

After having thus exhibited their terrible hatred to all order and all human sympathy, after having murdered their king on earth, and overturned the throne, they resolved next, if possible, to dethrone the King of heaven; and in their mad attempts, they reached a height of blasphemy and atrocity so unparalleled, that were Revelation silent, Reason would pronounce it some awful epoch—some unnatural eclipse of all moral light—some fell extinction of all human sympathies. I quote again from Alison:—

“Having massacred the great of the present, and insulted the illustrious of former ages, nothing remained to the Revolutionists but to direct their vengeance against Heaven itself. Fouché,

Hebert, and Chaumette, the leaders of the municipality, publicly expressed their determination to 'dethrone the King of heaven, as well as the monarchs of the earth.' To accomplish this design, they prevailed on Gobel, the apostate constitutional bishop of Paris, to appear at the bar of the assembly, accompanied by some of the clergy of his diocese, and there abjure the Christian faith. He declared 'that no other national religion was now required but that of liberty, equality, and morality.' Many of the constitutional bishops and clergy present joined in the proposition. The Convention received them with loud applause and gave them the fraternal kiss. Crowds of drunken artisans and shameless prostitutes crowded to the bar, and trampled under their feet the sacred vases, consecrated for ages to the holiest purposes of religion. The sections of Paris shortly after followed the example of the constitutional clergy, and publicly abjured the Christian religion. The churches were stripped of all their ornaments; their plate and valuable contents brought in heaps to the municipality and the Convention, from whence they were sent to the mint to be melted down. Trampling under foot the images of our Saviour and the Virgin, they elevated, amid shouts of applause, the busts of Marat and Leppelletier, and danced round them, singing parodies on the Hallelujah, and dancing the Carmagnole. Momoro, the printer, an ardent member of the municipality, then said—'Citizen representatives, you see before you your brothers, who desire to be regenerated, and to become men. You see the bishops of Paris, the grand vicars, and some of the priests, who, conducted by reason, come to lay aside the character which superstition had given them; that great example will be imitated by their colleagues. It is thus that the minions of despotism concur in its destruction: it is thus that soon the French Republic will recognise no other worship but that of liberty, equality, and eternal truth, which, thanks to your immortal labours, will soon become universal.' During several weeks, daily abjurations by the constitutional clergy took place at the bar of the Convention. On the 10th November, Siéyes appeared, and abjured like the rest. 'I have lived,' said he, 'the victim of superstition. I will not be its slave. I know no other

worship but that of liberty; no other religion but the love of humanity and country.'

"Shortly after, a still more indecent exhibition took place before the Assembly. The celebrated prophecy of Father Beauregard—'Beauty without modesty was seen usurping the place of the Holy of Holies!' Hebert, Chaumette, and their associates appeared at the bar, and declared that 'God did not exist, and that the worship of Reason was to be substituted in his stead.' Chaumette said—'Legislative fanaticism has lost its hold; it has given place to reason. Its dark eyes could not bear the light of reason. We have left its temples; they are regenerated. To-day an immense multitude are assembled under its Gothic roofs, which for the first time will re-echo the voice of truth. There the French will celebrate their true worship—that of liberty and reason. There we will form new vows for the prosperity of the armies of the republic; there will we abandon the worship of inanimate idols, for that of *Reason*, this animated image, the *chef-d'œuvre* of creation.' A veiled female, arrayed in blue drapery, was brought into the Assembly; and Chaumette, taking her by the hand—'Mortals,' said he, 'cease to tremble before the powerless thunders of a God whom your fears have created. Henceforth, acknowledge no divinity but Reason. I offer you its noblest and purest image; if you must have idols, sacrifice only to such idols as this.' When, letting fall the veil, he exclaimed, 'Fall before the august senate of freedom, O veil of Reason!' At the same time the goddess appeared, personified by a celebrated beauty, Madame Maillard, of the opera, known in more than one character to most of the Convention. The goddess, after being embraced by the president, was mounted on a magnificent car, and conducted, amid an immense crowd, to the cathedral of Notre-Dame, to take the place of the Deity. There she was elevated on the high altar, and received the adoration of all present; while a numerous band of elegant young women, all *figurantes* of the opera, her attendants, whose alluring looks already sufficiently indicated their profession, retired into the chapels round the choir, where every species of licentiousness and obscenity was indulged in without control, with hardly any veil from the public gaze. To such a length was this carried, that

Robespierre afterward declared that Chaumette deserved death for the abominations he had permitted on that occasion. Thenceforward, that ancient edifice was called the *Temple of Reason*." (Alison's "French Revolution," vol. ii. pp. 597-600.)

Morality of every kind perished before this terrible simoon. The feelings of nature and the ties of grace were burned up. Nor did France alone suffer. The Apocalyptic sore, after covering France, extended its baleful contagion throughout Europe, and infected the remotest countries. It spread with extraordinary rapidity throughout the Papal kingdoms. Italy, Germany, Belgium, Spain, Holland, were all tainted to the core; all in turn broke out. England was touched; but her possession of the Bible, and a pure faith, repelled and neutralized the poison; thereby demonstrating to statesmen, that it is neither army nor navy, nor acts of parliament, that are a country's strength and defence, but a pure faith and a Christian people; for where these are, there God is also—a Shield and Sun. Fearful blasphemy—cruelty incapable of being satiated—crime the way to power, and power the platform of crime—whatever debases, and degrades, and defiles—were the very air the people breathed. "These men," said Sir Walter Scott, "belonged to that class of atheists who, looking up toward heaven, loudly and literally defied the Deity to make his existence known by launching his thunderbolts." One of them entered the church of St. Roque, and cried aloud, "God, if you exist, avenge your injured name. I bid you defiance. Who, after this, will believe your existence?" Had the wretched blasphemer been acquainted with his New Testament, he might have learned that his was not the first attempt of the kind. It was said to the Saviour on the cross, "If thou be the Son of God, come down from the cross." The mercy of God is greater than the malice of men, and is not measured out according to our demerits. God does not work a miracle to please fools. "It was to such men as these," says Sir Walter, "that Heaven, in punishment of the sins of France and of Europe, and perhaps to teach mankind a dreadful lesson, abandoned the management of the French Revolution." (Scott's "Napoleon," vol. ii. p. 61.)

Mr. Elliott, in his "*Horæ Apocalypticæ*," has collected the

epithets bestowed upon this dreadful Revolution by distinguished contemporaneous writers, who never dreamed of connecting it in any way with the Book of Revelation; and has thereby shown that the Apocalyptic symbol is so just, that it occurred to the master-spirits of the last century. Burke, the most eloquent orator of the day, called it, "the fever of Jacobinism"—"the epidemic of atheistical fanaticism"—"an evil lying deep in the corruptions of human nature"—"the malignant French distemper"—"such a plague, that the precaution of the most severe quarantine ought to be established against it." The result was "the corruption of all morals," "the decomposition of all society"—genius thus unintentionally attesting the truth of Revelation.

Such, it seems to the best and most judicious interpreters of prophecy, is the fulfilment of the First Vial—the field, the spread, and the blighting effects of its awful contents. It was during this terrific era, that "the whole head was sick, and the whole heart faint: from the sole of the foot even unto the head there was no soundness in it, but wounds, and bruises, and putrefying sores."

From this awful era many salutary lessons may be learned. Among these, we cannot fail to note the utter inefficiency and worthlessness of every claim, assumption, or privilege, or power, on the part of a church without the gospel. Never was this more powerfully demonstrated than during the action of this Vial. The French clergy had monopolized a large share of the wealth of France. They claimed to be the only body who were arrayed with awful and mysterious attributes: they professed to carry at their girdles the keys of the kingdom of God; being, as they alleged, at once the representatives of heaven, and the imperially recognised of earth. They were placed in the midst of outward circumstances the most powerfully calculated to conciliate the awe and reverence of the people. But they neither knew nor preached the words of everlasting life; and therefore failed to attract, either to themselves or to the faith of which they professed to be the ministers, the affections or veneration of the people. "By their fruits ye shall know them," is a test which mankind universally defer to. No name, however august—

no pretensions, however sacred—no lineage, however ancient—can cover with glory, or conceal from execration, an unfaithful, an unholy clergy. A national church, with a spiritually-minded and devoted ministry, needs few arguments in its defence; and without such a ministry, all the eloquence of a Demosthenes, and all the patronage of princes, cannot shield it. It is the gospel alone that is the wisdom of God and the power of God. In its faithful truths are treasured up the prosperity of nations, the happiness of individuals, the stability of thrones, and the allegiance of subjects. Its minister will be most respected where he is most faithful; the people will love him in proportion as they are led to love God. The surest way of supporting the altar, is to turn the hearts of the people to the glory that burns on it. The casket will be valued only for the jewel's sake. That church will have the greatest hold of the affections of the people, which has most largely and successfully diffused among their families the sanctifying and transforming truths of the gospel.

We learn from this outburst, the awful responsibility attached to the Romish priesthood. They had not only neglected to teach the lessons of Christianity, but they had inculcated principles in every way calculated to undermine the very first principles of morality. Mr. Elliott quotes some specimens of the principles taught by the Jesuits previously to the French Revolution, which alone were fitted to originate, or vindicate some of its most dreadful excesses. One of these is, "that transgressions committed by a person blinded by the seduction of lust, agitated by the impulse of tumultuous passions, and destitute of all sense and impression of religion, however detestable and heinous in themselves, are not imputable to the transgressor before the tribunal of God." And again, "that those persons may transgress with safety who have a probable reason for transgressing." The distinctions recognised between venial and mortal sins—the practice of confession—the assumed power of absolution on the part of the priest—the doctrine of purgatory, and many other analogous tenets—cannot but sap the very bulwarks of moral obligation, and generate, wherever they are taught, wide-spread corruption.

These principles, however, had long been diligently inculcated



by the Romish Jesuits; and if the Revolutionists availed themselves of their sanction, it was no more than might have been anticipated. The Romish Church undermined the foundations of morality; and if the superstructure fell, and crushed her in the ruin, it was the catastrophe she had too faithfully precipitated, and for which she was peculiarly responsible in the sight of God. It remains yet to be seen how intimately Popery and infidelity are connected—how truly the one plays into the hands and prepares the pathway of the other. Certain it is, that the French people had no conception of the Christian faith, except in the shape of the Romish worship, and in the personation of the Romish priests; and when such a caricature of the truth is presented to honest and inquiring minds, it is difficult to say whether it may not be more praiseworthy to reject than to embrace it. It is the guilt, the fearful guilt of the Popish priesthood, that they made the very name of Jesus contemptible, by making Christianity a defence of sin. A Christian, travelling through France, saw, one day, a statue of the Redeemer clothed in the robes of a Jesuit, and, with great truth, he wrote on the pedestal what might be written on the whole Romish faith: "Thus, blessed Jesus, have they arrayed thee, lest any one should love thee."

The Papal Church had also taught the principle since the Reformation, that sovereignty resides in the people. Prior to the sixteenth century, the priests advocated absolute and unquestioning obedience to the king, just because the king was taught absolute obedience to the church: but after the Reformation, when the German princes renounced the pope, and declared their conversion to the Protestant faith, and Elizabeth of England repudiated all connection with the see of Rome, and successive members of the royal family of France espoused the cause of the Huguenots, the Papal court changed its tactics. The doctors of the Sorbonne affirmed that the people were the rightful possessors of the sovereign power; and that they might dethrone, and, if need be, decapitate their king. Regicide doctrines are not only held, but are still popular with the Jesuits. Pope Sixtus lauded the murderer of Henry III. of France; and Mariana, the Jesuit, thus praises the regicide monk who killed the king: "*Jacobus Clemens, cæso rege, ingens sibi nomen fecit.*"

Bellarmino, the great champion of the Church of Rome, advocates the same principles. It is, in fact, characteristic of the Papal Church, to make use of whatever instrumentality most effectually promotes its purposes. Despotism and democracy are of themselves equally good in her estimate. That is preferred which ministers most directly to her supremacy. The independence or supremacy of the church is her first principle: whatever enthrones and promotes it is good—whatever intrudes on it is anathema.

In the judgments which this Vial emptied on the French clergy, we see also the proofs of a retributive Providence. The French priests had dyed their hands in blood in the day of their power. The massacres of the Albigenses and Waldenses, and the terrible murders of St. Bartholomew's day, when sixty thousand Protestants were butchered, at the instigation of the Popish clergy, in twenty-four hours—the reigning pontiff causing a medal to be struck to commemorate the carnage—a medal which I have seen—all came into remembrance in 1793. The leaders of the Revolution, in fact, quoted Bartholomew's day as a precedent. Persecution, as if experience taught no improvements, is still cherished in the Papal Church, and is ready to break forth whenever there is the power. Its past history is written in blood. Fouchet, and Collert d'Herbois, and Marat, were not worse than the Hildebrands of the Romish Church. They were less guilty, for they were less enlightened.

Let us not suppose there is any thing in the French character essentially worse than in our own. Had England been the scene of this horrible judgment, and her people schooled in no purer principles, in no sublimer faith, they had just developed the same excesses. Popery would pluck a *sérâph* from his throne, and plunge him in the depths of hell. Angels, surrendered to themselves, and severed from God, would soon show themselves only demons. The gospel of grace makes all the difference. We had no national sympathy with Rome in 1789, and not partaking of her sins, we received not her plagues.

Let us love the blessed gospel more and more; let us think less of those trivial disputes, which, in an age of privilege, are liable to stir the passions of mankind; and contemplate with

intenser gratitude, and cherish with more ardent and enthusiastic feelings, those precious truths which are the roots of our prosperity. The unclean spirits are at work—the last struggle is approaching. They only who are born again will endure; all others shall be as chaff before the whirlwind, or stubble in the devouring flames. Are we Christians? Has the gospel touched our hearts, and transformed our nature? has it quickened us with divine life?

Let us spread far and wide that blessed volume which embosoms the embryo of Eden, and out of which the millennial glories are destined to break in all their splendours. Let us help forward that gospel which is the cement of society, the sweetener of life, the fore-light of heaven. In proportion as nations become Christian will they be happy.

True religion is the only cement and sweetener of society, and when it shall wrap our country like its atmosphere, and mould and shape the whole social economy, neither the tyrant's rod shall scourge us, nor the trumpet of sedition agitate it. There shall be no enchantment against Jacob, nor divination against Israel; when God shall be recognised as our Lawgiver and our King, when God shall be known in all our palaces, our condition will be one of increasing greatness, and our progress of uneclipsed and augmenting splendour. Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, will Great Britain be. The kings of the earth, as they assemble to contemplate us and pass by together, will wonder, and be troubled, and haste away; and the wise and holy of the earth will come from afar and walk about our nation, and go round about her, and tell the towers thereof, and mark well her bulwarks, and consider her palaces, that they may tell it to generations following.

## LECTURE XVIII.

## THE SECOND, THIRD, AND FOURTH VIALS.

“And the second angel poured out his vial upon the sea; and it became as the blood of a dead man: and every living soul died in the sea.

“And the third angel poured out his vial upon the rivers and fountains of waters: and they became blood.

“And I heard the angel of the waters say, Thou art righteous, O Lord, which art, and wast, and shalt be, because thou hast judged thus.

“For they have shed the blood of saints and prophets, and thou hast given them blood to drink; for they are worthy.

“And I heard another out of the altar say, Even so, Lord God Almighty, true and righteous are thy judgments.

“And the fourth angel poured out his vial upon the sun; and power was given unto him to scorch men with fire.

“And men were scorched with great heat, and blasphemed the name of God, which hath power over these plagues: and they repented not to give him glory.”—*Revelation xvi. 3-9.*

I NEED scarcely here refer to one great design which has guided and actuated me in all these expositions, viz. to show that what the pen of God has written upon the sacred page, the hand of God is performing every day in providence: in other words, that facts in providence are the most brilliant comments upon texts in Scripture; that God is not confined to the Bible, but that he is in the world: God is in creation; his creative power is felt there: God is in providence; his superintending presence is exhibited there: God is in the Bible; his mercy and his truth are most vividly illustrated there: and to unfold the harmony of all, by pointing out the coincidence of the facts of all, is one of the great duties of an instructor of the people, and not the least precious lesson that a Christian people can learn. It is one predominating tendency of the age, to believe that God is in the temple, but not in the Royal Exchange; that God is in our congregations, but not in our armies; that God takes cognizance of ministers and Christian communicants, but that his voice is not

heard, nor his arm felt, in our palaces, our parliaments, our halls of commerce, and all that constitutes our existence as a nation. The fact is, there is a disposition to give God a portion of the earth, and to keep the rest; so much for mammon—so much for ambition—so much for power—and so much for sin: to let a certain portion of the earth be consecrated as the acre of God, and to insist on the remainder being reserved for man. The consecration of churches is thus capable—I do not say necessarily so—of being misconstrued, as if it implied that the rest of the earth was not for God. I believe that when the Lord of glory assumed to himself a portion of our clay, he consecrated, by that fact, every acre of the habitable globe. And, if so, there is no portion so unholy that a Christian's knee may not bow there; there is no portion of it so unsanctified that the ear of the God that formed it cannot hear us. How often have I repeated, what is worth repetition—for the way to teach is to repeat—this great lesson: it is the work that consecrates the place, not the place that consecrates the work. If this vast auditory were assembled in Covent Garden Theatre in the name of Christ, it would be a congregation of the Lord: it would, I confess, delight and refresh me to hear, where the language of fiction has so long prevailed, the words of truth and reality resounding in men's ears.

In order, however, to explain clearly and consistently with all that I have said, the allusions contained in the verses which I have selected for my text, let me remind you of the language almost similar in tone, though not the same in degree, in what were called the Trumpets. You remember that when the first angel sounded his trumpet, there followed hail and fire mingled with blood, and a third part of trees were burned up: when the second angel sounded, a great mountain burning with fire was cast into the sea, and a third part of the sea became blood; and the third part of the creatures which were in the sea and had life died; and the third part of the ships were destroyed. And when the third angel sounded, there fell a great star from heaven; and it fell upon the third part of the rivers and upon the fountains of waters. And the name of the star is Wormwood; and the third part of the waters became wormwood: and many men died of the waters, because they were made bitter. Then the fourth

angel sounded, and the third part of the sun was smitten, and the third part of the moon. So that language perfectly parallel in imagery, though different in degree, and limited to a third part, is used on the sounding of the trumpets, to that which is used on the pouring out of the second, the third, and the fourth vials. The reason I refer to the action of these symbols, the trumpets, is to show you the perfect consistency of our exposition of the Apocalypse, by showing that the localities that were smitten by the woes pronounced by the trumpets, are the very localities exactly that were smitten more terribly by the woes poured forth from the Apocalyptic vials. Under the second trumpet, then, we have read that, as it were, a great mountain burning with fire was cast into the sea, and the third part of the sea became blood: you will recollect I explained that to mean that the third part of the maritime power, the naval power, and commercial greatness of the apostate Roman empire, was smitten at the time when the blast of the third trumpet was heard, and that the judgments which that blast conveyed fell upon them; if I was right in interpreting the action of the third trumpet, as affecting the maritime and commercial power of the western Roman empire,—in order to be consistent I must presume that the second vial has its action restricted to the very same thing, namely, to the maritime power, the commerce and the colonies, of the great Papal countries which had colonies and commerce, namely, France, Spain, and Portugal, and that these were blasted or destroyed at the pouring out of the second vial.

Last Sunday evening, you recollect I endeavoured to show you that the noisome sore bursting forth from within and spreading over the body, irritating and full of disease, was chronologically fixed, and symbolically explained to be the French Revolution. I have now to show you that the second vial following after it, is the action of the same revolutionary and infidel spirit, descending, in some shape, upon the maritime power, commerce, and colonies of France and Spain and Portugal. England, the great bulwark of Protestantism, was selected to be the instrument—the hand that took the vials from God, and poured out their contents upon the maritime forces, colonies, and dependencies of the Papal empire.

To show that the revolutionary spirit, which includes the contents of the second vial, fell upon the maritime provinces and colonies of France, I refer to what took place at the very commencement of the French Revolution. No sooner had the red cap been hoisted by the populace, and the tree of liberty, as it was called,—surely called so in mockery,—been planted in the midst of Paris, than the French in St. Domingo, the most populous and flourishing colony of France, caught the contagion of the revolutionary spirit, unfurled the tricolour, planted the tree of liberty—proclaimed liberty and equality through all the island, but with one of those accompaniments which make almost ridiculous some of the efforts of man, for while they proclaimed the equality of the whole human race, and freedom and equal rights for all, they made, as our American brethren seem disposed to make still, the exception of the black population of the island. Strange inconsistency! to pronounce the equality of all in words, and in deeds to contradict it—to make a little shade upon the inner skin so grievous a defect, that whoever had the least tinge of African blood in his veins, or the least remains of African sun upon his face, should not have a right to be considered the equal of the rest of the inhabitants of the island. The blacks, however, had the good sense to see that if the tree of liberty could give shadow to the white, it ought not to withhold its shadow from the black; and if its fruit were good for one, it could not be bad for the other; and they insisted on being free too. The French revolutionists, the advocates of liberty and equality, protested against this: conflict therefore began, and that sanguinary servile war was carried on for years, in the course of which 60,000 blacks were slaughtered, the French ultimately driven from their choicest colonial dependency, and the island of Saint Domingo erected into the negro republic of Hayti. Thus the French, in the loss of one of their first and most productive colonial possessions, felt the first sprinklings of that vial upon their maritime dependencies throughout the world. Immediately after this, still further to illustrate the outpouring of the same vial upon the sea, and upon the maritime dependencies of France, we shall see recorded a series of naval battles, the most disastrous to France that history has recorded. Recollect the vial was to be upon the sea, including the

isles, colonies, and dependencies of the Papal nations; and again, it was to be poured out partly by the British nation, whose hand received the vial as the cup of retributive judgment upon the Papal nations. We read, then, that the naval war between England and France began in 1793 with the pouring out of the second vial, and ended with its dregs in 1815. In 1793 the French fleet was almost utterly destroyed by Lord Hood, near Toulon. In 1794 Lord Howe gained a signal victory over the French off Ushant, which was followed by the capture of nearly all the Spanish, French, and West Indian islands. In 1795, Lord Bridport gained a naval victory and captured from the French the Cape of Good Hope. In 1797 was gained a victory over the Spanish fleet—a very memorable one in history—off Cape St. Vincent. Then followed Lord Nelson's memorable victory of the Nile, in 1798: Copenhagen was fought in 1801, and Trafalgar in 1805; forming a series of successful naval battles gained by Britain, and most disastrous to France. In the course of these naval battles, the French and Spanish nations lost 200 ships of the line, 400 frigates, and a vast number of smaller vessels. And you will notice the extent and depth of the disaster which I have recapitulated when I tell you, that after his most brilliant victories—victories so brilliant that they seemed to be achieved almost by a supernatural power—Napoleon uttered constantly the cry, "Give me ships, and colonies, and commerce;" and ever as he made an approximation to his object a higher power swept away his ships; colonies, and commerce. The sea was literally swept by the victorious fleets of Britain, and every effort made by France, or Spain, or Italy, to intercept the descending judgment was crushed. By and by, Mexico, Chili, and Peru, the Spanish colonies, imitating St. Domingo, blazed with the flames of revolutionary war. In that memorable war, France lost her best colonies—Spain her dependencies—their fleets were annihilated—their naval powers paralyzed, and, truly it is said, every creature that was in the sea and had life died; and the whole presented the evidence of the action of the vial which we have read.

I turn, in the next place, to the third angel pouring out his vial upon the rivers and fountains of waters, and they became blood. This must be explained by a reference again to the third



trumpet. When the third trumpet sounded, a burning star fell from heaven upon the third part of the rivers and the fountains of waters, and they became wormwood, and men died of them. I explained this to denote the wars and sanguinary victories of Attila the Hun, pouring down his forces along the Danube, the Rhine, the Po, and their tributaries, and staining with blood every capital and city and plain on the banks of these rivers. I consistently assume the same locality for the action of the third vial, and draw the inference that this vial poured out upon the fountains of waters and upon the rivers, denotes the action of this great revolutionary power, which I depicted last Sunday evening, upon the cities and towns and countries on the banks of these rivers, the Danube, the Po, the Rhine, and their several tributaries. Let us then appeal to history for the comment on the chapter. Let us read the judgments, not in the language of the symbol as contained in the Apocalypse, but in the language of fact, as we extract these facts from history.

In 1792, war was declared by the French National Assembly against the German empire, and, immediately after, against the king of Sardinia: the French and the Austrians fought at Worms, at Mentz, and at Spires, and on the banks of the Meuse, a tributary of the Rhine: a second French army marched into Savoy and Piedmont, and in 1794-5, the middle Rhine was one fearful scene of carnage and of bloodshed: in 1796, Bonaparte marched against Sardinia and the Austrians, and stained the Alpine rivers on which these nations bordered with blood. Successively the Bormida, the Tanaro, and the Adda, with its memorable bridge of Lodi, of which you must all have read, and the Adige, and the Mincio, were fields of battle; and, literally, the Alpine fountains and rivers were turned into blood: and, as if to identify the scenes on which the judgments of the third vial fell with those in which the judgments of the third trumpet took place, Napoleon unconsciously remarked, "I will prove another Attila to Venice." In 1799, Suwarrow swept the districts bordering on the Danube, the Rhine, and the Po. In 1800 these scenes were again visited by Napoleon, and the memorable battle of Marengo was fought. The tide of war under Moreau rolled toward the Danube, and the

sanguinary battle of Hohenlinden, fought on the Iser, a tributary of the Danube, took place :

“When shook the hills, by thunder riven ;  
When rush’d the steed to battle driven ;  
And, louder than the bolts of heaven,  
Far flash’d the red artillery.”

In 1805 the memorable battle of Austerlitz was fought likewise upon a tributary of the Danube—the republic of Venice was extinguished—the king of Naples was compelled to pay tribute. Never, in short, in the history of the nations of Europe, were there more sanguinary scenes on the valleys of the Rhine, the Danube, and the Po, than at this memorable era at which we have now arrived—there was not an acre on the banks of those rivers that was not furrowed with a soldier’s grave—scarcely a river or tributary stream that rolled to the main that was not tinged with a soldier’s blood—nor was there a forest, nor a wood, nor a capital, nor scarcely a cottage, that was not ploughed by the wheels and torn by the shot of the most terrible artillery that was ever dragged into international warfare; these being the fulfilment of the prediction that the nations upon whom the contents of the second vial were poured should thus suffer. But it is added here, immediately after this had taken place, “Thou art righteous, O Lord, which art and wast and shall be, because thou hast judged thus;” and then the reason is assigned, “for they,” *i. e.* these nations, “have shed the blood of thy saints and prophets, and thou hast given them blood to drink, for they are worthy. And I heard another out of the altar say, Even so, O Lord, true and righteous are thy judgments.” Now this song, which is appended thus to the pouring out of the third vial, teaches us that these sanguinary battles—these terrible judgments, were not accidents—as indeed less things are not—but that they were, what they are here pronounced to be, the retributive judgments of God upon a guilty people. To show you that these people, thus visited, were specially guilty, I need merely remind you of the cruelty of the French to the Waldenses, prior to the Reformation, and of their yet greater cruelty to the Huguenots, the descendants of the Waldenses, subsequent to that period. I need not remind you of the cruelties of the kings of Piedmont and the dukes

of Savoy to the Vaudois, in the 13th and 14th centuries. I need not tell you of the barbarity and proscription exercised by the house of Austria against the Hussites and the Lutherans whenever it had the power. So that Alison himself, that great historian, from whose pages these facts are extracted, struck by the nature and peculiarity of these judgments, says, "The impartial justice of Providence made that terrific period the means of punishing the national sins of the contending parties;" and strange to say, if you will read the history of these battles, and mark the places where they were fought, you will find that every spot on which a Frenchman, a Spaniard, or an Austrian suffered, was the spot on which the same race triumphed as murderers, and the Protestants or witnesses were smitten down as martyrs. Thus true it is that national sins will ever, in the retributive providence of God, be followed by national judgments.

The next vial to which I must turn your attention is the fourth, which contains another act in this awful and stirring drama; it is in these words:—"And the fourth angel poured out his vial upon the sun, and power was given unto him to scorch men with fire. And men were scorched with great heat, and blasphemed the name of God, which hath power over these plagues: and they repented not to give him glory." Now again, I would refer to the language used when describing the fourth trumpet. There it is said, the fourth angel sounded, and the third part of the sun, and of the moon, and of the stars were darkened. You will recollect what I explained this to mean. I stated that the sun, the moon, and the stars meant, as we have understood them throughout our exposition of the Apocalypse, the civil powers—the reigning civil powers. I showed you that Odoacer the Goth, when he marched to Rome, commanded Augustulus, the last emperor of Rome, to abdicate the throne, and to retire into private life; and then and there I showed you was the fulfilment of the fourth trumpet, that the sun and moon should be darkened. Now then, in the sequel of the history of the French Revolution, which comprehends the time and the facts of the contents of these vials, do we find any thing which explains the darkening of the sovereign and imperial sun, moon, and stars throughout the Papal empires? We have only again to open the page of his-

tory, and we shall soon find that the facts of the annalist are the comments on the text of St. John. We read, first of all, that the king of Sardinia was extinguished by Napoleon. I wish your attention particularly to the following fact, as it coincides exactly with the same incident which took place on the sounding of the fourth trumpet. After the battle of Austerlitz, Napoleon compelled the emperor of Germany to renounce his title of Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire, which he had held for a thousand years, ever since the days of Charlemagne; and thus the imperial sun of Christendom was literally extinguished at the bidding of Napoleon. Soon afterward, the power of Prussia was overthrown at the battle of Jena, and half the dominions of its king was swept away: and Napoleon showed himself the most complete creator and extinguisher of political suns and stars that ever appeared in the history of Europe; for at that very time, and during the days of this vial, his brother Jerome was made king of Westphalia—his brother Louis was made king of Holland—his brother Joseph was made king of Spain—his general, Murat, was made king of Naples—ancient dynasties were overthrown—new ones were created; and between 1806 and 1818, the period comprehending the pouring out of the fourth vial, more kings were made and unmade than ever in the whole history of Christendom before. And, at last, the emperor of Austria, after the most desperate efforts to clear off the eclipse that covered the imperial sun, was obliged to yield at the celebrated battle of Wagram. The emperor purchased a momentary respite by giving his own daughter in marriage to Napoleon, who dictated the terms. So truly, then, does history illustrate by its facts the incidents here recorded to have followed the pouring out of the fourth vial.

But, it is added, in the next place, "power was given unto him to scorch men with fire." The angel received the commission; but he may have worked, as I have formerly shown you that such angels did work, by means or through agency. You will also recollect, that last Sunday evening I showed you, that while every prophetic symbol had its great *moral* fulfilment in the accomplishment of facts, it had frequently its *literal* fulfilment in being literally brought to pass: as when it is stated that a star shall come out of Jacob, every commentator under-

stands by that star, Christ; but it was not only fulfilled by the *fact* of Christ's coming, but it was fulfilled also by the subordinate fact of a meteor-star literally appearing, and guiding the magi to the manger of the new-born Christ. Now just so here, it is said "men were scorched with great heat." I have not a doubt that it is to be interpreted *morally*; and means, as I shall show you, a sore and terrible torture that was inflicted during the action of this vial; but, as I have said, it may also be explained as coming literally to pass, and I do not hesitate to say, that "scorched with great heat" is used as the description of a literal fact, as well as the symbol for the infliction of a punishment. The very name given by his soldiers to Napoleon was frequently that of the king of fire; and it is well known to every one acquainted with history—and I would recommend every Christian to read Alison's History of the French Revolution, as the best commentary upon this portion of the Apocalypse—that Napoleon brought into the field of battle an amount of artillery which had not been brought into any previous battles: he called his artillery the right hand of all his victories; and his fire, whether of artillery or musketry, is described by Alison to have been the most overwhelming of any ever experienced in modern warfare; and to show the manner in which he made use of it, Alison gives the description of the destruction of the most splendid cavalry that perhaps ever appeared upon the earth, at the battle of the Pyramids, when Napoleon invaded Egypt. He describes the 6000 Mameluke cavalry, each mounted on the finest and strongest Arab horse—each soldier, a man trained from his very infancy to direct his horse, as if it were a portion of himself—armed to the very teeth with all sorts of offensive and defensive weapons. He describes the tramp of 6000 steeds, as they rushed to the battle, and made the very earth, on which Napoleon's battalions stood, quake and vibrate with their hoofs as if it were smitten by an earthquake. He then describes the solid squares of infantry instantly formed by the French to receive them, and their rolling fire of musketry, so fierce and so sustained, that, in the course of a few hours, there was scarcely a saddle that was not empty—scarcely a Mameluke who was not stretched upon the field of battle—a description therefore of that fire, which was the scorching

element of Napoleon's progress, as if he had been the actual commentator upon the predictions of the Apocalypse. But while this prophecy is *literally* fulfilled, I cannot pass by its great design, its moral accomplishment, which is not the literal occurrence of literal fire, but the severe pain and torture inflicted on the French themselves, and on the nations whom they visited. Both the French that conquered, and their foes that fell, suffered most terrible things. To refer to the French alone, the conscription drained France of its finest youth—its very life-blood. The married were seized and formed into battalions—the protector of the widow was taken from his home to live the life and die the death of a soldier: every young man, who was old enough to carry a musket, was seized, and made a soldier under Napoleon; and to refuse, was to be covered with a dress of infamy, to be sent to the prisons, and loaded with chains: and so dreadful was the conscription, that, after the celebrated incursion into Russia, females, in France, were nearly three times the number of the men; all the life-blood and strength of the nation were drained out of it to be poured forth in Napoleon's wars, as offerings to his insatiable ambition. Again, the way in which he made war is another evidence of the torturing character of Napoleon's battles. When he made war, he did so without magazines and without hospitals; the inducement held out to his soldiers was, that if they gained the battle, they should have glory, and plenty of plunder also. The French army was invariably poured into a foreign country, and with no preparation of food or hospitals.

Mr. Cuninghame received from official reports the following statement:—"The distress and destruction which marked the countries through which the French army fled from the bloody field of Leipsic were altogether indescribable. Dead bodies covered the roads, while districts were depopulated by disease. For a month after the retreat, no human being, no domestic animal, no poultry, not even a sparrow was to be met with, only ravens feeding on corpses." So truly were men scorched with fire, or tormented with the inflictions of this vial.

But it is added here, "they repented not of their sins, but blasphemed the God of heaven." As I shall have occasion, in

explaining the fifth vial, which immediately precedes the most momentous of them all, the sixth, to comment upon their repenting not, and continuing to blaspheme God, I shall not enlarge upon this, which was one characteristic of this vial. But I need not tell you that all the punishment inflicted by the French upon Austria, Italy, and Spain, and upon France by the conscription, did not, in the very least degree, cause the people to put away their superstitions, and to repent of their sins. France, indeed, did make a change, but it was from the religion that believed nothing at all to the religion that believes every thing. It was a change from atheism, which proclaimed the horrific notion there is no God, to Popery, which proclaims the superstitious and no less blasphemous notion, that the Virgin Mary is our mediator. And, so far from there being any thing like a reformation among the people, you will find that, in France, at this day, men are wanting among the worshippers; the churches are filled, nine-tenths of them, with poor females and children. I heard a foreigner make the remark, that the number of men in our congregations in this country was astonishing to him: and, I understand, that many other foreigners have made, still more forcibly, the same remark with reference to the audience here. It is obvious to you all, that three-fourths, at least, of this vast audience in Exeter Hall at this moment consists of men. I think I understate rather than overstate the proportion. This shows, indeed, the deep interest that you take in this subject, but it is not so favourable to our collections. It has been calculated that, at a collection sermon, one lady is equal to thirteen men—that is, she gives thirteen times the amount of money toward any charitable and benevolent purpose. The number of men will, in a great degree, account for the deficiency of some of our collections. But if the men present have derived any benefit from the lectures, and have any perception of the duty that devolves upon them, when we have a collection next Sunday for our schools, for which we are in want of money, they will have a locus penitentiae, an opportunity of repelling the charge made against them, and of showing that, if they have heads that can more clearly comprehend, they have hearts that do not less keenly feel.

I have thus described the second, third, and fourth vials. My great difficulty has been how to give you facts, and not to weary you: but if you will only read, on the one hand, the vials in Revelation, and Alison's history on the other, I think you will be quite satisfied that my exposition is a just and correct one. I will now draw one or two lessons for ourselves from what we have been studying.

First, history is not a mere series of tumbling accidents. God is in the facts of history, as well as in the texts of the Bible. Even events that we cannot understand, are essential, like the pins or rachets in a complete system of machinery. To the eye of a superficial beholder, these little things appear utterly worthless; but to the person who made the machinery, and comprehends its structure, the smallest pin appears so indispensable to the whole, that loss of it would be the destruction of all. Dear friends, God is not in great events, in contradistinction to little events, but he is in all. Let me take the period when the French Revolution broke out in 1792, and from that period downward to the conquest at Waterloo in 1815. Give me the power to put in a pin-point in any place I shall choose during the lapse of those twenty-three years, and the destiny of Europe will be immediately changed. Then, I say, if a pin-point could alter the destiny of Europe, give a new tone, a new current, a new impulse, a new result to events, can we resist the idea that God is in the minutest event that happens, as well as in a mighty battle, a glorious conquest, the overturning of a dynasty, or in the desolation of a nation? Poor Napoleon thought he was the great original—he was but the mere instrument in the hands of God. Napoleon thought he was the statuary that could carve out things according to his own pleasure. Poor man! how little he knew! He was but the chisel, and not the statuary; and each result that he accomplished was a result contemplated or permitted in the providence of God.

We learn another lesson, and not a less important one—how clearly a retributive providence is exhibited in the history of nations; as such I wish we could all feel this lesson—nations cease to exist in eternity: nations are temporal things; indi-



viduals are eternal things; but the corporation called a nation has only existence in this world: hence it is true that national sins are not punished in eternity as individual sins are, but they are punished in time. Whenever, therefore, a nation sins, that nation is sure to be scourged: each wicked action of a nation awakens a thousand retributive echoes: national crimes will ever be followed by retributive judgment and desolation. The land that has been stained most deeply with national sins, will be swept most sorely by national judgments. God has said it, and all history conspires and co-operates to demonstrate and to prove it: and, if it be so, let old England, so spared, so unscathed, watch and pray—let her take care not to have any alliance with that system that dishonours God, tarnishes his glory, ruins souls, and has corrupted the nations of the earth. The Papal nations have been bitterly judged—read their history—read the history of Spain—the Spanish nation are in a continual ferment; the population, politically looked at, are on the brink of a volcano—the population, morally looked at, are, those who are above the clay, no better than those that sleep beneath. And Italy, how often visited! how often judged! how locked in darkness, in superstition, and in slumber still. Pauperism and Popery are twin sisters. Look at Austria, bayonets its only battlements. Look at Portugal, a wretched quagmire. Look at France, where its monarch cannot calculate upon a year's immunity from the insurgent or the bullet of the regicide.\* Then compare with these lands our own: what land is like it? what fields so green! what sky, with all its fogs, so fair! what land equal to that we live in! a land where the slave touches its shores and his shackles drop off: where we can lie down beneath the overshadowing pinions of the public peace, and sleep sweetly—a land where we can leave our children and know that they will be freemen, and hope that they will be Christians—a land, with all its faults, unrivalled amid the nations of the earth. And what has made it so? It is the church of the living God in England's heart that is the strength and stability of the diadem upon the

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\* What evidence of the hollow state of these realms described in the text by me in 1847, is presented in 1848!

queen of England's brow. Let the religion of our country die, and its loyalty, its peace, its happiness, will die also.

Righteousness alone exalteth a people. Political sagacity makes blunders; philosophy never made a people holy nor happy; national wealth corrupts; military power is a calamity, for war is surely a curse. Even if it is ever expedient, it is not always just. The soldier—the existence of the soldier—is a stern and terrible necessity: much as we are indebted to him, necessary as he is, we should breathe a prayer that the time may come when that sword shall be turned into a ploughshare, and that spear shall be made a pruning-hook. What has war done for any of the nations of the earth? where is Xerxes with his myriads? where are the legions of Rome? where is the military grandeur of Napoleon? what have they left behind them? Babylon was once as secure as London—she had stronger walls—she had as brave a people—Rome had as heroic and numerous soldiers—Tyre had comparatively as mighty a navy—Athens as profound a philosophy. A few bricks are all that remains of Babylon—malaria closes upon Rome, now presided over by a superstitious hierarch—Athens is a horde of banditti. If the illustrious characters—the philosophers—the soldiers—the statesmen, that now sleep amid the ruins of their respective countries, could speak again, they would say, “We had no power to avert these disasters—we could only grace the ruins of the country we tried to save.” You must look to something better, as the safety of a nation, than military strength, or philosophy, or power, or literature; and that something is what the Bible tells us, “Righteousness exalteth a nation; sin is the ruin of any people.”

And now, my dear friends, much has been written about church and state; much has been argued *pro* and *con*, on that subject. I am not called upon now to pronounce any judgment; but this I say, that the man who himself becomes a true Christian, does more to make his country Christian, than the man who delivers the most eloquent speeches upon the connection of church and state. One stone laid upon the earth is worth a thousand castles built in the air: and if you become a Christian indeed, you make a greater contribution toward the Christianization of the nation or the world than all that the ablest and

most excellent statesmen ever proposed about church and state. If all men would become Christians individually, the whole nation would become Christian collectively. Let me, then, my dear hearers, close my remarks upon these three vials by asking you, are you children of God? are you believers in Christ? have you washed your robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb? Do you feel that every moment the judgment-day is coming nearer to us, and that we are hurrying to the judgment-seat. There is not one hour of which you can say, I shall see its close. Some who have appeared in this hall since I first addressed you, have now passed to the judgment. Who can tell but that some happy heart, that beats beneath some countenance radiant with health this evening, may never beat here again. I wish, my dear friends, that you would not forget that, if I have told you of events which concern nations, and expounded to you the mysteries of God's word, I have told you also that there is precious blood which has been shed for our sins—that there is a righteousness which will cover you—that there is a coming Saviour—that there is an everlasting God; and if you perish, you will perish with the sounds of mercy and the invitations of love sounding in the depths of your heart. Men and brethren, the avenger is at your heels; Christ is the only city of refuge—the storm is bursting forth; Christ is the only ark that can save you—the destroying angel has spread his wings on the blast; nothing but the blood of sprinkling can shield you from destruction. Let me then ask you as you value the safety of your soul—as you would prize the hopes of glory, as you would be not only *holy*, but, as I told you this morning, as you would be *happy*, let me beseech you to leave every question upon earth unsettled, if you like, but oh! leave not this question unsettled, “What must I do to be saved?” Let me speak to you as to men of good sense, of reason and understanding. Is it, let me ask you, it is reasonable that you should ascertain how you stand commercially, how politically, how socially, how you are circumstantially, but should leave unsettled this question—Will that eternity into which I am carried as upon the crest of a rapid wave, and into which I must plunge, and that very soon—will that eternity be to me one of everlasting rest, or will it be to me

eternal misery and wo? Why, if there be no heaven, if there be no hell, then, my dear hearer, say so—avow the fact, and not only avow it, but learn to act upon it. If there be no God, if there be no heaven, if there be no hell, burn the Bible; do not enter the house of God again; be out and out consistent. Why this shivering? why that hesitating? why that suspicion that it may be true? why that want of confidence that you are right? Oh, you know you are wrong—your conscience tells you that you are wrong. If there be a God, if there be a heaven, if there be a hell, if there be a Saviour, if there be a lost soul yet to be saved, and this soul yours, then resolve as did the poor prodigal, “I will arise and go to my Father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.” And do you think that you will be rejected? Recollect the history of the prodigal. The father, we are told, “saw him when he was yet a great way off, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck and kissed him.” The father was standing on the roof of his house, for they had flat roofs in that country; he saw at first a speck in the distance; he thought it might be an Arab travelling, or a merchant disposing of his wares, but the thought did strike him that it might perhaps be his poor prodigal. He looked and looked again, and as the shape became more distinct, he recognised the features of his son: his full heart could not wait for his son; he ran to meet him, fell upon his neck and kissed and welcomed him, “for this my son was dead and is alive again, was lost and is found.” That Father is God. God looks for you: waits for you. The first movement that you make to God, God will respond to it by a glorious and gracious one to you, and all heaven will rejoice that some lost sinner is found—some poor prodigal restored to his Father’s home. And when other judgments far more consuming than those of these vials shall light upon the earth, he will address to you the gracious premonition, “Come, my people, enter thou into thy chambers, and shut thy doors about thee: hide thyself as it were for a little moment, until the indignation be overpast. For, behold, the LORD cometh out of his place to punish the inhabitants of the earth for their iniquity.”

## LECTURE XIX.

## THE FIFTH VIAL.

"And the fifth angel poured out his vial upon the seat of the beast; and his kingdom was full of darkness; and they gnawed their tongues for pain,

"And blasphemed the God of heaven because of their pains and their sores, and repented not of their deeds."—*Revelation* xvi. 10, 11.

It is necessary to remind you, by way of preliminary remark, of what I have established in a previous lecture, that the wild beast here spoken of is the same wild beast that came up from the abyss, and is the head of the Great Western Apostasy. Its Apocalyptic portrait is fulfilled in its actual history. The seat of the beast is not his kingdom or his empire, in its range from Rome to its distant provinces; but the metropolitical spot on which this head of the Apostasy—this wild beast from the abyss—sits and reigns. In short, it is at Rome, and in the temple of God, where he sits and says he is God. I may also add, that the word in the original Greek, here translated "seat," is *θρονος*, literally "throne;" and you will find, by reference to ecclesiastical history, that about the end of the fourth century, just when the Roman Apostasy approached nearly to its full development, the seat of the bishop, or the archbishop, the ruling power in the Christian church, came to be called, what it is still called in some portions of the Protestant church, the throne of the bishop, or archbishop, or pope. Thus the language alone, here employed, indicates the seat of an ecclesiastical, as much, at least, as the seat of a civil power; and, when associated with the wild beast from the abyss, whom we proved to be an ecclesiastical tyrant, we can have no doubt that the locality here indicated is Rome.

Now, then, we must expect from this chapter the commencement of those judgments which are detailed at length in the chapter we have this evening read. We may expect, from the language descriptive of this vial, and from the effects that followed

its effusion, that a series of judgments must have begun at that time to light upon the very chief seat and throne of the beast, to which every Roman Catholic looks as the great centre of the Christian universe, the capital of Papal Christendom. The fourth vial closed its action at the battle of Wagram and the second subjugation of the Austrian government. And just at that very period, and after that memorable victory, which prostrated the Austrian power, when the humbled emperor gave his own daughter (whose death has just occurred) to the conqueror, in order to stave off ulterior results; we read that Napoleon issued his memorable decrees from Schoenbrunn, in Germany, which decrees at one fell swoop abolished the temporal power of the pope, and incorporated the Roman States as part and parcel of the French empire. This, I say, was the ultimate result; and the steps that preceded this I will now endeavour to unfold and open up. I shall show you, also, how completely that portion of the seventeenth chapter, which describes the conduct of the kings of the Roman earth, was fulfilled under the operation of the fifth vial; I shall adduce historic facts to prove that the ten kings, one of whose kingdoms, namely Britain, you will always recollect was separated by the great earthquake at the Reformation, began to feel cold to the great head of the Romish Apostasy, and even to commence a series of attacks, which all but vitally wounded that power, and certainly smote it with a paralysis, under the effects of which it now shakes and trembles on the throne of Italy. I may also here state that this period, the commencement of the French Revolution in 1793, when these judgments began to be poured out upon the seat of the beast, was the close of the 1260 years to which I have so frequently alluded. In the year 529, or 533, the celebrated code, called the Justinian Code, was promulgated; by which the Papal ecclesiastical power was armed with wide civil jurisdiction, and it was authoritatively declared to be heresy, and worthy of death, to dissent from the Roman Catholic religion; and from 1789 to 1793, Napoleon's celebrated codes, which constitute the closing period to the 1260 years, were promulgated. These made a change in the constitution of Europe just as marked and as sweeping as that made by Justinian 1260 years before. We therefore conclude, that the era of the French

Revolution was the end of those 1260 years, during which the witnesses were prophesying in sackcloth. It was no slight symptom of the shocks to which the Popedom was soon to be exposed, that, so far back as the year 1727, the hearts of the ten kings began to grow cold toward Antichrist, as was observed by the Venetian ambassador: "Something unnatural is coming to pass in the sight of all, for the Catholic governments are beginning to unite in hostility to the Roman court." In the year 1758, Benedict XIV., the then reigning pontiff, made concessions, in order, if possible, to stave off the evils that menaced him; but, like all partial reforms when sweeping ones are needed, they only precipitated that revolution which nothing could arrest but a great moral and scriptural reformation. Ominous symptoms increased in number and in meaning: Rome continued to shake—the hostile powers grew more hostile, till, in the year 1793, the period to which we are now alluding, France, which had been for 1300 years the eldest son of the church, the great bulwark of the Papacy, broke loose from its subjugation, and in that disruption shattered and shook the Papal influence throughout the world. In 1789, one of the first steps by which this was gradually accomplished was taken by the National Assembly of France when it abolished the tithes, which the pope held to be especially sacred to himself and his priesthood, and substituted a small rent-charge on estates for the payment of the Popish clergy. France next confiscated the lands belonging to the church, in spite of a long-established maxim, that the pope alone could alienate property that belonged to the support of the church.

Thus, in the confiscation of all the lands and property belonging to the support of the Romish Church in France by the secular power, we see the first sprinklings of the vial on the extremities of the church—the beginning of those terrible retributions which shook the system to the very centre. Soon after this, four thousand monastic houses, full of riches and the fat things of the earth, were suppressed and rifled. Next, the clergy of France, the Roman Catholic priesthood, were required—and here was almost the crowning stroke in France—to abjure all allegiance to the pope. The Roman religion was, by act of Assembly, abolished. Many of the Romish churches were overturned—their

altars plundered—the bells taken down from the spires, and melted into cannon for the use of the imperial army. The cathedral of Rheims was converted into a gunpowder manufactory. St. Denis was plundered of all its ornaments, and the leaden coffins, in which was the dust of ancient kings of the noblest dynasties, were turned into musket bullets; and, in a report read to the French National Assembly in 1795, it was stated that 15,000 cannon could be cast out of church bells, and orders were given that this should be done. And a traveller in France at that period writes thus:—"On turning the corner of a street as we entered Rouen, I suddenly found coach and horses and all in the aisle of an ancient cathedral. The church having devolved to the nation as its property, was sold for stables to one of the owners of the Rouen diligences. An old cab occupied the place of the altar, and the horses were eating their oats in the sacristy." And the Rev. Dr. Waugh, whose name is cherished in the grateful recollection of thousands, who was as distinguished for his beautiful character, as he was for his pure piety and eminent devotion to all that was benevolent and Christian, states, that in 1802 he "visited the various churches in Dieppe, and found, in one of the most beautiful, two men winnowing wheat before the pulpit, and another splendid church was filled with wheat," being turned into a granary. At the period of which we have been speaking, 4000 Roman Catholic priests were massacred under circumstances of unparalleled cruelty, and those who escaped this too justly merited retribution with their lives, passed into this country, and found shelter beneath the shadow of that throne, which affords a refuge to the persecuted whatever be his principles, and refuses not its shelter to the sufferer, from whatever clime or country that sufferer may come. In this tragedy these very Roman Catholic priests, who were either massacred, or fled for refuge to this country, seem to have been made to drink the blood which they had so fearfully shed upon previous occasions; and they afford us fresh evidence that never did a man draw the sword of persecution against his fellow-man, without the sword exchanging hands, and being turned fatally upon himself. Hatred of the Romish Church and the Romish clergy grew, and in no place experienced an abatement. Belgium, and Italy, and Germany



were all severally more or less affected with this anti-Papal feeling, and at last Bonaparte, unsatisfied because he could not be satisfied—and every conqueror who has swept the earth like a simoon has only left the traces of the fact, that when the world itself was conquered, the conqueror must sit down, like another Alexander, and weep because there was not another world to overrun and conquer still—Napoleon, I say, dissatisfied with all that had yet been done, at length moved toward Rome itself, the seat of the beast. At this crisis, when the French army was gathering like a portentous cloud upon the more distant provinces, and appeared ready to concentrate on the very seat or throne of the pontiff, the pope sagaciously parried the last blow, by giving up to Napoleon Ferrara, Romagna, and Ancona, called Peter's Patrimony—that is, the special property of the pontiff, paying down fifteen hundred thousand crowns, surrendering the military stores, and one hundred of the choicest pictures in the Vatican. In short, he made every sacrifice to keep the conqueror at bay, and save Rome from utter desolation. The French ambassador thus writes from Rome to Napoleon with prophetic significance:—"The payment stipulated by the treaty of Tolentino has totally exhausted *this old carcass, we are making it consume by a slow fire.*" So truly does history fulfil the words, "These kings shall hate the whore, and shall make her desolate and naked, and burn her as with fire." Rev. xvii. 16.

Near, however, as these judgments were, they were not yet near enough. The contents of the vial had yet to sprinkle the throne of the pope. One day the pope was seated on his pontifical throne, in the Sistine chapel of the Vatican, the ante-hall of which (the Sala Borgia) is covered with frescoes representing the massacre of St. Bartholomew's day. The cardinals, in their gorgeous robes, had all assembled round him to congratulate him on the anniversary of his elevation to the popedom. While he was receiving the congratulations of the conclave, the noise of axes and the battering of doors fell unexpectedly on his ears: inquiry was made, and the awful tidings, which almost broke the heart of the pontiff, were conveyed that the French were thundering at the very doors of the Vatican, and were come to demand his holiness as a prisoner. In a few moments they were in the midst of the church; the pontiff was arrested as a culprit

and made a prisoner; the episcopal ring, which was the symbol of his marriage to the church, was torn from his finger, and he was marched amid files of soldiers from the Sistine chapel, through that memorable ante-hall, in which were the pictures of the murdered saints of St. Bartholomew's day, and the recorded expression of Papal thanks to the French king for slaughtering so many thousands of the Protestants of France. Surely the echoes of that fearful day must have rung in his ears as if his own death-knell! Surely the conviction must have flashed across the pontiff's mind, that now was the hour and power of righteous retribution, and, having murdered the saints of God, he was now in turn committed to the tender mercies of the murderers of mankind! He died in exile in 1799.

Thus the vial began to sprinkle the very throne of the beast; and, as if a Roman cardinal were raised to give evidence of the fulfilment of Apocalyptic prophecy, Cardinal Pacca, who was seen standing near the pope, exclaimed, in the agony of his soul, "Consummatum est!"—there is an end of the Papal empire! all is over! the end of religion is come! True, the words were uttered too soon. Rome was to be punished, but not yet utterly to perish. The Apostasy is to be consumed—it is the language of Thessalonians—"by the spirit of the Lord's mouth:" and it began to consume at the end of the 1260 years, in 1793, but it is to be destroyed only by the brightness of the Redeemer's coming. The cardinal, therefore, anticipated the time; the first stroke was struck; the presentiment of ruin was felt; the beast upon his throne began to be destroyed by the judgments of God.

In 1804, the then reigning pope was summoned by Napoleon to Paris, to lend the consecration of his presence to the crowning of Napoleon, a strange and wonderful event; that the sacerdotal hierarchy, who made kings quail upon their thrones—who made the nations quiver and tremble if their names were but uttered—that pontiff, so awful in the past, so irresistible in his power, was commanded by one who was recently a subaltern in the French army, to march to Paris and do the biddings of a greater tyrant, seated on a yet greater throne. Napoleon had no faith in the pope's pretensions. All he designed was to dazzle the Parisian crowd, not to honour the pope; and to show this he departed from

all previous order in his coronation. It had been usual that a minister of religion should place the crown upon the king's brow, and pray, as was most proper, for blessings upon the head that was to wear that crown; but, on this occasion, Napoleon put the crown upon his own head; but, while he did so, he felt it would not be prudent to appear to his vast empire to be hostile to religion; for this purpose he ordered the pontiff to come from Rome, not to put the crown upon his head, but, by his presence as a vassal, to swell the pageant and swing the censer of incense to Napoleon's ambition, and make his people believe that, while he was an infidel at heart, he had no apparent indisposition to play the Papist for the nonce. The Directory wished to extinguish the pope, and put an end to Popery at once; but Napoleon saw that would not do. He therefore retained the pope merely as an appendage to his autocratic throne—a sort of nimbus round it, being as willing to act the Romanist in Europe as he was to play the Mohammedan in Asia.

After this followed the decrees of Schoenbrunn, to which I have referred, as the crowning stroke, and the ten kings, England always excepted, as having severed from the Papacy, gave in their adhesion to the decree of Napoleon: there was Louis, king of Holland; Jerome, king of Westphalia; the princes of Bavaria, Wurtemberg, and the Swiss cantons; the Austrian emperor; the kings of Italy, Naples, Spain, and Portugal—all concurred in these decrees, and thus acted in concert together against the Roman pontiff: so that it may truly be said that the ten kings should "hate and strip naked, and consume the beast, as it were, by fire."

The substance of these decrees was as follows:—First, the total abolition of the temporal power of the pope; next, the incorporation of Rome as the second city, not the first, in the French empire; thirdly, the appointment of a committee for the civil government of Rome; and, lastly, a pension settled on the pope on the withdrawal of all his temporal immunities, and the "Vicar of Christ," the great head of the Apostasy, thus made a mere dependent stipendiary of the king or the emperor of France. You ask, perhaps, how the pope's proud heart brooked all this? He brooked it ill; he protested loudly against it; and, at the very time that this was done, he issued one of his ancient bulls,

containing all the bitter and proscriptive language of the Middle Ages; but his thunders had lost their power; they bore the aspect of theatrical thunder—his bolts hurt none, and Bonaparte smiled at the old priest's parchment, and the nations saw that the voice that once shook the world had lost its magic, though not its spirit, among the people.

Thus the hierarch who had ruled the souls of men was made a stipendiary of France—the idol to whom 1260 years had offered incense was struck from its pedestal, and ultimately carried to Fontainebleau, where he signed a concordat, the first condition of which was his abandonment of Rome; and afterward to Paris as a captive, subject to the bidding of his imperial master. His final destruction, however, was not yet come; the vial was poured out, as we are told in the text, upon the throne of the beast; his kingdom was full of darkness, and they gnawed their tongues for pain, but the day of the utter destruction of the beast was not yet arrived; for, after Napoleon's fall, evidence was too plainly presented, that the hour of the final overthrow of Antichrist was not yet come, inasmuch as Popery was again recognised in France, not indeed as the only religion, but as one among the European sects. In Spain, Romanism rules, but with all its property confiscated; in Portugal it holds also but a lingering existence; and there seems to be, in short, clear evidence that the fierce ecclesiastical despotism that reigned over the nations of Europe is crippled as a civil power.\* The continental nations know Popery by bitter experience. The only people that seems to give recognition to Rome, is the nation that was severed from it 300 years ago, now so oblivious of the past as to be ready to relapse into it again.

It is said "they blasphemed God, and repented not of their deeds." This is writ upon the history of Europe, as well as upon the history of Rome. The nations that had been scourged by Napoleon, and crushed by the pope, felt the judgments, but they repented not of the crimes that brought them down. The expression blasphemy, I need scarcely explain to you, denotes to give to idols the attributes of God, or for men to assume the pre-

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\* The third French Revolution, February, 1848, renounces all payment of the Romish or any other priesthood. Lacordaire, the eloquent priest, advocates this.

rogatives of God : so in one passage, "Why doth this man speak blasphemy?" It is then explained what blasphemy is. "Who can forgive sins but God only?" Then, again, "Your fathers burned incense unto graven images," that is the exercise of idolatry, "and blasphemed me;" showing that to assume God's prerogative is blasphemy, just as much as to attribute that prerogative to an idol. The nations punished for their sins, and idolatries, and persecution of the truth, relapsed into their former crimes, and subservience to spiritual, if not to political Popery. A deputation from the London Missionary Society, at the head of which was Dr. Waugh, of whom I have before spoken, visited France. After the revolutionary storm had passed away, and one would have thought the crushed and bleeding heart of humanity would have turned to God, the living God, we read that in Paris it required a search of four days among the book-shops to find one single Bible, and this was supposed to be the state, not of Paris only, but of a great part of France. In Germany, which had been punished so severely in the revolutionary wars, morality became utterly stagnant, and the bonds of the social fabric and the ties of relative life in numerous instances dissolved. In Spain, as Blanco White shows, the priests were the chief corrupters of the people, and the people loved to have it so. In Italy, which was the very throne of the beast, where we might have expected repentance and reformation, if judgments could produce it, morality was prostrate on the earth; the marriage vow was then, as now, practically superseded; licentiousness prevailed in the ranks of the nobility till whole families were extinguished; contamination tainted the masses of the people. In Florence then, as now, no lady of fashion appears abroad without a second and subordinate husband; and, in Naples, this arrangement is generally in the marriage contract. An historian of the day states, an assassin might be hired in Naples to murder any one for fifty livres, and a hackney swearer might be had for twelve to exculpate him.\* Ireland and Italy have the same religious roots, and bring forth very much the same fruits. In the Romish Church itself no reformation took place in its dogmas;

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\* Since the first edition of these Lectures, a wholesale illustration of this fitness for massacre has occurred at Naples.

no attempt was made at retracing its steps; weeping Madonnas, supposed to have disappeared during the desecrating marches of the French, now appeared in every town; images of the Virgin were set up in every church and cathedral throughout the States of the Church; miracles, it was stated, were wrought in every portion of the Italian nation. Instances of the Virgin's approval of the faithfulness of the faithful manifested themselves in shapes the most grotesque and absurd, while the restored pope, borne back to his scorched seat by four heretical kings, though he had felt so much the force of a tyrant's power, and so substantially the generosity of royal heretics, yet abated not one particle of his intolerable pretensions, for Pius VII. declared "that the penalties of confiscation, so far as concerns private property, is declared by the bull of Innocent III.; and as concerning sovereignties and fiefs, it is the rule of the canon law, that the subjects of princes manifestly heretical are released from all obligations to them, and are dispensed from all allegiance to them, although we are fallen on such calamitous times that it is not possible for the spouse of Christ to practise, or even expedient to recall, her holy maxims of just severity against the enemies of our most holy faith." (Donnoghue, vol. ii. p. 447.) I need not tell you perhaps, for you probably know it, that it is an established principle of the Roman Catholic Church, and I can quote canons of their councils and decrees of their popes to prove it, that the allegiance of subjects to princes that are Protestant is, *ipso facto*, dissolved, and that they owe such princes no loyalty or obedience whatever. Now, after four heretical princes had carried back the pope to his palace, and placed him again upon his throne, and, after the peace that followed 1815 had dawned upon the world, we find not one trace of repentance or of reformation, or modification of his persecuting spirit; on the contrary, we read that the pope, just before he entered Rome, borne almost upon the shoulders of heretical princes, proclaimed himself "God's vicar upon earth—the vicar of the Lord Jesus Christ." "At Ancona, a miraculous wooden Virgin, according to Abbe Albertine, appeared, which opened and closed its eyes, and turned them in all directions, to the indescribable delight of the people." On May 13, 1814, Pope Pius VII. crowned the image, and attached

a plenary indulgence to all who should visit it and offer devout and suitable prayers to it. After this, we read that he restored the Jesuits, who had been dissolved by Gregory XIV. as "an intolerable nuisance," and issued his celebrated encyclical letter against the Bible Society. Pope Pius VII. thus addressed all Roman Catholic prelates and priests in Christendom :—

"The Bible Societies endeavour to translate, or rather corrupt, the Holy Scriptures into the tongues of all nations, which gives us just reason to fear that we may there find, instead of the gospel of Christ, the gospel of men, or what is worse, the gospel of the devil."

Thus Pope Pius VII. cursed the translation of the Bible; thus Gregory XVI., as I have shown you, denounced the duty of understanding the Bible; and, lastly, Pius IX., the reigning pontiff, so liberal in politics, but so rigid in Popery, has condemned, with equal virulence, and equal plainness, the circulation and understanding of the word of God. In 1825, Pope Pius VII. published a bull of Jubilee, in which he invites the faithful of every land to visit the exhibition of the actual cradle of our blessed Lord.\* So little did they repent of their superstitions or reform their principles. About this time, also, Pope Pius VII. renewed the reading of the bull *in cœnâ Domini*—a bull that is now in force in Ireland, though declared by the civil powers in various countries to be utterly incompatible with the very existence of loyalty and allegiance to the throne. In that memorable bull, which was read every Maundy Thursday at Rome, till within a very recent period, and may still be so, we shall find the following extract :—

"We do, in behalf of Almighty God, the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost, and with the authority of the blessed apostles Peter and Paul, and with our own, excommunicate and anathematize all Hussites, Wickliffites, Lutherans, Calvinists, and all and sundry other heretics, by whatsoever name they may be reckoned."

Such is the power claimed by the pontiff. I wish to read you

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\* Lately there has been a grand procession at Rome, Pius IX. at the head of it, on the recovery of a head of St. Andrew.

a striking illustration that these pretensions do not become obsolete with the lapse of years. You have heard me speak of the assumed liberality of the pontiff that now occupies the Papal throne; you have heard, too, our Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen declare that the pretensions of the pope to have dominion over the subjects of England to have been exploded long ago, and were the absurdities of a bygone and effete superstition. Now there is a newspaper published in London, which is the organ of the Roman Catholic body, called the *Tablet*, written with much talent, and containing much information on the Roman Catholic controversy: the *Tablet* writes upon this very point; and urges the fact, that the Romish priests in this country are "the subjects of the pope," and that he "commands," not exhorts them.

Now nothing can be more plain than this, that the popes of Rome have not abjured the pretensions of the past, nor repented of the absolute sovereignty that they assumed over the subjects of the queens and kings and princes of the earth. Whatever men may think, the wild beast from the abyss, and the great corporation of which he is the head, change not. That system remains the same, amid the light of the nineteenth century, that it was when Hildebrand made Europe echo his thunders, and prostrate kings bow their necks upon the earth. Rome may array herself in the drapery of outward meekness, wreath her face with smiles, and deck her brow with the crown of toleration, but she still holds fast the principles, and will carry those principles into practice when she has the power, that made the soil of Europe red with the blood of saints, and its winds to be the vehicles of the lamentations of saints and the moans of the martyrs of Jesus. And I believe that one of the most complete pathways for the return of Romanism into this country, is the belief which plausible priests and Jesuits endeavour to impress upon you, that Rome, like wine long kept, has improved itself in quality, in flavour, and in all respects: but when a Roman Catholic priest tells you so, he himself secretly laughs at your credulity in believing him; for if Rome has changed, her infallibility is gone. She must have been fallible if she erred. She may err again. Before such an admission she would fall. If what was infallibly true in the fifteenth century has become infallibly false in the nineteenth,



Rome has changed, she is not the church which she pretends to be: her right arm is from that moment paralyzed, and the deference of the nations will be utterly withdrawn from her: but she claims to be the same to-day that she was a thousand years ago: she cannot be improved, she must be destroyed: she is not to be converted, she is to be destroyed; God's people are to leave her, but the great fabric is to be overwhelmed by the brightness of the Redeemer's coming.

And now, my dear friends, having noticed thus the judgments of the fifth vial, as poured out upon the seat of the beast, and having seen, in the course of these five vials, the frightful effects of infidelity, when rampant, the one day, and of Papal superstition, when dominant, the next, let us learn the great lesson, that pure and scriptural religion alone is the life-blood of England,—the palladium of her people, her only element of safety amid the wreck of nations. In pleading this day for your aid to our schools,\* if I be asked, what, under God, will save us from the contamination of the blasphemies of the skeptic, or from the contagion of the superstitions of the Papist? I say, Bible education. If you ask me, what will replenish old England with sons worthy of their sires, and make those sons stand erect beside the ashes of their fathers, and pronounce them, with thanksgiving to God, blessed? it will be Bible education. If you ask me, what will save our country from the scourge of war—what will prevent it from becoming the victim of intoxication and licentiousness—what will save it from being exhausted by civil feuds, or torn up by the shattering artillery of war? my answer is, Bible education. If you ask me, what will save us from that infidelity that revels in its license without control, and from that superstition that exercises a despotism over soul and body? if you ask me, what will save us from those wild and sensual opinions that rise, like miasma, from the fens and marshes of popular ignorance, or what will protect us from those deadly passions that breed like reptiles beneath a scorching sun? my answer is, Christian edu-

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\* Schools are now built adjoining the church in Crown Court, capable of holding five or six hundred children, at an expense of nearly £3000, for which the author earnestly asks aid.

cation. The good and the pious of past ages have left us noble heritages; we are bound to perpetuate them. We have received from our fathers an open Bible, we have been taught to read, to understand, and to rejoice in its truth; let us resolve, that when we lie down, as we must lie down, upon the last bed, and when our children shall gather around us to bid us a last farewell, to be able to tell them, If we have not increased the blessings of your ancient heritage, we have not impaired them—if we have not added to your religious freedom, we have not crushed it—if we have done nothing to make you nobler, holier, happier, we have done nothing to make you worse. Let us resolve, by the grace of God, that wherever the pall of Papal superstition shall spread—wheresoever the waters of the Tiber shall roll their pestiferous torrent—wheresoever the torch of Christian freedom, and of manly patriotism, and of true faith, shall expire, it shall not be in that land that was watered by the blood of saints—in the bosom of which the ashes of our Cranmers, and Latimers, and Knoxes, and Wilberforces, and others, still repose. If any one in this assembly shall be found so faithless as to betray the sacred trust, or so callous as to refuse to perpetuate it, the hearts of those sainted men will surely become quick in their graves, and beat beneath the sod with indignation—or rise to protest against the sacrilege as dishonourable to God, and discreditable to us all. If we desire others to see our land the most beautiful of the isles of the sea, happy, holy, religious, with its establishments for charity, its asylums for the aged, its hospitals for the sick, its shores on which slavery cannot forge its chains, and on which freedom, an exile from the earth, can find a footing and a home—if we wish to perpetuate a land where Sabbath light shall not be dimmed with the smoke of the factory, and the chime of whose Sabbath bells shall not be mingled with the discord of the railway whistle—if we wish to see it remain a land in which we can lie down and not fear, under the overshadowing wings of public sentiment, and public purity, and public justice—let us give the generation of outcast children, of whom there are literally many thousands around the site of the schools, now rising around their sires, the blessings of a Christian, a Bible education.

## LECTURE XX.

## THE SIXTH VIAL.

“And the sixth angel poured out his vial upon the great river Euphrates; and the water thereof was dried up, that the way of the kings of the east might be prepared.

“And I saw three unclean spirits like frogs come out of the mouth of the dragon, and out of the mouth of the beast, and out of the mouth of the false prophet.

“For they are the spirits of devils, working miracles, which go forth unto the kings of the earth and of the whole world, to gather them to the battle of that great day of God Almighty.”—*Revelation* xvi. 12–14.

THE great river Euphrates, as I have already shown, denotes the Turkish or Mohammedan power. Like a stream that had overflowed its banks, the Turko-Mohammedan nations had overspread vast portions of the earth, and impressed their principles completely over a great part of Christendom. “From the Chinese frontier,” says Gibbon, “he stretched his jurisdiction west and south as far as the neighbourhood of Constantinople, the holy city of Jerusalem, the spicy groves of Arabia Felix, an extent of dominion which surpasses the Asiatic reign of Cyrus and the caliphs.”

The evaporation of this Euphrates was fixed by Daniel, chap. viii. 15–25.

Bicheno, in A. D. 1797, fixed the commencement of the 2300 years at the year B. C. 480, and predicted the commencement of its decline to be 1819. Mr. Elliott calculates that 1849 will finish the Turkish power, and break up and scatter all its national cohesion. On the same data he determines Daniel’s prophecy, xii. 11, “And from the time that the daily sacrifice shall be taken away, and the abomination that maketh desolate set up, there shall be 1290 days. Blessed is he that waiteth and cometh to the 1335 days.”

The first portion of the 1335 days expired at the French Revolution, A. D. 1793; the second expired at the beginning of the decline of the Turko-Mohammedan power—or drying up of the Euphrates, A. D. 1820. The last portion will expire A. D. 1865, at which, or soon after, will be the advent of Christ, and the first resurrection, and beginning of the Millennium.

It has been disputed whether “kings of the east” really describes the Jews. The original *απ’ ανατολων* does not necessarily mean that they shall be in the east at their conversion as a nation; but that they are originally from the east, or of eastern origin.

At the same time it is not unimportant to add, that there is an express prediction of their progress westward, and from the regions in the east, at the time of their call in Isaiah, xi. 14, “But they shall fly upon the shoulders of the Philistines toward the west, they shall spoil them of the east together.”

“The drying up of the Euphrates” began about 1820. In that very year, accordingly, the revolt of Ali Pacha took place. In 1822 the Greek provinces rose as by an irresistible impulse, and warred successfully against their Moslem oppressors. Russia next entered into conflict with Turkey, and exhausted her resources and crippled her energies. The Janissaries were next broken up—the peculiarities of Mohammedanism have disappeared one after another—and even in 1834, so far had this drying up or progressive wasting of the Ottoman empire proceeded, that M. Delamartine, in the Chamber of Deputies in Paris, unconsciously illustrated the truth and fulfilment of the Apocalyptic vision, when he said, “The Ottoman empire is no empire at all; it is a misshapen agglomeration of different races without cohesion between them—with mingled interests—without a language—without laws—without religion—without unity or stability of power. You see that the breath of life which animated it—namely, religious fanaticism—is extinct. You see that its fatal and blinded administration has devoured the race of conquerors, and that Turkey is perishing for want of Turks.

“How far the angel’s vial has taken effect,” says the author of the “Kings of the East,” “and in what manner it has performed its commissioned work, will be best seen by taking a retrospective glance at Turkey, and by comparing her state

twenty years ago with her condition now. During the wars of the French Revolution, while the armies of France desolated Spain, Portugal, Germany, Holland, Russia, Prussia, Italy, and Austria, Turkey escaped comparatively harmless. The 'Annual Register' records, in 1820—"The Ottoman empire, by a long and unwonted good fortune, found itself at the commencement of the era (1820) freed at once from foreign war and domestic rebellion."

"We see, then, Turkey, at the beginning of 1820, blest with more than ordinary repose—the fearful calm which too frequently, however, denotes a storm. Peaceful within and without, she appeared to the world, and was respected, as a powerful and mighty nation. Contrast her present condition—distracted by rebellion among her provinces—stripped of large portions of her empire, Greece, Egypt, Algeria, Wallachia, Moldavia, and all which she possessed north of the Danube—unable to defend herself against her own vassal—obliged to ask for aid from her great enemy, the Russian, to protect her capital, and from other nations whom she has for years regarded as the great enemies of her faith. Her treasury exhausted, her trade and manufactures destroyed; without her wonted tribute from the provinces, and all the sources of wealth *dried up*; she sits an object of pitiable helplessness amid the nations."

Dr. Keith, in his "Signs of the Times," has stated the troubles which since 1820 have in succession been poured upon Turkey.

"In the summer of 1820, Ali Pacha of Albania declared his independence. In the November of the same year the Suliots returned to their country from the Ionian Islands, and raised the standard of rebellion against the Sublime Porte. In April, 1821, the Greek insurrection broke out at Patras, while the empire was distracted at the same time by insurrections in various provinces.

"Theodore, at the head of 10,000 insurgents, raised the standard of revolt in Wallachia. Prince Ypsilanti revolted in Moldavia. Candia refused the usual tribute, and all Greece was in arms. In September, 1821, two irruptions were made into the Turkish dominion by the Persian princes, Mohammed Ali Mirza and Abbas Mirza. The prince royal crossed the frontier toward the end of July, 1822, and defeated an army of 52,000

Turks, who fled in disorder from the field. On the 13th of the same month, Aleppo, the capital of Syria, was destroyed by an earthquake. Antioch, formerly its capital, was also overthrown by the same visitation. In 1823 the war in Greece raged with unabated fury.

"The year 1824 was peculiarly signalized by the triumphs of the Greeks both by sea and land; and while these insurgents were universally successful, fresh dangers threatened the Ottoman empire.

"In 1825 both the populace and the Janissaries in Constantinople were in a state of great fermentation. The Janissaries revolted and rebelled, pillaged the palaces of the Porte, and committed the most frightful excesses throughout Constantinople. The sultan in consequence determined to destroy them utterly; and on the 15th July, 1826, he caused the Etmeidan, where the Janissaries were assembled in a dense and tumultuous crowd, to be surrounded by 60,000 men: the attack began on the part of the sultan, by a murderous discharge of grape-shot; many were killed on the spot, and the survivors retired to their barracks. These, like the Etmeidan, were surrounded by cannon, and the buildings set fire to, in which horrible situation the whole body of the Janissaries perished.

"In the next month a great fire broke out, and destroyed 6000 houses in the most wealthy and magnificent parts of the city.

"In 1827 the battle of Navarino was fought, and the destruction of the Turkish and Egyptian fleets gave the command of the Euxine to Russia, and paved the way for fresh disasters to the Turkish empire.

"On the 26th of April, 1828, Russia declared war against Turkey, and immediately afterward attacked the sultan in his Asiatic pashalics.

"In 1829, after successively defeating the Turkish armies to the east and north, in Anatolia, and on the shores of the Euxine, the Russians passed the Balkan, and fixed their head-quarters in the city of Adrianople. On hearing the near approach of the victorious Russians, the Sublime Porte submitted to the terms of peace dictated by the victors. Liberty from the Turkish

yoke was secured to the principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia, and not a Turk was permitted to reside north of the Danube. The liberty and independence of Servia, and the region inhabited by Franks in the European dominions of Turkey, had their liberty secured,—Greece being already free.

“In 1829 the French seized upon Algiers, and converted a province of Turkey into a French colony.

“In 1828 the pacha of Egypt determined upon the conquest of Syria; and, under the pretence of putting down an insurrection, sent a fleet well supplied, to execute his purposes. His preparations soon alarmed the sultan, who sent an envoy to the pacha at Alexandria; who, seeing through the measures of the wily vassal, demanded of him plainly, ‘What is it you really require from the Sublime Porte?’ ‘My object,’ said the pacha, ‘is to *keep what I have got*. In a few days Acre must be mine: if the sultan consents to my keeping it, I shall stop there; if the sultan refuses, I shall take Damascus: if Damascus be granted me, there I shall stop; but if it be not, I shall take Aleppo. If the sultan will not grant it me—then—who knows—Allah Kerim—God is merciful!’

“The sultan rejected the terms, and Ibrahim advanced victoriously forward till Acre surrendered, after a siege of eight months, in May, 1832. Continuing his forward movement, the army of Ibrahim soon overran all Syria, and driving before him the forces of the sultan, passed the defiles of the Taurus, defeated the army under the grand vizier, in the plain of Koniah, on the 19th December, 1832.

“He had now only to march upon Constantinople, and give a meaning to the incoherent expressions of his father. Nothing remained to oppose his progress to the capital. In this dilemma the sultan applied to Russia for aid, who immediately sent an army of 50,000 men, and ten ships of the line, with several frigates, to Constantinople. The Russians occupied the heights of Unkiar Skelessi, and placed themselves between Ibrahim and his prize. Ibrahim had, however, arrived at Brussa before the news of the armistice between the sultan and his father reached him. On the 5th of May, 1833, the sultan entered into a convention with Mehemet Ali, giving up to him Adana, and the

whole of Syria. From this period the pacha of Egypt considered himself the sovereign of Syria, and sent, in 1835, an official note to the governments of Austria, France, and England, to obtain their consent to the consolidation of his power over his conquests. The British ambassador opposed, and the conquest of Syria was never recognised by the European powers.

"The inhabitants of Syria from 1834 to 1837 were in frequent, if not constant, rebellion. On the 8th of May, 1839, the sultan pronounced the pacha of Egypt and his son Ibrahim deposed; and appointed Hafiz Pacha, the Ottoman general, governor of Egypt."

"'Within the last twenty years,' (says Mr. Walsh, as quoted by Dr. Keith,) 'Constantinople has lost one-half of its population. Two conflagrations happened while I was at Constantinople, and destroyed *fifteen thousand houses*. The Russian and Greek wars were a constant drain on the Janissaries of the capital. The silent operation of the plague is continually active, though not always alarming; it will be considered no exaggeration to say, that within the period mentioned, *from three to four hundred thousand* persons have been prematurely swept away in *one city* of Europe, *by causes which were not operating in any other*,—conflagration, pestilence, and civil commotion. The Turks, though naturally of a robust and vigorous constitution, addict themselves to such habits as are very unfavourable to population: the births do little more than exceed the ordinary deaths, and cannot supply the waste of casualties. The surrounding country is therefore constantly drained to supply the waste in the capital, which nevertheless exhibits districts nearly depopulated. If we suppose that these causes operate more or less in every part of the Turkish empire, it will not be too much to say, that there is more of human life wasted, and less supplied, than in any other country. *We see every-day life going out in the fairest portion of Europe, and the human race threatened with extinction in a soil and climate capable of supporting the most abundant population.*'" (See "The Kings of the East," pp. 2-11.)

From that time the Turkish nation has rapidly wasted; the last streamlet is barely discernible in the once full and overflowing channel of the great Euphrates. The SHADOWS of



Russia and Britain are at this moment, by a strange combination, spread over it to prevent its entire evaporation. They will not succeed. God has pronounced its doom, and no power on earth can prevent its speedy accomplishment. Yea, all efforts to arrest, will only precipitate the sure catastrophe. The Crescent must give way to the Cross—the mosque must one day resound with the Name, and shine with the glories, of Jesus. That river whose streams make glad the city of our God, shall flow where Euphrates has long rolled its flood. “There is one God,” will then, as now, be the Turkish faith; but there will be this, to its professors, new and happy addition—“and Christ is the brightness of His glory, and the express image of His person.” The decay and waning is almost complete; the day also of its regeneration cannot be far distant.

Thus, then, the wasting and removal of the Mohammedan power will be contemporaneous with, or will precede, the movement of the Jews to their long-lost land—their gathering home to Jerusalem once more, in new and glorious circumstances. The facts of the day are the literal fulfilment of this prophecy: the interest felt throughout Christendom in the Jews—the excitements and kindling hopes of which they are almost universally the subject—the growing political as well as religious importance of Palestine—all indicate the preparation of the way of “the kings of the east.”

The present existence of the Jews is perhaps a chief sign of the times in which we live. Their very being is a miracle. Like the bush on Mount Horeb, they have survived amid the burning flames of incessant persecution. The names of Athenian, Roman, Theban, Spartan, live in the records of the past only, their existence is registered on their tombstones; but the Jew walks every street, speaks and dwells in every capital, transacts this world’s business on every exchange, and relieves the monotony of the nations by his presence, as that of an Eastern and unincorporated family. They are reft indeed of the Urim and Thummim, the mitre and the glory on the altar, and the overshadowing cherubim, and the Temple of Jerusalem, their joy; but they themselves remain distinct, and incapable of amalgamation with the tribes and kindred of the earth. Like streams

from some remote fountain whose waters are of strange and characteristic flavour, they have rolled along the successive centuries of time without blending with contemporaneous or even opposing floods. The Jewish nation is at this day the most striking seal of the truth of the sacred oracles. There is no accounting for their perpetuated isolation—their depressed but indestructible existence, on any principles save those revealed in the word of God. They have been sprinkled like millions of globules of quicksilver over the length and breadth of the world, every drop incapable of absorption, and all destined to coalesce and reflect bright beams upon the past, and mirroring forth the morning of a glorious future.

Avarice, prejudice, superstition, have all in turn expended their violence upon them; they have been arbitrarily charged with monstrous crimes as pretexts for plundering them. They have been described as monsters, that they might be plundered. No means have been deemed too base, if they served to enrich the Gentile at the expense of the Jew. During the Middle Ages they were proscribed the ordinary streets and dwelling-places of the Gentiles—assigned distinct municipal localities, treated as a mean and ignoble caste, deprived of civil rights, massacred in popular outbursts, by decrees of councils, and by royal rescripts. They were occasionally baptized by force: the bribe, the fagot, the prison—all were made to bear on their conversion, absorption, or extinction—and all have failed. There are still left upward of three millions of Jews waiting for the Messiah. How is this? Geography, arms, politics, do not explain the mystery of their existence; time, climate, customs, do not unravel it. They are found under the regime of every dynasty—sharing the protection of just laws, and enduring the proscription of cruel ones—using every tongue, and living in every latitude. The snows of Lapland chill them, and the suns of Africa scorch them. They drink of the Tiber and the Thames, the Jordan and the Mississippi. The wreck of Israel still stands in sublime misery. On the one hand they are characterized by meanness, approaching to dishonesty—Mammon their god, and money their constant meditation; and on the other hand they look backward along many thousand years to an ancestry, beside which that of our peers

and princes is but of yesterday—and press forward on the wings of hope to a long-expected day, when they shall exchange the degradation of helots for the dignity of a royal priesthood. The race is a perpetual miracle, evidence of a God, the reluctant and living Amen to the truth of the promises and predictions of Scripture. What is equally remarkable, they have in their darkest hours cherished the love of literature as well as the hopes of the fathers. This must have resulted mainly from the ardent attachment they have ever cherished to their sacred books. Their faith is enshrined in the richest literature; their dearest hope is embalmed in the songs of David, and the strains of Isaiah. The paths that lead to their God are strewn with the choicest flowers. The very hosannahs they raise weekly to the God of Abraham, are couched in the most thrilling, because inspired poetry. But perhaps the first circumstance that drew attention to them not long ago were the events at Damascus in 1842. The Papacy charged on certain Jews in that town the murder of Padre Tomaso, a Capuchin monk, for purposes Jews ever have abhorred. Ten or twelve of the chief Jew merchants of Damascus were subjected to every degree of torture, and some of them to death, the pacha and the French consul seeking to extort from innocence a confession of guilt. The emperor of Russia has felt it necessary to deal with the state of the Jews. Pius IX. has unexpectedly mitigated the severity of their lot in Rome. Germany is agitated with the Jewish question. It is the question of the day in Britain. Right or wrong, the prime minister has introduced a bill into Parliament, which will give the Jew a place among the Gentiles he never had in this country before.

Whenever we behold a Jew, we see a monument of the righteous anger, and a memorial of the unchangeable truth of the Almighty. They are the scattered, deathless, and reluctant witnesses to Christianity—the crucifiers of her Lord, and yet the credentials of his glory. They tried to crush Christianity in her cradle, but they only raised her to the chariot of her triumphs, and gave the first impulse to her progress. They still reject the religion of the Messiah, and yet they are the living evidences of his majesty—their silence is powerful eloquence—their resistance to truth their ablest apology. The judgments that light

upon them on the plains of Babylon—on the sands of Senegal—on the banks of the Jordan—or on the shores of the Caspian Sea—are as intimations from on high, telling to a skeptic world that they are the men of destiny—the world's emphatic phenomena—heaven's trumpet-tongued prophets, recording afresh to each successive generation the truths of creation—the deluge—the cross; reflecting on each new light, and on all together new harmony, and throwing forward into the dark region of the future, rays that unfold a panorama of grandeur and magnificence too vivid for man's unpurged eye to dwell upon. On that poor avaricious Jew there rests a curse, no doubt; but that curse conceals the roots of a sublime consummation. The race is clothed in the mean rags of the slave, but is associated, nevertheless, in the promises of truth, with the heritage and the royalties of an endless sovereignty.

But however inflexible may be the purposes of Providence with reference to the sufferings of the Jews, it is surely not the duty of Christians to become the executioners of the curse which has been denounced upon them. We are called upon to obey precepts, not to fulfil prophecies. He who inspired the prophecy will secure its fulfilment. And so far is it from being the duty of any of the followers of the Christian faith to attempt to pour forth upon the Jews the vials which have been destined for them in the mysterious purposes of heaven, that, on the contrary, special punishments are denounced on those who "help forward the affliction" of that people; and it would not be very difficult to prove that those very nations which have made themselves most infamous by the persecutions they have inflicted on the Jew, have been visited with the most signal and wasting judgments. The Protestant church has pleaded and toiled for them. It has been the unenviable distinction of Rome, to have persecuted them root and branch—to have danced round the fires that burned them, and to have gloried in the murderous cruelty, as if it were acceptable to God. Russia, imitating with almost undistinguishable minuteness the creed of Rome, seems lately to have begun to copy her practices also. Nicholas will not be behind Ferdinand and Isabella. If the emperor be sensitive to public opinion, he may yet change his purposes, and revoke his

exterminating mandate. But if too high to be reached by the waves of popular feeling—if too callous to be penetrated by the cry of the oppressed, the appeals of the injured—he may one day find that the throne of all the Russias is not beyond the reach of the judgments of heaven, nor royalty itself irresponsible at that bar at which no appeals can be received.

Some think these unjustifiable and successive persecutions which the Jews have lately experienced, are meant to loosen their hold of the various countries in which they have found a temporary asylum or pursued a profitable traffic, preparatory to that sublime signal which shall lead them back again to the land of Judah; like the ancient wilderness-pillar, kindling the night by its beams, and cooling the noontide by its shade. If true, the prospect is a glorious one. They will praise, in the streets of Jerusalem, Him their forefathers persecuted—enthroned on Mount Moriah the Man of Sorrows as the mighty God, and crown as the King of Glory, on Golgotha, him whom they crucified between two thieves, as the guiltiest of the three. Perhaps a Christian-bishop in the heart of Jerusalem—the horror of the “Puseyite” and the scorn of the skeptic—may be a forelight of the approaching outburst—an early star to indicate the nearness of the new day—the presage of the long-predicted morn. The increased outward oppression of the Jew may thus be the token of the proximity of his deliverance. If it be so, the prospect will thus give him patience. The tyrant may confine his body, or crush his limbs, or spoil him of his goods; but he cannot extinguish hopes of celestial origin, or impede a destiny which is linked to Omnipotence itself, or blight one flower or blast one acre of that true Canaan which would seem to be theirs in reversion.

I anticipate, then, the restoration of the Jews to their fatherland, and that, too, speedily. Many texts are my witnesses here. Nor is it in vain that their hopes still converge, and kindle as they converge, from a thousand points to Jerusalem; and that their affections nestle, even amid its ruins, as in their beloved and congenial home. It is true there is much superstition associated with their veneration for the city of David; but there is also much that is truly significant. Not a few of the

Jews believe, that every Israelite that dies out of Jerusalem must perform a subterranean passage back to it, that he may rise at the last day; and that to die in Jerusalem is certain salvation, and that the Rabbis in the midst of it are still inspired. There is one part of the ruins which the Jews are allowed to approach; and every Friday evening, when the Jewish Sabbath begins, numbers of their most venerable rabbis kneel amid the *débris*, and kiss the stones, and breathe prayers through the crevices; believing that their supplications are specially heard on that ground, of which Jehovah has said, "Mine eyes and my heart shall be there perpetually." Many of the stones are worn smooth with the tears and kisses of these exiles of Judah. There is something in all this very impressive. Than this, the captives on the banks of the Euphrates did not present a more touching spectacle, nor do the words of the Psalm, "Thy servants take pleasure in her stones, and favour the dust thereof," receive a more striking illustration. The outcasts of Jerusalem cling to its ruins, and cherish its very dust. Like ivy plants, they announce the wreck, while they labour to arrest it. How rooted is Judaism in the heart of a Jew!—what terrible assaults has it withstood!—what fiery elements has it survived! Satan has corrupted it, indeed, but he has not conquered it. He has overshadowed it with superstition, but he has not destroyed it. Even after the lapse of eighteen centuries, bright sparks of the live glory start up at intervals from the encompassing rubbish—rays of the *Shechinah* occasionally leap, like lightning splendours, athwart the clouded canopy which once glowed with stars as the city of God. There are traces of divinity legible still in Zion, Moriah, and Calvary; and shaded and obscured, the "pillar of fire by night, and the pillar of cloud by day," walks the streets of dismantled Jerusalem—these are signs and gleams, too, of the twilight that ushers in Israel's endless noon, significant of its approaching glory. Josephus asserts, there were heard, in the days of Vespasian, awful and mysterious cries in the holy place of the temple of Jerusalem, "Let us go hence," as if the voice of the departing God. May it not be, that the tidings which have lately come so often from Judea, are the deepening echoes of the returning footsteps of Jehovah to reign

over all the earth—to close the days of Zion's mourning—to shine before His ancients gloriously—to rekindle on Mount Zion that pyramid of light that shall flame to heaven, and wrap Europe, Africa, Asia, and America in one glorious apocalypse? Many and multiplying are the signs of its appearing.

There can be no doubt that a new era in the history of Israel has arrived. The Church of England has now built a Christian church on the very ruins of the temple in Mount Zion, where they found layers of stone so large that these ancient foundations are now the foundations of a Christian temple; and the words of the sublime liturgy of that church—"O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world"—shall soon be heard in Zion. On the Rock of Ages, and amid the lingering shadows of Levi, there will soon arise a second and more glorious fane, vocal with perpetual melody. Its walls, the attributes of God—its cement, redeeming love; with no need of sun or moon, for "the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the light thereof." The Church of Scotland became, as by an impulse from on high, so impressed with this great subject, that she sent a deputation of clergy and laity to search out and report the present state, hopes, and accessibility of the Jews. I need not at length refer to their most interesting Report. One fact, however, they found everywhere the same: it is, that the Jews can be preached to in every country. The Dissenters of London have also lately formed a Society for the Conversion of the Jews. Thus all classes begin to be interested in God's ancient people.

In Tuscany and Leghorn, and other parts of Italy, a Protestant missionary dare not preach to the Romanists. The proclamation of the gospel in these countries, the circulation of tracts, the distribution of Bibles, are all visited with pains and penalties; but in every one of them any missionary may preach to the Jews.

In Palestine, Egypt, and Turkey any attempt to proselytize the Mohammedan population would be visited with death or exile; but in all these lands, in Tyre also and Sidon, Sychar, Tiberias, and Acre, the deputation of our church found unfettered opportunities of addressing the stray sheep of the house of Israel.

In the bazaars and other places of traffic, a missionary may stand every day and preach to hundreds of deeply interested and attentive Jews. In Wallachia and Moldavia, and other provinces of the Greek empire, there is the same easy access to the children of Abraham.

In Cracow there are upward of 20,000 Jews; and though a missionary dare not speak on their fatal errors to the Papal population, to all these Jews he may speak freely. A wide door, and effectual, is palpably open. This pleads their cause better than eloquence. I do not expect the Jews to be converted piecemeal. Portions of the race will appear at intervals as seals to ministerial toils, and monuments that God has not forsaken them; and I feel it one of the sweetest recollections in my ministry, that I had the high privilege of baptizing a Jew brought to the knowledge of the truth in my own church; and that recollection is deepened by the fact, that he has since sacrificed all for Christ. I believe they will be converted in a day, and as a nation; but whether before or at the second personal advent of Christ, I am unable to say. It is a remarkable fact, that a portion of the Holy Land is at this moment the subject of national dispute to Russia, France, and Britain. Turkey even gives toleration to the Jews. All confirm one conviction, that we are now at the verge of the pouring out of the Seventh Vial. Our children, if not we ourselves, are destined to see events and manifestations which skeptics may sneer at, and even reluctant Christians undervalue; but thereby they only confirm the truth, "For as it was in the days of Noah, so shall it be at the advent of the Son of Man." "Behold, I come as a thief," is the watchword of the present hour. God grant "the Lamb's wife" may make herself ready!

The wasting of the Turkish power, the position of Egypt, the state of Europe, the feeling of the Jews in Poland and in Constantinople, all prognosticate no ordinary epoch. The hour is at our door when the nation of the Jews shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and live. Like streams from a thousand lands, they shall roll toward Jerusalem, there to testify against the murderous deeds of their misguided fathers, and to weep at the remembrance of the evil spell of infatuation that bound



them. The glory that dwelt between the cherubim shall be rekindled, never to expire. The "Lamb slain from the foundation of the world" shall be hailed as their quickening hope. The Everlasting Priest shall sit upon the throne of David, walk the pavements, and watch over the reclaimed tribes of Palestine. In every country the Jews are more or less loosened, preparatory to their mighty march; and the foreshadows of their approaching resurrection lie both broad and deep upon the face of Europe. Jerusalem itself has become an object of political arrangement among the Gentiles. The apathy with which politicians, patriots, and even Christians looked upon the Jew has been broken up. They command the attention and the intervention of imperial cabinets—of consuls, diplomatists, and statesmen. The dry bones, exceeding many and exceeding dry, begin to be stirred in a thousand valleys; and nations that once stood neutral, or positively hostile, wait and marvel what will be the upshot. The throes of a great birth are already felt. The groans of Judaism and the travail of Christianity indicate the approach of great things. A cycle in the high purpose of God draws to its accomplishment. The prediction shall be literally fulfilled: "Then the Lord thy God will turn thy captivity, and have compassion on thee, and will return and gather thee from all nations, whither the Lord thy God hath scattered thee. If any of them be driven out to the uttermost parts of heaven, from thence will the Lord thy God gather thee; and the Lord thy God will bring thee into the land which thy fathers possessed, and thou shalt possess it." Most glorious consummation! The widowed land of Judah shall soon meet the everlasting husband. The weary-footed wanderers of Salem are near their perpetual rest. The first sounds of the last Jubilee are already caught from afar. The very wrecks of Jerusalem repose in the sunshine of a beauteous resurrection. Golgotha shall be made glad, and Calvary itself exchange its association with the cross for the possession of the crown. The air that was once rent with "Crucify him, crucify him," shall resound with "Hosanna to the Son of David." The very scenes where Jesus suffered, and was spit on and shamed, shall witness rabbis, and priests, and people exalting his name above every name, and glorying in the Cross

as the cradle of their better being. Mount Carmel shall echo back to Mount Zion the joyful sound. The cedars of Lebanon shall rejoice; and the face of Jordan reflect to the face of heaven, "Mercy and truth, which have met together; righteousness and peace, which have kissed each other." If we are the children of Abraham, we too shall share in their joy, and be fellow-heirs with them of the inheritance of the saints in light.

## LECTURE XXI.

## THE THREE UNCLEAN SPIRITS.

(THE SIXTH VIAL—CONTINUED.)

“And I saw three unclean spirits like frogs come out of the mouth of the dragon, and out of the mouth of the beast, and out of the mouth of the false prophet.

“For they are the spirits of devils, working miracles, which go forth unto the kings of the earth and of the whole world, to gather them to the battle of that great day of God Almighty.

“Behold, I come as a thief. Blessed is he that watcheth, and keepeth his garments, lest he walk naked, and they see his shame.”—*Revelation* xvi. 13–15.

WE have two great duties to discharge in the church of Christ. The minister of the gospel is not only to show himself a pastor to feed the sheep, but he is bound also to make good his claim to the office of the watchman, to defend the fold from the wolf. It is not merely his duty to minister nutriment to the saints of God—and this is his most pleasant duty, or rather his privilege—but it is also his office, however painful, to awaken attention, by every means in his power, to the perils that loom in the distance, to analyze the principles of threatening mischief, and to expose the poison that lurks under the most plausible garb, lest those who are safe should be, in the least degree, contaminated or injured, and that those who are without the fold may not be carried away beyond recovery by some fatal or mischievous delusion. This evening I must act the part of the watchman: I must tell you of peril in earnest—of poison mingled with the living bread—of danger.

We have arrived at the close of the era in which we now live; the prophecy I have read depicts the hour that sweeps by. The Turkish dynasty, as I have told you, wastes and wanes; and, if the data which I have assumed be true, the utter waning of the Crescent would seem to take place two or three years hence. I

have shown you that the way of the "kings of the East" will then be free ; so that we may live to witness the august and impressive spectacle of the Jews, shaking loose from every land, and moving like the pillar of cloud by day, and the pillar of flame by night, a procession of glory and beauty, to the land of their fathers—that land that cleaves closest of all sublunary things to their memory, and vibrates with their heart-strings—to which the Jew looks in the nineteenth century as David looked centuries before, as to the land of promise, then the beauty and the joy of the whole earth. But while this process is going on on the one hand—namely, the wasting of the Mohammedan power—and while the way of the "kings of the East" is preparing on the other hand, we are told that three unclean spirits are to go forth from their respective sources ; which are to contaminate the kings and nations of the earth, and prepare them for that last and final earthquake which precedes the winding up of the destinies of that drama in which we play so solemn and so responsible a part.

The nature of these spirits, or the principles which they infuse, we must determine, plainly, by the source from which they are here alleged to spring. I say the class and character of these "unclean spirits like frogs" we are to define by examining the source from which they arise. The first, we are told, comes from the dragon. I need not refer you to my previous lectures, where I showed that the dragon is Satan in his own character, animating the infidel, pagan, and heathen world—the undisguised devil—the archangel fallen. From Satan in this form, and so inspired by Satanic wickedness, the first unclean spirit proceeds. We may therefore infer that this undisguised Satanic spirit proceeding from the dragon, is the *infidel or skeptic spirit*. The second unclean spirit is to proceed from the beast, or the "wild beast" that rose from the abyss—the symbol of the great head of the Apostasy, the popes of Rome. We may infer, therefore, that the second unclean spirit is Popery. The third unclean spirit proceeds from the false prophet. I showed you that the false prophet, or the lamb-like beast—the beast that looked like a lamb, and spake as a dragon—was no other than the Romish clergy, or priesthood, as distinct from the pope, and acting, as I showed you

in a previous lecture, in their own strength and incorporate capacity. We may therefore expect that this unclean spirit is the spirit of the priesthood, or Puseyism. For what is Puseyism? Popery without a pope—the antichristian spirit and pretensions of Popery without the supremacy of its antichristian head, or ruler, the pope.

Having thus, then, ascertained what these three unclean spirits are, let me now proceed to show you the scenes and evidences of their action. This, of course, must be on a very limited scale; I can do no more than hint to sources of information: time would fail me fully to unfold them.

The spirit of the DRAGON is the first of these three spirits. He fell from heaven by pride, or claiming to live and act in antagonism to or independently of God. The influence of this spirit showed itself in the conduct of the antediluvians when they cast off the fear and worship of God; it developed itself long previously in Cain, the fratricide; and it still shows itself, wherever it exists, either in living without God, or living in antagonism to God. This infidel spirit is very often proved, in the history of the world, to be the correlative of Romanism. History shows that wheresoever Popery has been rampant the one century, infidelity has come to be supreme in the next. The one blasts the fair, the green, and the beautiful with its baleful fires; the other lives in the space it has thus withered and blasted, as in a congenial home. Hence Popery and infidelity, though they look like the antipodes to the eye, soon make it known, nevertheless, that, like Milton's Sin and Death, when they have met and compared notes, that they are sisters in affinity, in affection, in arms, and rivals only in renown.

I will first show evidence of the presence of infidelity in its strict sense, not as opposition to God, but as living without God. The first scene of its action to which I will refer is the great city in which we live, and of which we are, at present, either the natives or the citizens. We call England a Christian country, and we speak of London as the metropolis of a Christian land; but it has been found that there are more true Christians in some of the distant isles of the sea, to which we send missionaries, comparatively with their population, than there are even in London, the

centre of civilization, and the mighty spring of those influences that influence the earth. I state, as too plain evidence of this, such facts as have been brought to light and detailed at length by that most valuable institution, the London City Mission. It first brought prominently before the Christian public the fearful moral state of subterranean strata not believed to exist before. Within a radius of eight miles of St. Paul's cathedral there are about two millions of people—the largest population ever assembled within the limits of a city. If all the churches and chapels—Protestant, Established, Dissenting, Roman Catholic, and Socinian—were as full as they could hold, there would not be within them one-fourth of that mighty population. But not only are the churches and chapels of London, as a whole, not full, but if you take them at any time—I will not take them at the present time, when, I am told, they are nearly empty, in consequence of the prevalent epidemic—but if I take them at a season when the weather is fine, and the public health good, and every thing is favourable, you will find the average attendance to be each only about one-fourth full. If that be the average, the result will be that there are never more in church on one Sunday, in all denominations, than, if I take the largest, about 200,000 people, out of a population of two millions. And how many, do you think, of that number, are communicants? Startling fact! awful stain upon the missionary zeal—the aggressive efforts of the metropolis! there are scarcely 60,000 communicants in all the churches and chapels of this vast city put together! There are only 60,000 who so far profess the gospel as to avail themselves of the opportunity of commemorating the dying love, and receiving the pledges of the second advent of the Lord Jesus Christ. So true is this, that the steamboats and the railways alone carry from the metropolis every Sunday morning a greater population than all the churches and chapels together any one day contain.

Out of the population of London, there are, it is calculated, nearly 200,000 Roman Catholics; and these Roman Catholics, let me tell you, are not, like many of you professing Protestants, mere shams—men that have the form of their faith, but not its power nor its reality: these Roman Catholics are thorough ones; they are in earnest—they are prepared to die themselves or to

burn you, just as may be expedient or convenient in the exigency. In other words, they are thoroughly in earnest; and to cope with these nearly 200,000 Roman Catholics, we have about 60,000 Protestants only who can be assumed in charity to be vitally impressed with the gospel, and devoted to its spread, and ready to live for Christ and die for him, if needs be.

In the next place, the state and employments and character of the out-population are truly distressing. There are in London 12,000 children trained professionally to pick pockets, with the greatest tact, speed, and success, or to plunder houses with the best chance of escape. The schools for these children are lamentably defective! I do say that our schools are our greatest disgrace. I do feel that while we are sending money abroad—and far be it from me to attempt to shut or repress missionary effort—but, while we are sending money to the ends of the earth, for the conversion of the Turk, the heathen, and the Jew, I do feel that we are not concentrating an adequate or corresponding expenditure at our own doors, and on our own perishing population. There are in London 3000 receivers of stolen property; 4000 are annually committed for crimes; there are 10,000 gamblers; 20,000 live by begging; there are 30,000 regular thieves in London; there are 150,000 habitual gin-drinkers, a melancholy fact surely! I do not know what is the best remedy for this; sometimes I have thought our tectotal friends are right; sometimes I have doubted whether to agree with them or not; I do feel, however, that he is not acting wisely who tries to crush a machinery which, whether as perfect in its structure and constituent elements as might be, or otherwise, is achieving great physical and moral good. Again, there are in London 150,000 of both sexes, who lead a life of debauchery and licentiousness. Thus there is a greater number of ostensibly depraved and abandoned characters in the service of Satan, than there are during Sunday in the house of prayer. This great city sends annually a million of money for the conversion of the ends of the earth, and rightly so,—but alas, there are millions more needed for the conversion of the population at home. And, melancholy and painful spectacle! in the midst of this scene of demoralization, ignorance, and crime, the ministers of the everlasting gospel are

found quarrelling and disputing with each other about details of discipline and forms of worship, just as if the captain and crew should fall to quarrelling in a ship which is sinking inch by inch in the fathomless abyss, or as if the inmates of a house were to begin to quarrel about the dress they should wear, while every rafter and timber is blazing in the flames of an irresistible conflagration. I do sincerely hope that the ministers of the everlasting gospel will more and more merge their ecclesiastical disputes, or, if not merge them, postpone them for decision till the Millennium; and, in the mean time, consecrate that strength and energy, which they waste in internal quarrels, in the evangelization of our lands, the reclamation of the drunkard, the sanctification of the guilty, the salvation of perishing souls.

I have thus spoken of infidelity in its form "without God"—let me now speak of it as "against God." I have spoken of the *a-theism*—let me now allude to the *anti-theism* of London. Thousands of young men are speculative infidels—not by the conviction of their minds, but by the pressure of their consciences. They will not lead the life prescribed by God's holy law, and they therefore try to get rid of the sense of the inspection of God's omniscient eye. Like the frog they live in uncleanness, like the frog they croak infidelity in chorus, and like the frog they dread the approach of that light which discovers and disquiets them. Instead of the rejection of Christianity being the evidence of a gifted mind, it is always, in my judgment, the symptom of a diseased heart. No man who believes he has discovered that this blessed book is a lie, would speak lightly of that discovery. He would make known such a discovery with tears, and in solemn sorrow. Yet no man, let me add, who has either weighed the evidence on which it rests, or studied its glorious truths, can come to the conclusion that it is a lie. I was tainted while at the university by this spirit of skepticism. I thought Christianity might not be true. The very possibility of its being true was the thought I felt I must meet and settle. Conscience could give me no peace till I had settled it. I read, and I have read from that day for fourteen or fifteen years, till this, and now I am as convinced, upon the clearest evidence, that this book is the book of God, as that I now address you, or that you now hear



me : it bears upon its brow the imprimatur of divinity—the signature of its Author—the autograph of Deity; and the man that reads it most thoroughly, and understands it most clearly, is the man who will come to the conclusion, to which the good, and the gifted, and the wise of past generations have come, that it has God for its author—truth, without any mixture of error, for its matter—eternal happiness for its glorious issue. I may be speaking to not a few skeptics in this assembly. Let me show you what was the croaking of a great arch-frog, if I may use the expression, who led the other unclean spirits of his day into the marshes in which he himself wallowed. I refer to the gifted David Hume. Hear what he says in his book on Human Nature—I read from vol. i. page 458.—“I seem,” says Hume, “affrighted and confounded with the solitude in which I am placed by my philosophy. When I look abroad, on every side I see dispute, contradiction, distraction. When I turn my eye inward, I find nothing but doubt and ignorance. Where am I? or, what am I? from what cause do I derive my existence? to what condition shall I return? I am confounded with these questions. I begin to fancy myself in a most deplorable condition, environed with the deepest darkness on every side.” Such is a specimen of the croaking of that frog. Hear also the croaking of another arch-frog, equally gifted, but not so fastidious in his mode of expressing himself—I mean Voltaire. “The world,” says he, “abounds with wonders, and also with victims. In man is more wretchedness than in all other animals put together.” How did he judge of it?—by his own heart. He adds—“Man loves life, yet knows he must die; spends his existence in diffusing the miseries which he has suffered—cutting the throats of his fellow-creatures for pay—cheating and being cheated. The bulk of mankind are nothing more than a crowd of wretches, equally criminal, equally unfortunate. I wish I had never been born!” So said Voltaire: such is the creed of this unclean spirit. Such is the happiness revealed in skepticism. Listen to these words:—“I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day.” What a contrast! can you hesitate which to adopt? Does not every

heart in this assembly address the professor and the personator of such a creed as the last—"Where thou goest I go, where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God!"

I have thus spoken, first of the skepticism that lives without God; and next, of the skepticism that lives in antagonism to God; but I wish to remark, in addition to all that I have said, that the skepticism we have to fear in the present day, is not the dry, metaphysical skepticism of Hume or Voltaire. The unclean spirit adapts its development to circumstances. The fact is, man is not a mere creature of intellect; he cannot live on logic. He needs more than syllogisms can furnish. Abstract infidelity is a cold icicle—a petrification—an empty negative. Man has within him a power that reasons, in its most solemn moments, of death and judgment and eternity; and all the logic that was ever chopped—all the syllogisms that were ever spun—must fail to give peace to the conscience in which the peace of God has not been planted by the God of peace. I feel, therefore, that metaphysical skepticism, unless it be with some very metaphysical spirits, has the least possible chance of a wide influence or permanent hold on human nature. Satan knows this, and therefore now-a-days he decks it in meretricious finery—makes skepticism palatable by gilding it with sensuous charms—fitting it to men's passions as well as convictions; and thus securing for the unclean spirit a more easy and powerful access to the corrupt human heart. Hence I look upon the sensuous Philosophy of France, the Pantheism of Germany and America, and the Socialism and Chartism and Communism\* of England—very much crushed, I believe, but still too dominant in some of its secret and more sequestered haunts—to be modern developments of this frog from the mouth of the Dragon or Satan. I refer to Socialism not so much for its repudiation of the Bible, as for its assault upon the very structure and vitals of the social system. It thwarts the spread of Christianity by keeping its victims out of its reach.

I one day visited a Socialist hall. I found in it the keeper

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\* A strong proof of the infidel character of Chartism, is its holding its public political meetings on the Sunday.

only; none of the company were present. I found he was a countryman of my own, and labouring under a disease that was carrying him to the tomb. I spoke gently to him of his position; I tried to converse with him about things unseen and eternal. I put this question to him, at last—You have cast off Christianity, let me ask you, are you now happy? And, with a candour that did him credit, he declared he was a wretched and miserable man. So, my dear friends, it ever will be. If I address some young man in this assembly trying to make blinds of skepticism, in order to keep the light of God's truth from his conscience, I tell him he merely puts off while he increases the terrible reaction of the evil day: you know, young man, that it will not do. You feel that Christianity *may* be true—you are not yet satisfied that your *disproof* of God's truth is conclusive. You have a feeling and presentiment within you—a presentiment that is a pulse from the very ocean of eternity—that there is before you a judgment-seat, a death, and a righteous retribution. So long as you are not satisfied that your disproof of Christianity is conclusive, so long you must tremble. The very suspicion that the book which describes your state, and declares your doom, may be true, must banish all peace from your heart. I refer, however, to Socialism, as I have stated, not so much for its repudiation of Scripture, as for the peculiar form of assault which it directs. It has attacked, and attacked most vehemently, what I conceive to be, next to the gospel, and what is a fruit of the gospel, the greatest cement of all that distinguishes civilized humanity—of all that makes our homes and our families to be happy. It has levelled its most desperate assaults against the rite and institution of marriage. "It is," says an arch-socialist, "a Satanic institution." "It is," says the same frog, "the source of more demoralization, crime, and mischief, than any other single cause, with the exception of religion! and of property." Now, were the spirit of the demon that here breaks forth to overflow the land—were this frog to increase and multiply, and gain the ascendancy in our land—it needs no prophet to predict what would follow. Woman, who is at once the charm and the ornament of society,—whom Christianity has enfranchised, whose greatest glories are borrowed, not from skepticism, or from nature, but from the gospel,—would be-

come so degraded and so crushed beneath its withering influence, that she would long for the grave as her only respite from the cruelty of the brute visited on the sensibilities of the woman. Home, that word which the English tongue claims as peculiarly English—home, the very utterance of which is replete with music—would cease to be what it has been among us, the fairest spot on earth—the shrine and the sanctuary of holy and happy sympathy. Children, caressing and caressed, would only be the cattle impounded in this new Socialist system; responsibilities and paternal and maternal cares would cease; and out of the ruins of these sacred relationships would evolve, not grave men and chaste women, and happy homes, but the harem in the circles of the rich, houses of infamy in the habitations of the poor; and society, like a rope of sand, withdrawn from its compressing elements, would fall to pieces.

I wish I could say that the press was, in all its departments, pure. The weekly issue of ungodly and unclean publications is beyond belief. There is a vast amount of infidel literature current in some, and even the choicest portions of the press lack much of the spirit of the gospel. I do feel the vast importance of the press, and I am quite sure that if the apostle Paul were living he would lay hold upon the press as well as occupy the pulpit. If I address any one in this assembly whose duty it is to wield this powerful engine—this sovereignty which is mightier than the sceptres of monarchs—this element which makes opinions, and thus moulds and shapes the laws—I beseech you to consider the frightful responsibilities under which you lie. I hope there is not in this assembly one father of a family who would encourage what I look on as openly profane, irrespective of its contents—a Sunday newspaper. The newspaper is associated, by its very name, with the world—it has, therefore, no business on the Sabbath-day table, or with the Sabbath-day title. The very title it assumes, a Sunday newspaper, proclaims on its forehead that it wilfully tramples under its feet the fourth commandment of the living God. I know there are excuses made for it, but, in my judgment, they are untenable. I cannot speak of the contents of Sunday newspapers, because I have had neither opportunity nor desire to read them. I hope you will all remain

in the same happy ignorance of their contents. Sequester the Sabbath for the study of things above.

If we look abroad at other countries, we shall find this infidel spirit more rampant than it is at home. France is full of infidelity of creed—and no less so of infidelity of social relationship, and immorality of life; and, as if to show the frog glorying in its shame, the most distinguished paper in France, the *Journal des Debats*, made the remark, the other day, “In France we believe in every thing: we believe in Mohammedanism, and we believe in Christianity—we build churches and we build mosques. The banner of France waves equally over the cross and the crescent.” The person who wrote this bombast is no doubt a skeptic, but he cannot be a person of common sense—surely he cannot believe contradictions. There is, therefore, no risk, we would think, that such absurdity would gain ground with reasonable beings. But the recent disclosures of crime in France, even on the part of some of its distinguished and prominent statesmen—the late melancholy Praslin tragedy, of which you have all read—are only the volcanic eruptions indicating the depth of depravity that ferments below. The following is an observation of the procureur-royal, some time ago, at a public trial of a would-be regicide:—“France has two corrosive and fearful sores—those of infidelity and revolutionary spirit.” In Switzerland, war is carried on between the Jesuits and the infidels; and I see symptoms, from the writings of Michelet and Quinet, who have done great service in putting down Popish error, but very little, and can do very little, in spreading Christian truth—of a collision between the infidel and Papal spirit, and that soon. In Spain and Portugal, infidelity is rampant among the masses; Italy rests upon a volcano, ready to burst forth any moment.

I now proceed to consider the second unclean spirit, namely, the spirit that came from the mouth of the wild beast—the wild beast from the abyss, which I have already described. I need not dwell on the principles of Popery: these I have unfolded so often, and so fully, that I think there is little chance that you will admire them, and still less that you can be ignorant of them. I will state, however, the progress that Romanism has made within

the last few years, and I shall do so very much from personal inquiry and actual statistics.

First of all, then, the Roman Catholic bishop, Dr. Wiseman—who is to be archbishop of Westminster, having laid aside the usual title, Roman Catholic or Vicar Apostolic—stated, after the opening of a cathedral in the midland districts, that Mr. Pugin has built, within the last seven years, sixty new Roman Catholic churches, some of which are larger and none less than the largest parochial edifices in the kingdom. Some of these are cathedrals, and one, St. George's in the Borough, is to have a spire higher than that of any church in London, excepting St. Paul's; and it has been rumoured in the papers, that Pius IX. is to come over to open and to consecrate it. It is also stated by Dr. Wiseman that, during the same period of seven years, twenty-six nunneries and convents have been opened in England; and I cannot pass through Southampton-row without meeting two and two of the Sisters of Charity, each with a basket, one containing Romish spiritual, the other containing English corporal nutriment, and both labouring to make proselytes of the poor to the Roman Catholic religion.

I only wish we had Sisters of Charity, not of the Popish or Puseyite breed, but of the right Bible and Protestant stamp, attached to our churches, in order that we may have the full apostolical complement. There were deaconesses in the apostolic church, and I do not see why they might not be revived with considerable advantage in the church of the nineteenth century, and thus furnish to our Puseyite opponents one proof, at least, that we only have the true apostolical succession. I may also state that there are throughout England, at this moment, within one or two of 800 Roman Catholic churches and chapels. There are in England and Scotland alone nearly 900 Roman Catholic priests. As many Popish priests, nearly, as there are parochial clergymen in the Church of Scotland. They have also one large Quarterly Review, two or three monthly; one very talented weekly newspaper, conducted plainly by Jesuits; they have apologists in indifferent statesmen and senators—advocates in Roman Catholic representatives—abettors in suicidal Protestants—a fair field, in short, here, which Protestantism has not

in Rome—and plenty of favour throughout the length and breadth of England. One single press at Derby, conducted by a professing Protestant, I lament to say, or one that calls himself so, has issued two millions of Roman Catholic publications within the last few years, and these publications are distributed through the whole of our country.

The Propaganda at Lyons, established there in preference to Rome, had an income last year of £200,000. The Wesleyan Missionary Society, which has, I believe, as large an income as any of our missionary societies, has an annual income of, I believe, only £116,000; and they reach that income mainly, I believe, by each Wesleyan feeling that he is not a mere cumberer of the ground to occupy a pew, but is, what every Christian ought to be, a missionary, or gatherer of missionary means, in his place and vocation, for the Lord Jesus Christ. In the year 1829, the Propaganda expended none of its money upon England; in the year 1834, it expended only £4,000 upon England; and in 1845, it expended £40,000 on England alone in missionary machinery. In France, prayers are offered up every Thursday for the conversion, or, strictly speaking, perversion of England. In conversing with the Roman Catholic priests in Belgium, whom I visited, and with whom I conversed, I learned, among other things, that they expected the speedy conversion of the whole Church of England, and that they had agents in that church busily preparing and ripening the people for this great consummation. I have reason to believe they are not at all satisfied with some of the recent converts; and I believe most justly, because one Dr. Pusey in the midst of the Church of England is worth twenty Dr. Newmans outside that church, for all Romish purposes and projects.

But there have joined the Church of Rome within the last few years SEVENTY clergymen of the Established Church, about 120 persons connected with the nobility and gentry of the country; and the Roman Catholics calculate, justly or otherwise, on more since Maynooth has been endowed with ampler funds, funds to which every individual in this room is obliged to contribute in order to enable the professors of that college to inculcate what I am ready to prove to the satisfaction of any statesman, bishop, or

clergyman in Great Britain, to be idolatry, and persecution as sanguinary as ever stained the practices or inspired the creeds of Rome. I lament and grieve at this.

I find, too, that wherever we have Protestant missions, there the Roman Catholic Church has interfered. Tahiti groans beneath the antichristian tri-colour flag. China has been deluged by its priests—India is visited by Popish bishops, and America yields rapidly to its contagion; and wherever Protestantism has planted the cross, there Popery, with an expansive energy that does credit to her industry, but deeply to our damage and regret, has reared the crucifix. So confident are they of success, that the *Tablet* newspaper calculates, that if Romanism should go on in this country increasing during forty years to come, as it has gone on during the last forty years, two-fifths of the population of England will be Roman Catholic in 1888; and if we had two-fifths of Britain Roman Catholic, with almost the whole population of Ireland so, then we should have a majority of the people of this country Roman Catholic.

The maxim also adopted by statesmen now is, the creed of the majority ought to be established by law; so that if this majority should come to be Roman Catholic in this country, the Roman Catholic religion must be the established church. And the argument used is this:—We have established Episcopacy in England, Presbytery in Scotland, why not establish Popery in Ireland? Now this theory plainly proceeds upon the hypothesis that Popery is just as good as Protestantism; and it really comes to this, that because we give wheaten bread to Englishmen, and oatmeal bread to Scotchmen, therefore we ought to give prussic acid, or arsenic, to Irishmen. Such reasoning needs only to be stated in order to disclose its utter absurdity.

America is overrun with Popish priests; in that country, where, I may remark, there is no established church, Puseyism and Popery are rampant. In the New York Evangelist, the statements made on this point are perfectly astounding; so much so, that I see in it the working of a spirit that is supernatural—but it is a spirit that is not from above, but from beneath. Popery is so adapted to human nature, that the wonder to me is not so much that so many become Romanists, but that many more do



not. I wonder that every unconverted man does not become a Roman Catholic: the system that allows men to sin on this side the street, and to receive absolution on the other—that allows you to live as you like, yet guarantees your ultimate safety, and, if somewhat protracted, arrival in heaven—that permits you to be lax in morality, if you are only rigid in ceremony—that substitutes maceration of the flesh for the mortification of its lusts, is the religion that human nature loves and rejoices in. This system, too, has an infinite adaptation. It grows in all soils—it is an upas tree that flourishes in all climates. It calls for repeal in Ireland, and tries to crush liberty in France—it is a democrat in America, and an autocrat in Russia—it tolerates no other faith when it has power—it whines and weeps that it is persecuted when it has lost that power. It is heard in royal cabinets and in republican congress; its hands touch the sceptre, and arrange the ballot-box. It gives tutors to the children of the great, and opens free-schools for the children of the poor. It enters the asylum, and mingles with its bread Romish poison—it finds access to the hospital, and gives prescriptions from the Vatican to be blended with the prescriptions of the physician. It lives in all climes—it breathes all airs—it drinks all streams—it makes any sacrifice—it assumes any shape—sleeps or springs—its consuming and absorbing aim is dominion over soul and body—its effort is to contaminate the one and crush the other, and to make captive to itself of the energies and influence of both. Its progress and ravages are recorded in every journal—its croakings are heard in every corner of the land, and the foul traces of its trail are seen wherever toleration has opened a pathway for its presence.

Such, then, is a sketch of the progress of the second unclean spirit, which proceeds from the mouth of the wild beast from the abyss. The next is the spirit of the false prophet. I showed you that he was identical with the lamb-like wild beast; and I proved, as you may see in the lecture upon that subject, that this was the clergy or the priesthood, in their collective capacity as distinct from the pope; and I think that the sudden rise of Puseyism, its rapid spread, and living energy, form some of the strongest reasons for my identifying that movement with the frog that came from the mouth of the false prophet. For what, as I

said, is Puseyism? Just Popery without the pope. It is the wild beast's body without the wild beast's head. All the principles, the policy, the passions, the ambition, the end of Popery, without the topstone of supremacy that Italian Popery possesses. The following is the history of the system, according to the statement of Mr. Rose. There was a great popular movement in the year 1833, that led certain sagacious divines to believe that the Established Church was to be overthrown. They imagined that what is called the voluntary principle was destined to gain the supremacy in this country. Believing this, they said to themselves, "It is quite clear that if the Establishment be overthrown, we shall be denuded of those claims of superiority and of transcendental dignity which we have never sacrificed, and be placed on a level with the ministers of denominations not sustained by the state." They said, "under such circumstances, we must have something to fall back upon when the state falls off. We will fall back upon the assumption, that we are the church, and that all churches or communions, extrinsic to ours, are heathen men and publicans." They forthwith commenced their operations with consummate skill and with growing success. The fourth century was assumed as the great model of a Christian church; and they laid it down, that the nearer they approximated to it, the nearer they approached to perfection. The Hon. and Rev. Mr. Perceval said, there were three leading principles on which this system was based, and on which they must proceed, namely, the participation of the body and blood of Christ in the eucharist; that the mystery of his body and blood was confided only to the hands of the successors of the apostles and their delegates; that, since the apostles, those who derived their succession from them in a direct and unbroken line, by the imposition of hands of bishops, are the only priests to give this body and blood unto the people. These were the three principles on which they proceeded. Many who patronized them at first, left them, and very wisely; others adhered. Other divines, however, began to read the fathers as well as they, and other scholars to study the ecclesiastical records of the fourth century, and of the Ante-Nicene Church, as closely as they; and, when it was shown to absolute demonstration, that to transfer the Nicene Church of the fourth to the nine-

teenth century, would be the resurrection of contamination, and a positive calamity to the most corrupt church in Christendom at the present moment, Mr. Newman, who had the learning to discover and the candour to avow this, saw that any defence of the modern church by a reference to the Nicene Church, was altogether untenable; but he was no less convinced, that the end, viz. Popish supremacy, must be gained by other means, if such could be discovered. Instead of quoting the Nicene Church, as the model for the church of the nineteenth century, he struck out, or rather resuscitated, the following theory: that the apostles left behind them the mere seeds of truth; these seeds of truth were intrusted to the church, by which word Tractarians and Romanists mean the hierarchy, to be gradually developed. They were successively developed, and expressed in the Council of Nice, then in Ephesus, in Constantinople, the Councils of Lateran, and ultimately in the Council of Trent, where they were fully developed; and the Council of Trent is therefore the full development of the principles intrusted to the apostles and their successors. The idea is this: that the seed cast into the earth at Pentecost, grew up into what the Romanists would call the glorious and overshadowing tree of the Council of Trent, the foliage, as it were, of the modern Roman Catholic Church. In reading this book of Newman on developments, it is not difficult to detect the fallacy. The fallacy is this: he confounds development with accretion, the living increase of a plant with the mechanical increase of a snowball in motion. Popery, instead of being, as Mr. Newman thinks, *seed* developed in perfection in the Council of Trent, is a small *snowball* starting from a mountain-top, and rolling down, gathering in its course accretions of wood, hay, stones, stubble, earth, &c. &c., till it rests at the bottom a frozen mass of all heterogeneous materials—an iceberg—in short, the Church of Rome.

The Tractarians, so called from the Oxford Tracts, or Puseyites, so called from their chief leader, by and by advocated the withdrawal of the doctrine of the atonement from the pulpit, or its being regarded as a doctrine of reserve. Justification by faith was “a Satanic doctrine;” the apostolical succession, a vital truth; the episcopacy, not, as Hooker contends, a lawful eccle-

siastical polity, but essential, vital, the substance of a church. The surplice was regarded as a sacerdotal robe; the communion-table was turned into an altar; the Scotch Church was described as Samaria; the Dissenters were coolly consigned to the uncovenanted mercies of God. Mr. Palmer says, "I should like to see the patriarch of Constantinople and archbishop of Canterbury go barefoot to Rome;"—mark the quiet proposal—"go barefoot to Rome, and fall upon the pope's neck, and kiss him, and never let him go till'—when do you think?"—"till they persuaded him to be reasonable;" an attempt about as likely to succeed as that of persuading a lunatic asylum to develop itself into Exeter Hall.

Dr. Hook, the vicar of Leeds, made the statement, on a recent occasion—"There is not a bishop, priest, or deacon, who cannot, if he please, trace his own descent to Peter and Paul." Now, poor as I am, I will engage to raise a thousand pounds for the vicar of Leeds, if he will trace his own descent to Peter or Paul, or any of the apostles. The archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Whateley, justly observes, "There is not a minister in all Christendom who is able, with any approach to certainty, to trace his own succession to any one of the apostles whatever."

These doctrines were spread in tracts, reviews, novels, romances, and, at last, seventy clergymen, and a great body of laymen, went over, with creditable consistency, to the Roman Catholic Church. Such is the unclean spirit from the mouth of the false prophet, or lamb-like beast.

Nevertheless, much as England seems in some of her recent acts to incline toward Popery, yet it is very remarkable that there is no intimation in the Apocalypse that the tenth kingdom, that is, Britain, which separated from the Apostasy at the Reformation, shall be again joined to the ten kingdoms, and become subject once more to the Roman Catholic Church. This gives me hope that our country may not be contaminated to a fatal, if it be to a terrible extent. It will no doubt be scourged for its tampering with the Apostasy, as well as for its sins, and its insensibility to privilege; but old England will not again become, what England once was—the serf of the Apostasy. I trust there will continue in the midst of her, by the blessing of God, a faith-

ful Protestant people, until the splendours of a Protestant reign blend and mingle with the glories of the millennial period.

It has been thought by some highly probable that France is to be the great national advocate of Popery, and to lead the movement against the Protestantism and Christianity of the world. I need not tell you that there are not wanting growing symptoms of this. I quote the following remarks from the *Times* newspaper:—"The king of the French is resuming for France its old position as the defender and patron of Romanism. France is becoming daily more and more the supporter of Popery throughout the world." And what seems to cast light on this, is the curious historical fact, that the ancient national arms of France were not the tricolour or the *fleur de lis*, but three frogs, as if there were conveyed some allusion in the Apocalyptic symbols to the part France is to play in connection with the unclean spirits like frogs.

I have thus given a sketch, and merely a sketch, of the character, the actions, and progress of the three unclean spirits: let me show now what symbols there are of the approaching consummation of many prophecies destined to be fulfilled in these words, "Behold, I come as a thief."

First, there is the drying up of the Euphrates, or wasting of the Ottoman power, one of the last signs of the last age of our present economy. The deepening interest that is felt in every Christian church in the conversion of God's ancient people, the Jews, is the very sign that "the set time to favour Zion is come;" for the fact is immediately added, "for thy servants take pleasure in her stones." The interest felt among the nations of the earth in the position of the Jews, seems to me to be an evidence that they are about to be finally converted as a nation. They were admitted as constituent members of the Chamber of Deputies in France. In Prussia, a discussion is going on whether the Jew shall be admitted to German rights there. In Sweden there is the very same discussion. Pius IX. is doing one good thing, in mitigating their sufferings. I need not tell you, that in England, be it right or be it wrong, the great question to be discussed in a few weeks, is, Shall the Jews be admitted as members of the senate of our country?

The next evidence of the approaching termination of the age, is the universal preaching of the gospel. "This gospel shall be preached for a witness to all nations, and then shall the end come." It is not said all nations shall be converted, but all shall see or hear its testimony. Now there is not a nation in any part of Europe, Asia, or America, to which the gospel has not been preached by missionaries; and there is not a tongue into which the Bible has not been translated.

Another sign is that stated by Daniel:—"Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased." What evidence of this have we in the wonders of steam, in the development of the almost unearthly powers of electricity as exhibited in the electric telegraph, and in other discoveries, accumulating so rapidly, that it seems as if things hurried to that glorious epoch, when they shall minister to the spread and add to the splendours of the kingdom of the Messiah.

The present energy of Romish missions is also premonitory, as I have said, of the last consummation. I believe the Romish Catholic Church is doomed to reach a prodigious, but a very short ascendancy. I believe she will set her throne among the stars, that the stroke that precipitates her to hell may be only the more terrific and destructive.

I may quote, from authors who will not be suspected of any thing like fanaticism, evidence that we are now at the last crisis. Schlegel, the celebrated German philosopher and critic, says, "Never was there a period that pointed so strikingly and so clearly to the future, as the very hour in which we live." Professor Bush, of America, says, "We have now arrived at the very borders of that period which is to be signalized by the winding up of that drama which has for ages been enacted in Christendom." Professor Robinson says, "Before another half-century shall have rolled away, there will be seen revolutions in the Oriental mind such as have never been witnessed, or even dreamed of before." Dr. Arnold, who had a most sober mind, and showed it specially upon this subject, says, "Modern history seems not only a step in advance of ancient history, but the last step. Modern society seems to bear marks that the fulness of times is come—that there will be no future history; and if this be the

case, that we are living in the last age of the world's history, that no other race remains behind to perfect what we have neglected, to restore what we have ruined; then, indeed, the interest of modern history becomes most intense!"

"The day of the Lord cometh as a thief in the night:"—"For when men shall say peace and safety, sudden destruction cometh upon them, as travail upon a woman with child." And "as in the days of the flood, they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the days that Noah entered into the ark, and knew not until the flood came and took them all away; so shall the coming of the Son of Man be." No man knows when the crisis shall come. But, whether our Lord shall come, like the lightning flash, rending—striking before it warns—consuming; or whether he shall send the influenza, or the cholera, which hovers on our horizon, and is suspended at our shores, waiting to do its havoc, and discharge its mission the instant that God permits; or whether he comes for us, or calls us to him, are you ready? You that love father and mother more than Christ—you that love traffic, and goods, and profit, more than your souls—you that are not ready to take wing, and fly like doves to that eastern window—you that, like Lot's wife, are looking back at the things of the world you have left behind—you that cannot say, like Simeon, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation"—you that are strangers to the power of the truth of the blessed gospel—what is your hope? Two thousand per week are now dying above those that have died in the corresponding period of other years in London alone. The pestilence walks at our doors—the plague is on the wing—some of you, to-day, healthy and vigorous, may never again hear the gospel in Exeter Hall, or elsewhere. Oh! what a responsibility, then, falls upon us both! If you perish without a Saviour, if you are not washed in that blood, I know of nothing that remains for you but an eternal and irretrievable hell, "where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." The avenger is at your heels—flee, my dear hearers, to the only Refuge; the destroying angel is on the wing, have recourse to the precious blood of sprinkling; the day of death may come to-morrow; and naked, with nothing but your responsibility upon you, you must

stand before that God, before whose eye all hearts are naked, and all secrets disclosed. And, oh! my friends, a lost soul! what language can describe it? what a wreck! what a terrible ruin! what a loss—irretrievable, hopeless, eternal! And yet you are perishing beside the very tree of life—you are ignorant amid the light of heaven. The Saviour bids you believe. The Son of God stretches out his arms to reclaim you. God the Father waits to bless you. Let every such soul in this assembly, this very night, before he retires to rest, fall down upon his knees, and say, O my Saviour, wash this guilty soul in thy blood—fill this blighted heart with thy Spirit—make me thy child; and then, whether thou comest to me, or takest me to thyself, I shall be able to close my pilgrimage in time, which is the commencement of my inheritance in glory, by saying, “Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.” Amen.



## LECTURE XXII.

## THE SEVENTH VIAL.

"And the seventh angel poured out his vial into the air; and there came a great voice out of the temple of heaven, from the throne, saying, It is done.

"And there were voices, and thunders, and lightnings; and there was a great earthquake, such as was not since men were upon the earth, so mighty an earthquake, and so great.

"And the great city was divided into three parts, and the cities of the nations fell: and great Babylon came in remembrance before God, to give unto her the cup of the wine of the fierceness of his wrath.

"And every island fled away, and the mountains were not found.

"And there fell upon men a great hail out of heaven, every stone about the weight of a talent: and men blasphemed God because of the plague of the hail; for the plague thereof was exceeding great."—*Revelation* xvi. 17-21.

WE saw in our description of the sixth vial, on which I addressed you last Sunday evening, that the three unclean spirits, whom I identified, had gone forth through the length and breadth of the world to prepare kings and nations and people for that great day of conflict and decision which approaches us every hour.

We read that while these unclean spirits are in action, and just previous to their retirement from the field, the seventh angel pours out the seventh vial; and that vial, we are told, is not poured out, like the others, upon definite localities, but upon the air, or the atmosphere we breathe. You may recollect, that at the sounding of the trumpets, under which Mohammedanism was to rise, it was said that its "smoke darkened the air;" that is, tainted the whole social, political, and moral economy to the extent of its virus, and according to the limits of its action. So here the air is to be affected by this vial.

The sixth, I have told you, is already poured out; its effects are now in action. Nations feel it. The seventh is ready to be poured out; or, if not already pouring out, we are upon the very verge of its being so. It trembles in the hand of the angel.

The effect of its action, the moment it is poured out, is that the air of heaven—the symbolical air mainly, I believe, though the literal air, according to others, may be included also—will be affected, or darkened, or tainted, in some way, by its influence. Certainly we gather from this prophecy one fact at least, that the action of this vial will not be, like previous ones, local, but universal. The air is the most universally present element we have or know. It surrounds the globe like a zone—reaches to the highest—descends to the lowest—embraces in its scope the remotest, and penetrates the most secret. We may expect that, during the action of this vial, the mountaineer amid his fastnesses—the miner in his subterranean caves—the voyager upon the ocean's bosom—the Arab in his desert—the Moslem in his mosque—the Cossack on his steppes—the king upon his throne—the mother in her household—the babe in the cradle—all will feel its vibrations—receive the taint of its influence, and respond in a thousand echoes to the voice from above, "It is done."

I endeavoured to show you, on a previous occasion, that the symbols in the Apocalypse are to be understood mainly in their moral and figurative import; but I also observed, as you will recollect, at the same time, that while they have their *moral*, which is their first meaning, they have generally a *literal*, which is their secondary meaning. I quoted an illustration of this from that ancient prophecy of Balaam, when he spoke of "a star from the East," meaning by that star, the Messiah. The advent of Christ was the fulfilment of that symbol; but, at the same, there was a literal meteoric star that heralded the advent of Christ; and thus, while its main meaning was its figurative one, its secondary meaning was its literal one. So we may expect here, that this tainting of the atmosphere is, primarily indeed, a moral and a social influence; but, secondarily and subordinately, a literal and actual influence on the atmospheric air. We may, therefore, expect that the physical air will be tainted as well as the moral one; and may I not venture, without attempting to identify too minutely, to ask, are there not signs that indicate the taint that is here alluded to? Let me ask you, though the influenza has visited us before, let me ask the medical men in this hall to say, whether the universal idea of that epidemic be not that it is a taint in the

atmosphere, and communicated, not by personal contagion, but through the air that we breathe? If it be true that the cholera is suspended on our shores, floating, like a fearful miasma, upon the outskirts of our beloved land, ready to rush upon the empire the instant that the repressive providence of God is withdrawn, has it not been, let me ask, the almost unanimous verdict of scientific and medical inquiry in this matter, that the cholera is not contagious from one to another? I would go to the sick-bed of a dying man in the agonies of cholera, just as I would go to the sick-bed of a man dying in consumption or any other disease. The Apocalypse speaks of contagion in the air as its source. Science adds its Amen to Scripture, and says it is so. Therefore, if we are to be visited by that plague, my dear friends, do not shrink through fear in attentions to the dying. Go to their bedsides and minister to their comfort, and, if possible, to their cure. Take the discovery of science that it is not contagious by personal contact, as the human precaution; take the 91st Psalm as the divine prescription, and remember the seventh vial—that the air, not personal contagion, will be the source of that calamity should God be pleased to send it.

Of course, in thus identifying disease with the atmosphere for its vehicle, I have descended, perhaps, to what some may call a needlessly minute reference. But we can conceive what has already taken place to be magnified a thousand-fold; and, when that calamity shall come, we may recollect, when we see its ravages around us, that Scripture has not only its *moral*, which I admit is its main reference, but also its literal, which, I have said, is its secondary or subordinate reference.

Its main reference, however, I proceed to remark, is, that the moral, social, and political atmosphere will be disarranged and disturbed, probably disorganized, as soon as this vial is poured out upon the air. Are there no signs and symptoms of this in the present day? Is it not the fact, that great political parties are at this moment totally disorganized, and great leaders, worshipped a few years ago, are now either cast off, or execrated by many? Matters are worse beyond the Channel. There men high in office have fallen in succession, under the most humiliating and miserable eclipses. Is it not obvious to every beholder, that at this

very present moment, there is such a fusion and confusion of social, political, ecclesiastical parties, that it seems to resemble that dislocation and disintegration of atoms which, in the physical world, precedes new, startling, or, it may be, more glorious combinations? We have only, therefore, to look abroad upon the political world, without being politicians, to see that the social and political atmosphere of the present day is affected and disturbed to a great and menacing extent. But the atmosphere will not only be disturbed, it will also be tainted; we may expect that there will arise frightful views and notions of divine truths; strange and awful heresies; misconceptions of fundamental principles; new and extraordinary schemes for the regeneration of mankind: old principles will be superseded; new theories will be broached. In such circumstances, Christians will find that the only charter they can go to, the only loadstone that can guide them, will not be the traditions of men, or the dicta of great synods or whole benches of bishops, or the conclusions of councils, but only "the law and the testimony," the word of the living God.

There will be rocking thrones; there will be subverted dynasties; there will be dislocated systems:\* there will be nations scattered and shaken as by a whirlwind, and the hearts of the great and the mean, the rich and the poor, trembling for fear of the things coming on the earth. I gather this by inference. I may be mistaken: I think I am right: time will determine the import and the nature of the prophecy.

This is also further illustrated in the 18th verse: "there was a great earthquake, such as was not seen since men were upon the earth, so mighty an earthquake and so great." The French Revolution, you recollect, was signalized by an earthquake. I need not state that the most eminent writers who have made any reference to that Revolution called it so. Thus Alison, whose history I have recommended to you before, calls the French Revolution "that great earthquake." I may here pause to state

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\* What fearful evidence of the first effects of the pouring out of this vial have we, while this sheet is passing through the press, in Paris! The great earthquake of the seventh vial seems to be now shaking the earth.

the very remarkable fact, that, dating time from the commencement of the globe, and on the supposition that the Jewish idea is a right one, that as there are six days in the week, and the seventh is the Sabbath, so there will be six millenaries, or periods of a thousand years in the lapse of time, and the seventh will be the Millennium. It will follow from that interpretation—which I omitted to state in my previous lecture—that we are now at the close of the thousand years that constitutes the world's Saturday; and on the very dawn of the seventh thousand years, that shall constitute the world's Sabbath. On the advent of that glorious Sabbath—the Millennium—I will speak next Lord's day; and, I trust, I shall speak the language of soberness, solemnity, and truth. It may be then, if this be so, as it is described in the words of Cowper, the best and noblest of England's poets, because exemplary as a Christian in all he wrote, as well as in all he lived:—

“Six thousand years of sorrow have wellnigh  
Fulfill'd their tardy and disastrous course  
Over a sinful world; and what remains  
Of this tempestuous state of human things  
Is merely as the working of the sea  
Before a calm, that rocks itself to rest.”

To return—it is stated, as the result of this earthquake, that the great city was divided into three parts. I explained, in previous lectures, what that city was. I showed that it was the Romish ecclesiastical system; its centre Rome, its circumference almost the limits of the globe. I showed you, too, that heretofore, for 1300 years, the nations that were subject to Rome had counted ten—the ten kingdoms, or decem-regal governments—and constituted the nations of the Apostasy. Now, you will notice that, under the seventh vial, the ten-kingdom form is no longer to be the distinctive characteristic of the Romish nations; they are to assume a new shape; they will be divided into a tripartite shape: three great masses will be the ultimate form into which all the nations of Europe and of Christendom will be divided; and as soon as you see three great leading powers coming into collision, with broad Europe for their battle-field, and the evening of the world for the hour of their conflict, you may expect that the downfall of Babylon, and the advent of Christ, and the dawn

of the Millennium, are near. It is probable that this tripartite division will consist of France leading its hosts upon the one side, as the great partisan of the Papacy; the Autocrat of all the Russias, who has more than once played a cruel game, may lead the second part; and I have some idea that this Old England of ours, so illustrious by its sainted sufferers, its noble army of martyrs, its devoted Christians, its preached gospel, its spreading Christianity, its circulated Bibles, will be also the third part; and, when the conflict comes, it will be, as of old, England against the world—the Truth of God against the apostasy of Satan and the infidelity of man.

It is then added after this, that not only was that great city, which I have shown to be an ecclesiastical system, divided into three parts, but “the cities of the nations” also fell. I have assumed that the great city was an ecclesiastical power, *i. e.* the Romish; I must, in consistency with this interpretation, assume that the cities of the nations are the established churches of the nations too. Now, I know not the nature of this vast audience now listening to me; I know not the component parts of which it is formed, and therefore I speak not to offend, nor to please, but to enforce truth. I feel sure that the hour which seals the ruin of the Church of England, and the Church of Scotland, and the Church of Ireland, and all ecclesiastical establishments, is at our very doors. Some may deplore it as a bitter and painful event; others may rejoice at it as “a consummation devoutly to be wished for.” The greatest friends of our established churches will admit they have grievously sinned against God, and come short of their duties to souls; and their greatest and their bitterest foes surely cannot deny that they have done noble things in their day, and have still many bright and glorious feats to commemorate. Churchmen, make not idols of your churches; dissenters, make not fierce and ungenerous attacks on them. Churchmen, cease to rail at dissenters; dissenters, cease to attack churchmen. Churchmen and dissenters, forget the altars about which you strive in your remembrance of the common glory which must burn for ever. Forgive the shape, the structure, the material of the vessels, and rejoice that so many faithful men are found in each, who “count all but loss for the excellency of Christ,” are ready

to forsake all in order to win Him. I know not, nor dare I prophesy *when* the last shock will come, but I fear the signs of the approaching destruction begin to multiply and gather every day. I tell you candidly, I love the church I belong to ; and in its place, and on the proper occasion, I shall not shrink from the duty of being its champion and its defender ; but I cannot deny that it has been weakened more than once by secessions ; and you may already see that the very last week, the thin edge of the wedge has been introduced, which is destined, in all likelihood, to split and sever the powerful ecclesiastical establishment of England into a thousand splinters ! Well, come what may, the gospel will not perish. When the alabaster-box is broken, the fragrance will spread more widely ; when the earthen vessel is shivered, the God that made it will create another, and fill it with yet richer elements.

It is added also, in this chapter, that there was a great hail-storm. Vitrunga and others understand it literally. Mr. Elliott understands it literally in its secondary meaning, but primarily in its figurative meaning ; and supposes, by a hailstorm is meant Northern invasion, an irruption of one of the great powers of the tripartite division ; and this seems to me the probable interpretation.

It is at this crisis, you observe, when the air is tainted by the touch of the seventh vial, when the great cities of the nations fall, that Babylon, as it is stated in the 19th verse, that “Babylon came in remembrance before God, to give unto her the cup of the wine of the fierceness of his wrath.” The 17th and 18th chapters, and the portion of the 19th, which I have read, contain the particulars of the downfall and destruction of the Church of Rome. Now let me show you, first of all, that it is the Romish Apostasy which is the subject of these terrific judgments. First, she is described here as an unchaste and unfaithful woman, just as the church of the Lord Jesus Christ is described as the bride of the Lamb. The one is the true church—the other is the Apostasy ; and that relationship which the marriage tie implies, is always employed, throughout the word of God, to denote the communion which subsists between the people of God, and their living Head, the Lord Jesus Christ. Thus the apostle says, (2

Cor. xi. 2,) "I have espoused you to one husband, that I may present you as a chaste virgin to Christ. But I fear lest by any means, as the serpent beguiled Eve, through his subtlety, so your minds should be corrupted from the simplicity that is in Christ." Now the Church of Rome is regarded as having been thus corrupted from the simplicity that is in Christ, and her character, as I might prove at length, had I sufficient time, responds completely to the character of the fallen and guilty woman, whose doom, as the representative of the Church of Rome, is so graphically depicted in the 18th and 19th chapters. She is represented as giving to the kings and nations of the earth, "the wine of the cup of her fornication." The gospel is likened unto pure wine, the wine of the kingdom: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, yea, come, buy *wine* and milk without money and without price."

The doctrines of the Church of Rome, on the other hand, are symbolized and set forth by a deleterious mixture, called the wine of her fornication. That wine is not the pure and nutritive truth of the gospel, but the poisonous mixture of an unhallowed chalice. The nations of the earth have drunk of it, and have become intoxicated, and perished in their intoxication for ever. And, as if to show the strict propriety of the application of this symbol, Mr. Elliott states the fact, that in 1825, when the last jubilee was celebrated, the pope caused a medal to be struck, upon one side of which was the figure of himself, and, on the obverse side of that medal, a woman holding in her right hand a golden cup; while it was written below the woman, according to the pope's direction: "*Sedet super universum*," She sits upon the universe; or, in Apocalyptic language, she sits, like the woman in this chapter, "upon many waters."

It is said this woman was clothed with purple and with scarlet. One need scarcely proceed to identify these; no ordinary ministers in any Protestant church in Christendom, nor the chief ministers of any section of the Protestant church upon earth, none, save and except those of the Church of Rome, are clothed distinctively with purple and scarlet. I might quote the descriptions of her own priests; I might give you the sketches of historians and visitors to Rome, who all combine in testifying to the



fact, that her cardinals, and her chief ecclesiastical officers, are clothed in those very robes whose colour and shade are so distinctively and minutely described in this chapter. Then it is added, that "she was decked with gold, and precious stones, and pearls." You have only to read the records of their medieval grandeur, or to visit the shrines that Napoleon did not plunder, and the churches that the revolutionaries did not dismantle, or such churches and chapels connected with Rome on the continent of Europe as have been restored and replaced in all their ancient grandeur since the French Revolution, in order to find proof of this. Bishop Newton, in speaking of one chapel, that of Loretto, at Rome, says, "the gold and silver lamps, and the jewels and finery that were heaped upon it, was beyond the power of language to describe;" and I have myself seen, on the continent of Europe, altars covered with gold; the altar rails decked with Valenciennes, and Brussels, and other sorts of lace, the value of which I was told was almost incalculable. Even around the mouldering bones of their saints there are crowns, the jewels in which are of very great value. But I need not dwell upon this: any historian will show you that she is the church that has been careless of her moral, anxious only about her material grandeur—whose effort has been, not to save the soul, but to fascinate the senses—whose religion consists in splendid altars, in golden shrines, in carved images, in attractive rites, while she has neglected the weighty things of the kingdom, "righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost."

The next characteristic of this woman is, that she is called "Mystery." I state one striking proof of the application of this, that on the ancient tiara of the pope—the tiara being three crowns fastened upon one, and explained by some of the schoolmen to denote that the pope has power in heaven, and power in earth, and power in purgatory—there was written, by their own consent, this very title, "Mystery." And, whether that title be assumed by Rome or not, it is unquestionably the distinctive characteristic of the system. I think I explained the reason of this to you on a previous occasion. Infidelity has no mystery about it; Sociinianism has no mystery about it; but Popery is a great mystery; and in this lies one of the secrets of its success; it is every thing and any thing—truth and yet a lie—a Proteus, a chameleon, and possessed

at the same time of the most subtle adaptation. Persecuted in one text, it will literally flee to another text; driven from one argument, it will fall back upon another; and the most difficult thing in the world is to exhaust the resources of a Popish priest, or to extinguish all the sophisms of a Popish controversialist. But its peculiar claim to the epithet "Mystery" is this: it admits every truth that we admit; it proclaims its identity with our belief up to a certain point. Only last week I was speaking with two Roman Catholic priests, both of whom were Jesuits, and one of them said, "We Roman Catholics must be saved, for we hold every truth that you Protestants hold; we only hold a little more; so that," said he, "if you have one loaf, we have a loaf and a half. If you therefore have enough, it follows of necessity that we also must have enough." Now this seemed very plausible; but the real state of the question is, is it indeed half a loaf added to the whole loaf? If it be so, well. But I contended, and was ready to show them, that it is not half a loaf, but half a pound of arsenic, or half a gallon of prussic acid; not the excess of wholesome bread, but the addition of deadly poison. She admits every truth; but, at the same time, applies to that truth the corresponding heresy that neutralizes and destroys it. Hence her creed, as I think I explained to you, which consists, first, of the twelve articles, which constitute what is called the Nicene Creed—that is, the creed drawn up by the Council of Nice in the year 325, which contains a short epitome of the truths of Christianity; then, after admitting these twelve true and orthodox articles, she adds to them twelve other articles, and these two twelves or twenty-four articles constitute what is called Pope Pius IVth's Creed, which every priest and convert subscribes as true: so that, if a Roman Catholic were just to clip his creed in two with a pair of scissors, the first half would be pure Bible Christianity, the last half pure Popish heresy. The Roman Catholic deals thus with you: he introduces you into a large and well-lighted room, and says, "Just look around in this room; you see in it twelve windows that give free access to the light of heaven;" and he asks with sarcastic triumph, "Is the religion of the Church of Rome that system which Protestant fanatics in Exeter Hall describe it to be?"

You are constrained to admit that the hall is filled with pure light from the sun; you are pleased; you are convinced that his church has been misrepresented and calumniated; you cast in your lot with him, and you come to that which the priest knows is the crowning thing; he brings you at once before him as a penitent; you unbosom the secret thoughts of your mind—the deepest affections of your heart—the sins that have tainted or troubled it—the thoughts that have crossed it—in order to receive absolution. The priest thus soon knows your heart and history just as well as you know them yourself; and the man that knows my heart as thoroughly as I know it myself, is my master for the rest of my life, and I am his poor and crouching slave. Thus, when the priest has got you so far, he holds you a helpless victim within his meshes. He then keeps you in this room, as yet filled with clear sunlight; he puts on shutter after shutter of the last twelve articles of the Creed of Pius IV., and, when the room has been totally darkened by the application to it of the twelve blinds, he lights up his own blue lights on his ancient candelabras, which the Tractarians try to mimic or to steal, and soon convinces you that the pure light was admitted into the room through the twelve windows, only to fascinate and allure you, in order that he may put on the twelve shutters, and kindle the light within, which will only light you to your everlasting destruction.

But not only is she called "Mystery," but she is likewise called the "Mother of harlots." That is, if the mother church is called the harlot, then the subordinate false churches are called harlots also. Thus, then, the Apocalyptic description of her is "the mother of harlots;" and what do you think is the language of the twelfth article of the Creed of Pope Pius IV., as held by every one who embraces that creed? It is in these words:—"I acknowledge the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Roman Church, the mother and mistress of all churches." Every Roman Catholic unconsciously adopts almost the words of the Apocalypse, and thus identifies the church of Pius IX. with the Apocalyptic picture of the Apostasy.

It is then said that she is "drunk with the blood of saints." Need I verify this characteristic of the Church of Rome? The sounds of the Sicilian vespers have not yet died away upon the

ear; the blood that stained the fertile soil of France may be concealed by vineyards, and by the golden corn that grows upon the surface, but it is seen by God, and will be remembered in the hour of his judgments. The Marian reign in our own country and Smithfield are not yet forgotten by those to whom Fox's Book of Martyrs\* is any thing more than an old almanac. And, without touching upon any thing beyond the province of a minister of the gospel—touching only upon that which all parties admit, let me ask you to look across to that country whose Protestant clergy were too long unfaithful, and who have only become faithful when their ruin seems to be all but inevitable. Look across the Channel at poor, blighted, miserable Ireland: the excellent and the upright man is denounced from the altar, not upon a Sunday, as is publicly charged and denied, but upon the Monday, which is not denied, and he is shot by the Monday night; and so fearful is the havoc, that the records which come every day tell you that it is better to be in the field of open battle, where you have the foe gallantly to contend with, than to walk into your own ground, and go out from your own home carrying your death-warrant in your own pocket. My dear friends, you may disguise it as you like, and statesmen may think what they please about it, but Popery is at the root of all this. It is the upas tree; it is the root of bitterness—eradication is the only cure. I bid you look to the north of Ireland, where Protestants abound; comparatively how peaceful! how quiet! how prosperous! yet it is the most sterile province of the four. The contrast between it and the south is almost between Paradise and Pandemonium. Compare the Protestant cantons of Switzerland with the Roman Catholic; every traveller can tell you the difference. Compare Scotland with Ireland; every acre in Ireland, in point of fertility, is worth four acres in Scotland; how vast the moral difference! It all goes to establish the fact, that true religion elevates a land to the sunshine of Paradise; while superstition and infidelity exhaust its value, and degrade and ruin it: the old maxim holds good—"Righteousness exalteth a nation, and sin must be the ruin of any people."

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\* Let me commend to the notice of the reader the edition of Fox's Book of Martyrs, published by Virtue, Ivy Lane.

Let us notice the next characteristic of this great city. This woman whose crimes had provoked the judgments of Heaven—who is described as Mystery, and drunk with the blood of saints, the mother of harlots—is declared to have her seat—her main seat—upon a “wilderness.” You ask, then, is it a fact that the head of the Romish Church, “the mother and mistress of all churches,” is enthroned upon a desert. Just let us recollect what is the name of the place that surrounds the city of Rome, and which the crown of the pope at this moment specially governs; it is called the Campagna. In the day when John wrote the Apocalypse, it was literally the most fertile and the most beautiful spot in the whole continent of Europe, and were St. John alluding to the Campagna upon which Cæsar sat, it could not have been called a desert with truth; but, recollect, he is describing the spot, not on which Cæsar sat in his day, but on which this mother and mistress of harlots sits in our day, and he calls it a wilderness. Has any change taken place in it since the Cæsars reigned? I open the pages of Gibbon, and I find him stating, that, at the close of the sixth century, just after the Roman empire had passed away, and the Popish empire had taken its place, “the Campagna about this time was reduced to the state of a dreary wilderness; the land became barren, and the waters impure; and the inundations of the Tiber rushed with irresistible force into the valleys of the seven hills, and bred pestilence and fever from the stagnation of the deluge.” So that at this time, to which John here refers, it is literally true that Rome sits upon the desert; and it is no less true that that desert, which she can neither drain nor cultivate, extinguishes her population year by year, showing that, whatever reforms may have dawned upon Pope Pius IX., the sanitary improvements so admirably pressed in the present day, and so truly needed, have not yet been thought of in the march of pontifical intellect.

Now the 18th chapter details at length the successive judgments that shall fall upon this great Babylon. There comes down an angel radiant with glory, who cries aloud and proclaims “Babylon is fallen.” He first, however, addresses the people of God in the midst of Rome, “Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her

plagues." Then the scenes of her last desolation sweep in succession, and with terrific grandeur, before the eye of the seer, unfolding an awfulness of ruin unparalleled in any other doom delineated in the sacred volume.

It is stated two or three times in the course of the Apocalypse, that she shall be consumed by fire. Several expositors think that this refers to the kings of the earth who shall be driven utterly to destroy her; but I showed you that their part was fulfilled at the commencement of the French Revolution, when the pope was marched from his capital, and made a prisoner under the emperor of France, and with the acquiescence of other kings. I believe, therefore, that the fire that is to consume the Romish mother and mistress of churches—the great Babylon—the Mystery that is enthroned upon the desert—is a literal and not a figurative flame. I do not see how it can mean that the kings of the earth will destroy her, because they are represented as mourners at her ruin, not as burners hastening that ruin. I cannot think that the great ones of the earth can be referred to, for they are spoken of as weeping for her fall, not precipitating and accomplishing that fall. I believe, therefore, that Rome will be destroyed by literal fire. Can we say how? First, it has been ascertained by geologists, in the course of the last few years, that the interior portions of that very globe, on the crust of which our houses are built, is one vast mass of liquid or molten fire; and that earthquakes, the vibrations of which we feel, are but the shocks of those fiery waves lashing those desolate subterranean shores, and that those volcanoes are but the safety-valves that allow the excess of its action to escape, lest the crust of the earth should be riven in pieces, and all its population perish. And in that very fact, which modern geology has discovered, I can see the explanation of the 3d chapter of the Second Epistle of Peter; and here I cannot but observe, that the ministers of the gospel must, and that right speedily, take up science as it bears on the Bible, and the Bible as it bears on science, and show what will be found to be fact, that the purest science is the highest testimony to the truth of revelation; so that neither the hammer of the geologist shall break the Rock of Ages, nor the telescope of the astronomer detect one flaw in

the Sun of Righteousness, nor the discoveries of man dim the revelation of God ; on the contrary, I believe that the day comes when science through all its organs, and literature through all its channels, and statesmen from their cabinets, and kings and queens from their thrones, shall join together, and sing with one song, and utter with one voice, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world." But, in order to show still more minutely how probable it is that Rome will be literally destroyed by fire, I will quote the testimony of those who have examined the very place on which she is enthroned, and have discovered that Rome itself is placed upon the ashes of a volcano. It is stated that the whole chain of the Apennines, which stretches across Italy, is volcanic in its origin. Gibbon himself, in speaking of Italy, describes it as containing beds of sulphur, and numerous volcanoes, of which those of *Ætna*, *Vesuvius*, and *Lipari* are but specimens. Again, an eminent German naturalist says, "From Rome to *Tivoli* the soil is made up of volcanic ashes, and all the land about Rome is generally volcanic." This seems as if it were a preparation for the future judgments ; and her desolation shall be so sudden that it shall come in one day, and so complete as to "leave not a rack behind." It is followed by its "smoke ascending up for ever and ever ;" and hence the conclusion is forced upon the mind, that Rome is to be overthrown by judgments, not to be converted by the agency of the gospel, or to be exhausted by political assaults. She is literally to be consumed by fire.

Now, at this solemn and momentous hour, we read that a voice is lifted up, "Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues." I believe that that voice is sounding now through the length and breadth of the very land in which we live. I might mention religious societies, and the names of Protestant men, all of whom are known to you, and must be revered by all who know them ; these men are now lifting up this faithful warning—calling upon those in the midst of Rome, or who are infected with the poison of her principles, to "come out of her, that they be not partakers of her sins, and that they receive not of her plagues." How startling was that voice which Robert McGhee lifted up in

this very hall some years ago—a disclosure that in healthier times would have been followed by rigid examination. The Romish powers showed they felt the irresistible conclusiveness of all that he proved by fastening upon the only error he committed: the man of sin watched every charge he made—knew well that Protestant rulers would not listen, they were silent while reply was useless; and were only too glad when a misapprehension occurred, to have a chance of escape from universal execration. Need I quote the names of McNeile, and Stowell, and Hartwell Horne, and others that must be known to you, in order to show the interest felt in this subject, and the response that comes from many hearts in the present day? Need I refer to the conflict that has taken place in high places, and to the symptoms that daily multiply, and show that the last struggle in this country between Protestantism, as it is cherished by Protestant churchmen and Protestant dissenters, and Popery, as it is held by the Papal powers, and the Puseyite Tractarian divines, is rapidly approaching.

Let me notice another fact; namely, that at the close of the destruction of Rome, there is heard a new and remarkable song: “Hallelujah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.” “And again,” it is added, “they said Hallelujah, and her smoke rose up for ever and ever;” and, “I heard a great voice of much people in Heaven, saying, Alleluia; salvation, and glory, and honour, and power, unto the Lord our God.” I showed you that the drying up of the Euphrates is to prepare the way for the conversion of the Jews. Now notice here, the first Hebrew word, in the songs of the redeemed in the Apocalypse, occurs in this very passage, namely, Hallelujah: all the expressions have been Greek before; but now a Hebrew voice is heard in the canticle of harmony, sounding Hallelujah. I believe that this is just the fulfilment of what I have sketched in a previous evening, *viz.* the promises of the conversion of the Jews, their restoration to their own land, and their worshipping Him on Zion whom their forefathers crucified on Calvary. And it is a most remarkable corroborative proof of this, that Kimchi, a very celebrated Jewish commentator, makes the following observation:—“When Papal Rome shall be desolated, then shall come the redemption



of the people of Israel." A Jewish commentator is led to the conviction, that the desolation of Rome shall precede the immediate conversion of his people; and how glorious will that song be, when Jew and Gentile shall combine to raise it—"Hallelujah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!" I have heard the Hallelujah chorus of Handel in this hall, and I should go to hear it again, if Englishmen would have the good taste and the Christian principle to give up the barbarous and Gothic practice of stamping approbation with their feet when the God of heaven is praised in strains the most beautiful and words the most holy; but till that barbarous and Gothic practice is utterly removed, I cannot feel as I would wish to feel, when I listen to the sublime strains of Handel, ministering their service to the sacred words of the Apocalypse. But, if to hear it from five hundred voices in this hall be all but overpowering, how magnificent, how glorious, will be the crash of harmony that shall echo from the firmamental ceiling, and rebound and reverberate from the platform of the earth, when Jew and Gentile, constituting one company by grace, shall cry with one heart, and as with one voice, "Hallelujah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!"

I felt it, my dear friends, to be to me truly refreshing, when I met, in one of the omnibuses of the city, a minister of the Church of England, who said to me, "I hear that great crowds are in Exeter Hall listening to your preaching; and," he added, "I have prayed that you might be so guided and directed by the Spirit of God, that not a few hearts might live as tokens of your faithfulness, and tributes to the grace of God." I desire and pray to find it so. Not more than a third of those who are crowded within this hall can be accommodated within the walls of my enlarged church: let me therefore speak of Christ while so many hear, and invite you, in the language of this chapter, on this the last Sunday but one on which I shall address you, to "the marriage supper of the Lamb." Blessed are they who are invited to that feast: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; yea come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." You have heard great and startling truths; those truths may have been mixed with human errors: forgive the presence of the alloy, cherish and be thankful for the gold—

forget the minister, think only of the Master. My desire and effort has been to interest your minds in God's word. Oh! that I might convey one quickening seed, to be an element of life to some dead soul in this audience. How dreadful, dear friends, if, after the truths you have heard, any of you should perish! I shall meet you all—all without exception—at the judgment-seat of God. Between me and every man in this assembly, a tie has been knit by your hearing and my speaking, which the blaze which consumes great Babylon—which the shock that convulses the very universe—which the light of the judgment-day—shall not sever or destroy. You must answer for what you have heard. I must answer for what I have spoken. And, oh! dreadful the thought, if I should see some countenance that I have gazed upon in this hall, darkened with the shadow of an everlasting eclipse—driven from that platform on which all destinies are wound up, and the condition of all flesh settled irreversibly for ever. No man, however, need perish; salvation is free for every one; the blood of Jesus is accessible to every one; God waits to welcome you; Christ asks, "Why will ye die?" He invites you, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." My dear friends, I feel, when I address you, emotions too vast for language to express. I can always speak most easily when I feel least deeply. But when thoughts and sympathies are too intense for utterance, then \* \* \* Oh may the Spirit of God kindle thoughts in your hearts that may not die, and give me the happiness, and you the joy, of surrounding the throne, nearer and nearer to which we are drawing every day, and join with Jew and Gentile in the millennial blessedness, saying, "Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." "Blessed are they that are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb." Amen and Amen.

## LECTURE XXIII.

## THE CHURCH DURING THE EFFUSION OF THE VIALS.

“And the seventh angel sounded; and there were great voices in heaven, saying, The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ; and he shall reign for ever and ever.”—*Revelation* xi. 15.

“And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people,

“Saying with a loud voice, Fear God, and give glory to him; for the hour of his judgment is come: and worship him that made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and the fountains of waters.”—*Revelation* xiv. 6, 7.

“And I saw as it were a sea of glass mingled with fire: and them that had gotten the victory over the beast, and over his image, and over his mark, and over the number of his name, stand on the sea of glass, having the harps of God.

“And they sing the song of Moses the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb, saying, Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints.

“Who shall not fear thee, O Lord, and glorify thy name? for thou only art holy: for all nations shall come and worship before thee; for thy judgments are made manifest.”—*Revelation* xv. 2-4.

THIS scene, which I shall endeavour to analyze, is in some degree retrospective; but it is a retrospect that necessarily follows from the chronological position at which we have arrived in our expositions of the Apocalypse. Last Sunday evening I explained the seventh vial. I showed the scenes it disclosed, and the prospects which it leads us to anticipate. The first vial, or symbol of judgment, began in 1792; the last vial is now trembling in the angel's hand, or rather is pouring out its contents; its first sprinklings smite the earth, and at this hour the nations begin to feel its influence, and thrones to rock beneath the first of its vibrations. But having dwelt, as you perceive, upon the seven vials, which have been seven epitomes of judgment, seven successive scenes of desolation inflicted on the earth, the question will naturally occur to you, “What has become of

the church of Christ all the while?" We have heard the crashes, and seen the effects of judgments upon the world, as well as judgments upon Babylon, but where has been "the hundred forty and four thousand," "the bride of the Lamb," the true and spiritual church, "redeemed out of every kindred, and people, and tribe, and tongue?" Surely she has not perished. It is my province to show you, parallel with the effusion of the vials, the mystery of the church of the Lord Jesus Christ—to point out beneath the turbid torrent that bears darkening judgments on its bosom, a bright and beautiful and silver streamlet, speeding onward in all its pristine purity, to the infinite and everlasting main—to show you, amid the smoke that rises from the judgments that overspread the earth, the bright sparks that are the foretokens of the approaching glory, and thus to let it appear, that when one hemisphere was darkened by the clouds of righteous retribution, the other hemisphere began to glow with the forecast light of approaching day.

First, then, I explained, you recollect, that the seventh seal was the epitome, or in brief, of the seven trumpets; and that the seventh trumpet was the epitome, or brief description, of the seven vials; the twenty-one constituting the history of Christendom, and the seventh of each being the abstract of the contents of the seven that were to follow. Now, you will notice that, in the description of the seventh trumpet, the first passage read by me is by way of anticipation—the seventh trumpet being an *abstract* of the contents of the seven vials. It is an anticipatory song, an outburst of prophetic feeling, "the kingdoms of this world are become," that is, when the seven vials contained under the seventh trumpet are all poured out, "the kingdoms of our God and of his Christ." This was anticipatory: no judgment comes upon the earth that does not cast its shadow before, and no blessing shines from heaven that does not reflect backward some beams of the glory which constitutes that blessing; and therefore the Apocalyptic seer John, witnessing all the desolations of the past, and catching in his prophetic eye some bright and glowing visions of the future, burst forth into the pæan, the triumphant song, as if he already saw the great consummation arrive; as if he said, "The kingdoms of this world are no longer

enslaved by Satan, crushed by tyranny, infected by sin, but I see them become the kingdoms of the Lord, and I hear their song of praise, intimating that the reign of Satan and of sin is terminated upon earth."

After this we have another symbol, to which I shall specially allude ; and that is, that an angel, just after the beginning of the pouring out of the vials, *i. e.* of the French Revolution, in 1793, an angel comes from heaven—a symbolic angel spreads his pinions on the air—that air, recollect, that I showed you last Sunday evening was to be tainted and disturbed by the pouring out of the seventh vial—the angel spreads his wings on the air, sweeps over the length and breadth of the globe, and he carries in his mission, not judgment, as the preceding trumpet angels did—not desolation, as the vial angels did—but the glorious gospel of the blessed God, to preach "to every nation, and kindred, and tongue and people." The point which I will specially attempt to prove this morning is, that, contemporaneous with the pouring out of the vials, and the fearful judgments that fell upon apostate Christendom, there was an expansion of the truths of the gospel, an outburst of Christian principle and missionary zeal, unparalleled since the day of Pentecost itself. This, I think, is the explanation of the angel flying through heaven with the everlasting gospel.

The third point to which I shall particularly allude, is that beautiful and truly Apocalyptic picture, the harpers harping with their harps upon the glassy sea—a sea mingled with fire. These harpers are described in the original by a most peculiar expression. They are not called merely conquerors, or those who have gotten the victory over the beast, but they are called νικῶντας ἐκ τοῦ θηρίου, not only conquerors over the beast, *i. e.* the Papal power, as I have showed you, but also victorious *separatists* from him. So that those harpers on the glassy sea are not only conquerors over the beast—and I explained that the beast, as you may recollect, is the Roman Catholic Apostasy—and over the image of the beast, the General Councils that reflect his mind and sentiments—and over the mark of the beast ; and the number of the beast, and you cannot have forgotten the word λατρεύοντες, the letters of which, λ, α, τ, ε, ι, ν, ο, ς, make up the number 666,

which is declared to be the number of the beast, as I explained on a previous occasion ; these, I say, are called not only conquerors over him, but separatists from him, and that had the victory over the number of his name : and thus I believe that those harpers on the glassy sea are not only those who deny the supremacy of the pope of Rome, but those persons who repudiate and abhor the peculiar principles of the Church of Rome in all their shapes and degrees. The Tractarians deny one great dogma in Popery, and almost the only one—the supremacy of the pope. I admit they are not Papists, but I contend they have got upon them the mark of the beast, and will be numbered with him in the hour of trial ; and if you desire to escape those crushing and consuming judgments that are destined utterly to overwhelm him, you must not only be separatists from the supremacy of the pope, but separatists from his principles and his practices ; separatists from all that is Popish, and allied with all that is Scriptural, Evangelical, and Protestant.

Now, then, these harpers on the glassy sea mingled with fire, are said to sing the song of Moses and of the Lamb ; and this instantly refers us, by allusion, to that beautiful song recorded in the Book of Exodus. You will remember that when the Israelites had passed the Red Sea, they stood upon the opposite shore and sang their sublime song of victory, as they looked across the Red Sea—that sea that was the promenade of the people of God, and the sepulchre of the chivalry and chariots of Pharaoh—with the pillar of fire by night that flashed its splendour upon the hosts of Egypt, and the pillar of cloud by day that concealed from them the Israelites whom they pursued. It has been said also that the Red Sea is so called from the effect of the sun's rays shining upon it ; for an ancient writer says, “that the mountains west of the Arabian Gulf, when the rays of the sun rest upon their peaks, exhibit the appearance of glowing coals, red with fire ; and the splendour reflected from the mountain-tops dyes the sea with the colour of red, or fire.” The statement here of their standing on the brink of the sea over which they had passed in safety, and singing the song of Moses and of the Lamb, conveys an allusion to a fact in the history of Israel, which becomes typical of a fact true of our country, and rendered probable by a

consideration of the chronology of the epoch to which I am now directing your attention.

It appears to me, that Great Britain and the shores of England were, in the antitype, what the shores of the Red Sea and the triumphant Israelites were in the type, during the outpouring of the vial judgments upon Europe. Is it no evidence of this, that when the great destroyer swept Europe on a wing that never tired—when, from Moscow onward to Madrid, every capital blazed with revolutionary fires—when the cup of trembling was placed in every nation's hand, and every nation was constrained to drink it to the dregs—is there no fulfilment of the Apocalyptic allusion in the fact, that we alone were unscathed? We heard the distant vibrations only borne on the winds, of the earthquake that hurled down thrones, upset dynasties, and cleft kingdoms in twain; we saw but the reflected glow across the Channel of the sea of those fires that blazed over all the continent of Europe; and the Christians of England, in their chapels and in their churches, stood upon this side of the glassy sea, and praised God that they were saved from the judgments that overwhelmed the rest of the world, as they heard but the echo of the sound of falling thrones, and saw merely the smoke of crumbling dynasties. And that song shows us, from the very nature of it, that this interpretation is not an imaginary one. The children of Israel thus sang: "The Lord is my strength and my song; he also is become my salvation; he is my God, and I will prepare him an habitation; my father's God, and I will exalt him. The Lord is a man of war; the Lord is his name," &c. Exodus xv. 1-19. You will see that this song well represents the feeling that many true Christians expressed, and most Christians entertained, when they saw this isle, built up in the bosom of the deep, begin to be most gloriously illuminated with the rays of an expanding gospel, at that time when scarcely a nation on the whole continent of Europe was exempted from the destroying scourge; and when the song of Moses speaks of Pharaoh and his captains buried in the Red Sea, who can have forgotten the constant cry of Napoleon, for "ships and commerce:" and who can be ignorant, who has read Alison's History of Europe, that never did he bring his fleet to sea without the flag of Old England waving victorious

over its wreck; so much so, that our country, for years upon years, never advanced but to gain splendid victories, and never retreated but to cover its retreat with a greater and a brighter glory than its advance?

On the supposition, then, that this period was the period when our country was thus victorious—when the captains of the great destroyer were overturned, and all his hosts buried in the depths of the sea, and when we, standing on our isle, separated from all the rest of the earth, celebrated God's mercies, and thanked him for his goodness, and felt under a deep sense of responsibility our obligations to him—I proceed to show the next feature, and which is a most important and interesting feature in my statement, that, contemporaneous with the judgments inflicted by the vials upon Christendom—contemporaneous with Britain's separation from the rest of the world, and alone echoing with the song of victory, the song of Moses merged in the song of the Lamb—from the year 1793 to the present hour, the angel spread his wings, and has continued to carry the blessed gospel to every creature under heaven. In order now to show you this, and thereby to fix more completely the justice and accuracy of those data which we have already established, I take leave to notice that God never begins a work, in this dispensation, without an instrument. You will recollect the evidence of this at three great epochs. You remember when I was treating, at the commencement of my course, upon the rise of the Apostasy, the mysterious efficacy attributed to the sacraments, when one was made an exorcism, and the other began to be worshipped as an idol, that I mentioned as one of the God-sealed in opposition to the man-sealed, one of the God-baptized in opposition to the man-baptized, the name and character of St. Augustine—and that the influence of Augustine's evangelical religion was felt throughout Europe, even onward to the Reformation itself. You will also recollect that at a second crisis, when the darkness was no less dense, God raised up another instrument in Europe, to carry on that work which had been long overspread by superstition, and had almost perished from the earth, the great work of the everlasting gospel, that lion-hearted and indomitable man, Martin Luther. We are now come to the third crisis: it seems almost invidious to specify, and I should not dare to have



done so, if Mr. Elliott, on grounds that seem to me truly satisfactory, had not previously done so; he thinks, and I thoroughly concur with him, that the great instrument employed for first leavening all classes with the truth, and commencing and carrying on to a very great degree the missionary movement, was that singularly eminent and truly spiritual man, the late William Wilberforce, Esq. You have perhaps heard so little of the man, that some, at least, may not be aware of the mighty part that that great and eminent man played in reviving religion in this country. It seems to me very interesting to notice, that in the 4th century a bishop was used to revive religion,—in the 16th century an Augustinian monk was employed to do it,—and in the 19th century a Christian layman; and here I cannot but notice, too, what I think it is only dutiful to Christians of the present day to impress, that the clergy are not the church. I believe in this matter there is a leaven of heresy among the laity which ought to be rebuked as firmly as the heresy that grows among the clergy; the Christian people are the church, and the clergy are only its leaders. Would you call the officers the army? No, you see the absurdity of this; the soldiers, you would say, are the army, the officers are but the leaders? Why, then, should you call the clergy the church? When a person has been ordained, it is common to use the obnoxious expression, “he has entered the church;” enter the church! he ought to have entered it long before he applies to be ordained. Christians, you are the church; the ministers are the leaders; an enlightened people will be the best guarantee for an enlightened clergy; and the Bible in the hands of the many is the best pledge that they shall not be deprived of it by the traditions of the few.

Having noticed, then, Wilberforce as the leading spirit in the third revival and restoration of vital and scriptural religion, I will now show you what was the character of the man, as given by his contemporaries of various political parties. Lord Erskine made this remark on him: “Wilberforce urged on the lingering progress of the human mind more than any other man.” His biographers, one of whom is a bishop, said, “Wilberforce was the centre of a great moral system, and unquestionably gave an impulse to the age.” Madame de Stael says, “Wilberforce is the

man the most remarkable of the whole of England." He had great mental power—he had vast parliamentary influence; and Pitt, the celebrated conservative minister, who was his intimate friend, gave this opinion: "Of all men I know, Wilberforce seems to me to have the most natural and effective eloquence." I quote these remarks as tributes to the strength of his genius. I admit, that genius without grace would have made him as powerful for evil as he was powerful for good. But in him the two were combined; his genius was consecrated by his religion, and all his influence was wielded for God. When, and how, it may be asked, did he become a Christian? I do not know that his son, who is a bishop, would like to confess it. I know that many who are Tractarian, which I believe the bishop is not, would desire this part of his biography to be concealed, but dutifulness to truth compels us to declare, that Wilberforce, who moved the age and impressed on it the influence of Christian feeling, was converted to God by reading the production of a Dissenter, namely, Doddridge's *Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul*. God thus shows us he will not have man to glory in sects or in systems. On the Apocalyptic stage, and in its solemn drama, distinctions of sect and denominational system are treated as non-entities, great evangelical truths alone are regarded as substantial, great, and enduring.

To show more clearly the character of Wilberforce, I will allude to his most remarkable work; a work I would recommend every one in this Hall to possess and study, "*Wilberforce's Practical View of Christianity*," edited by Bishop Wilson, the eminently pious and Protestant bishop of Calcutta. Dr. Wilson states, in the preface to this work, "Never perhaps did any volume by a layman on a religious subject produce a deeper or more sudden effect. It came upon the whole world of statesmen and literati and divines quite by surprise. It was a thing unprecedented for a leading parliamentary speaker to publish any considerable work, much less a work on religion. Every one talked of it—every one was attracted by its eloquence. It was acknowledged that such an important work had not appeared for a century." P. xvii.

It is eminently desirable to reach the mind and secure the convictions of the higher classes on the subject of divine truth;

their conversion is of great moment. It is quite true, that three thousand peasants are just as precious in the sight of God, and their souls are just as dear to him, as three thousand of the highest nobles in the world; but if one can only leaven with the truths of the everlasting gospel those who occupy prominent and powerful places in the land, it is plain that one such person, brought to feel the force and to espouse the interests of divine truth, will send around him an influence for good the most powerful, an influence which distant churches and statesmen, otherwise inaccessible, may feel. It is a law, almost universal, that all influence descends, it very rarely ascends: it is a rare thing that, when the masses become Christian, the great men immediately become so; but when the distinguished and noble men become Christian, how frequently do you observe a transforming influence instantly descend, and shoot like an electric spark through the population, and create, by the blessing of God, a moral if not a religious people; and thus it is that there is reflected far and near the influence let down from a religious court and throne. Hence, my dear friends, we ought to make it a special subject of prayer, not only in public, but in private, that our most gracious queen may be, what I believe she is, a Christian and a Protestant; and that those that are around her throne, lords and senators, may be truly Christians too; and that, when they open their lips upon religious questions, they may not fear to refer to God's word as alone decisive—that word that settles all religious disputes, and gives just and true conclusions on those points which unaided reason never can attain to.

The Apocalyptic vials, as we have seen, began to be poured out in 1793, emitting the judgments that overwhelmed Europe, and awed, though they could not convert, the nations of the earth; and about this very period, when the eclipse was deepest, that book, which was to be associated with the expansion as well as the revival of true Christianity in England, and indeed the world, made its appearance. Bishop Wilson proceeds: "As a noble appeal to a degenerate age, as a work which forms an era in the history of the times, we must go back, in order to find a parallel to it, to the primitive church."

Such is the testimony of Bishop Wilson to this very remark-

able production; and I believe that Bishop Wilson either has not studied prophecy, or thought of connecting Wilberforce's work with it; at least he has not expressed his acquiescence in the prophetic views that Mr. Elliott has so clearly and, I think, so conclusively established.

The immediate effect of this great work was, by the grace of God, a new and rapid spread, in the minds of statesmen, senators, and Christians, of Bible and evangelical religion. Inquiry and excitement followed apathy, religion grew into absorbing importance, and became the topic of discussion in every coterie; and the instant that people felt they were Christians, that instant they believed it their duty to become missionaries. As soon as they felt they were saints, as soon as they saw that they incurred the responsibilities of stewards: they believed then, as in every kindred movement, they could not claim the gospel as selfishly their own, and withhold it from the masses that needed it; accordingly, no sooner had that work exerted its mighty influence in the conviction and conversion of souls, than the angel went forth, according to the second Apocalyptic passage I have read, spreading his wings upon the air, and carrying the everlasting gospel to every kindred, and tribe, and people, and tongue.

You ask for the evidence of this? Facts are our proofs. Evidence is so full and so striking, that he that runs may read it. The Baptist Missionary Society, like the highest Alpine peak, caught the first rays of the rising sun, having been founded about the year 1793, the very commencement of the great French Revolution. It is an honour to that society to have been thus first in the field. I congratulate it; I forgive its differences with me in minor matters, on the ground of its advocacy of that glorious cause, the cause of missions, which shall burn and brighten till Christ come with his many crowns to take the kingdom to himself, and reign from sea to sea. After the Baptist Society, the London Missionary Society emerged, like another Alpine peak, burning with the rays of the rising sun, and in the rivalry of Christian love sent forth its faithful missionaries in 1795. Immediately after the London Missionary Society, the Wesleyan Missionary Society appeared, in the year 1800, and has become one of the most powerful, and not the least success-

ful, of the whole. Close upon this followed an institution not the least important or least blessed, the British and Foreign Bible Society, which has circulated twenty millions of copies of the word of God, up to the year 1847, and has translated the Bible into nearly 140 tongues—almost all the tongues of all the nations of the earth. The biographer of Wilberforce says, “amid the din of warlike preparations, the foundation-stone was laid of this institution which was to leaven all nations with the principles of peace.” We have, following these in bright and glorious succession, the Church Missionary Society, which has been eminently blessed amid the missionary institutions of the earth, and on whose agents in every land, especially in India, has rested no ordinary benediction. Wilberforce saw these beautiful gems emerging from the night, and sparkling in the beams of the Sun of Righteousness, with no sectarian or exclusive feelings. In the midst of the Parliament of England he made the remark, which it was perilous to make at that day, and which it might not be safe from sneers and scoffs to make even at the present day—though, judging from recent debates, one must admit there seems to be more Christianity in modern than in ancient parliamentary debates—the magnanimous remark respecting the Baptist Society, and its devoted champion, Dr. Carey: “I do not know,” said Wilberforce, “a finer instance of the moral sublime than that a poor cobbler, working at his stall, should have conceived the idea of converting the heathen to Christianity: yet such was Dr. Carey: Milton planning *Paradise Lost*, in his old age and blindness, was nothing to that poor cobbler at his stall.” Such was the catholic and just eulogy pronounced in Parliament, amid the acquiescence of all, by Wilberforce on one of the most devoted servants of the earliest of the missionary societies of Britain.

After this appeared the Jews’ Society, founded in the year 1809, designed to expound our duties and obligations to God’s ancient people as one of the very first responsibilities that arise from the experience of the power of the gospel of Christ. Then there was in Scotland the Scotch Missionary Society, composed of Scottish Churchmen and Dissenters, who afterward separated, peacefully, and not without great advantage to both; for the Church of Scotland, according to the plan of that eminent and

devoted clergyman, Dr. Inglis, adopted her magnificent scheme, the foreign missions, which she has prosecuted every year with increasing energy; and I cannot but state, in this place, a striking evidence of the overruling providence of God, in his providential dealings, the late unhappy disputes that recently took place in Scotland, and which ended in the secession from that church of many pious ministers, *viz.* the interesting fact, that the seceding ministers have increased their funds for missionary purposes to a great extent, and the income of the Established Church for missionary purposes has been, what at that time I predicted it would be, positively greater in 1847 than it was before the secession in 1843. Thus out of our sins even God educes good, and overrules the disputes of imperfect Christians, who see through a glass darkly, to the clearer development and more rapid progress of his own great and holy cause.

After the missionary spirit had been thus excited in our country, the gospel was preached in the East and West Indies, in Africa, New Zealand, New South Wales, in Greenland, and in North America. The Brainerds, the Martyns, the Careys, the Hebers, will all occur to you as eminent missionaries of the everlasting gospel; who spread the joyful sound

“From Greenland’s icy mountains  
To India’s coral strand;”

till at length there is scarcely a nation on the earth that has not heard the tidings of redeeming love; a fact that teaches us the solemn conclusion I have endeavoured to establish, that when the gospel shall have been preached in every nation, and ended not in the conversion of all, but in being a witness to every nation, then shall the end come.

Now, let me ask, where is there not evidence of this apostolic outburst of missionary zeal? what nation is there that has not been refreshed by its influences? If you go to the isles that lie on the bosom of the great Pacific—you will hear the heralds of Christianity there. Amid the sultry air of Hindostan, or the cinnamon groves of Ceylon, you may find the preacher of the glorious gospel; or you will see him preaching by the rivers of India, or in the plague-smitten atmosphere of Turkey—praying amid the ruins of Athens, or having his pulpit on the rocky

heights of Mount Lebanon; you may trace the course of the missionary with the Arab in his "ship of the desert," the laborious and patient camel; or on the scorched plains of Africa, finding shelter from its burning sun beneath the palm-tree's shade; or sharing his coarse food with the Laplander, or traversing with the Greenlander his everlasting snows; amid the Rocky Mountains, or amid Tartar hordes—in the Arab's tent and on the Cossack's steppes—amid the prairies of Western America, or in the lanes and byways and alleys of London, addressing rich and poor, great and small, Jew and Gentile, barbarian kings and savage tribes; and wherever he has spoken he has left the evidence of the power of a preached gospel, and the impress of a God, who has blessed his efforts; till, animated by the results, we begin to anticipate the day for which we pray, when

"Arabia's desert ranger  
To Christ shall bow the knee,  
And Ethiopian stranger  
His glory come and see;  
When he shall have dominion  
O'er river, sea, and shore,  
Far as the eagle's pinion  
Or dove's light wing can soar."

I have thus, then, shown you, first of all, our country triumphing in its immunity from the judgments that darkened the rest of Europe, an immunity secured by its attachment to the truth, and personated in the harpers on the glassy sea, singing the song or victorious anthem that commemorated their safety. I have shown you, next, the commencement of a new era in the spread of Bible religion, beginning about 1793 or 1795, through the instrumentality of the excellent and devoted Wilberforce. I have described, as the result of this revived missionary spirit, the angel flying with the everlasting gospel; that is, the different religious societies thus symbolized, spreading the Scriptures throughout the whole earth, and preaching the gospel unto every creature.

I believe, then, my dear friends, in the shortness of the time that remains; I believe it to be very short: but we are not of those who will therefore show themselves slack in the use of means. If I were told by a voice from heaven, that in three years Christ will come, this intimation would not make me relax one solitary

duty. I would take leases, if I felt that it was in the way of duty to do so; I would enter upon engagements plainly dutiful in the providence of God; I would go on precisely as I am going on now, fearing God and loving my fellow-men. It is our duty not to come out of the world *mechanically*, but to be severed from the world *spiritually*; not to desert our place like cowards that run from the field, but to stand at those posts where our great Captain has placed us, to fight the good fight of faith, and to anticipate his return right speedily, and to be supported and cheered by the anticipation of the glorious crown which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give us at that day. And because the time seems to me to be short—because the hour of judgment looms and darkens like a terrific cloud upon the distant horizon, because things seen are on the verge of removal, I feel only more compelled to contribute more largely—to preach more heartily—and to pray more fervently for a blessing upon all our great missionary institutions. I cannot rest while I see British literature studied on the banks of the Ganges, and read on those of the Mississippi and the Missouri—while I hear of British travellers penetrating all rivers, and extending their influence and transactions to all coasts and tribes—while I see our sails whiten every shore, and our ships ride upon their shadows in every harbour—without making commensurate efforts to save and bless the nations of the earth: the nearness of the advent makes me feel the more the duty of praying and of toiling, that wherever our conquering standard has been unfurled, or our victorious drum has been heard, the one may precede the banners of salvation, and the other be a prelude to the everlasting jubilee; and that the armies of England, to whatever land they may direct their march, may be but the van of the army of Christ, which shall follow after to nobler and more lasting victories, until it come to pass that where-soever Old England's power is felt, there men may feel and taste her mercies too.

My dear friends, the only balm for the world, whether at home or abroad, is the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. Were that gospel universally felt, and its principles universally practised, there would be few wrongs to be redressed, because there would be few inflicted; our prisons might be turned into churches, our



policemen into beadles; the whole land would be transformed, men would live happy, and would go down to their graves as the pearl-diver of Ceylon goes down into the ocean, only to come up laden with precious treasures, to breathe the air and bask in the glorious sunshine of immortality.

In concluding this retrospect of missionary feeling, coeval with judicial visitations, let me ask you, not are you curiously inquiring into chronology, but seriously and prayerfully looking into your own hearts? If the Lord be at hand—if, as I believe, without saying you are not Christians if you do not concur with me—if, as I believe, and shall endeavour to show, Christ's advent is to be, not post-millennial but pre-millennial,—if we are on the very verge, a few years only intervening, of the first resurrection from the dead—if all things are rushing to that august and solemn crisis—and does it not seem, if you look around you, as if every man stirred his energies in his peculiar walk, as if he felt the day is short, and that we shall scarce have time left to finish what we have to do? Does it not seem as if all men were hastening with express speed to that consummation of the nearness of which they have a deep presentiment? If this be so, are you prepared for it? Has the gospel taught you to lean in faith and confidence on Christ? Has grace touched your souls and transformed them by its touch? None but *living* men will survive that crisis—none but *living* men—men quickened by the Spirit of God, can then lift up their heads, and know their “redemption draweth nigh.” While I shrink from the vagaries into which that noble-hearted, but misguided man, Edward Irving, fell—while I can have no sympathy with his wild and extravagant dreams of prophecy—still less with his awful language about the human nature of Jesus our Lord, desiring to be silent where God's word is silent; yet I believe that the voice that has been lifted up by many faithful men within the last twenty years, is God's own voice, speaking solemnly in tones of mercy and warning to an indifferent and careless world: “Prepare to meet your God!” Let me ask you, then, Are you ready? Is your foot upon the Rock of ages? Is your robe washed in the precious blood of Jesus? Are you God-baptized, and not merely man-baptized? What is Christianity to you? Is it a mere collection of fables for schoolmen to fight

about, or is it life and power to the soul? Has the gospel made you, my dear friends, what it ought to have made you, conscientious in business, temperate in pleasure, humble in prosperity, patient in suffering, religious in all things? Do you feel duty to be sacred, though all men should scoff at it? Do you deem it imperative, though nobody should accompany you in the discharge of it? In other words, can you stand alone if conscious God is not far off? You must die alone—you must be judged alone—you must bear the sentence alone. Can you stand in this world without leaning upon fathers, or bishops, or councils, or traditions, with nothing beneath your feet but the Rock of everlasting ages, and nothing in the horizon before you, but “a crown of glory that fadeth not away?” If so, how blessed are you! You may lift up your heads, for the lightning that rends the sky, and startles with its fires the unbelieving millions, shall only be the chariot that shall waft you to your home, and the judgments that overwhelm the world shall be to you but the signal that bids you let loose and make for a haven of everlasting and glorious peace.

I shall preach one Sunday more in Exeter Hall, and I must again tell this vast audience, who for six months have listened to the gospel within these walls, that you have incurred most solemn and weighty responsibility. Is it not a very solemn fact, that not one person who has heard me preach the gospel, however humbly I may have preached it, who has not been placed in a new position of responsibility; and there is not one person whose case and my case will not be compared together at the judgment-seat of Christ. It is calculated that upward of 5000 have together listened in this hall at each service: it is probable that we shall never all meet again upon earth—I mean after this hall is closed; but we must all meet in the vast congregation that will be assembled at that day; and then each man’s heart will not only be transparent to his Maker, but it will be transparent likewise to his neighbour. You will see what I have thought, and I shall see what you have thought. Oh! gracious God, forbid that any one that has heard in this hall the overtures and invitations of a free gospel, should cry out at that day “to the mountains, cover me, and to the hills, conceal me from the wrath of the Lamb;” yet, my dear friends, as sure as this Bible is true, there

are but two alternatives; you must become new men—converted men—sanctified men, or you must be ruined for ever; you must take your place with the Lamb, or with those who are opposed to him: men perish not only because they have rejected the gospel, but because they have neglected the gospel: “How shall we escape,” says the apostle, “if we neglect,” not reject, “if we neglect so great salvation?” The oftener we hear and repudiate the truth, the more prepared we become to reject it again; our insensibility increases in the ratio of our neglected opportunities. The peasant that lives near a waterfall, who was unable to sleep at first on account of its roar, becomes at length so habituated to it, that it acts as a lullaby, and he sleeps the more soundly. This is the result of ever hearing and never obeying the truth. Brethren, hear as responsible beings; hail every opportunity of learning what is the will of God as of solemn moment; meet it with prayer, and concentrated attention, and patient listening, and diligent practice.

## LECTURE XXIV.

## CHRIST'S SECOND ADVENT PRE-MILLENNIAL.

"And I saw heaven opened, and behold a white horse; and he that sat upon him was called Faithful and True, and in righteousness he doth judge and make war.

"His eyes was as a flame of fire, and on his head were many crowns; and he had a name written, that no man knew, but he himself.

"And he was clothed with a vesture dipped in blood: and his name is called The Word of God.

"And the armies which were in heaven followed him upon white horses, clothed in fine linen, white and clean.

"And out of his mouth goeth a sharp sword, that with it he should smite the nations: and he shall rule them with a rod of iron: and he treadeth the winepress of the fierceness and wrath of Almighty God.

"And he hath on his vesture and on his thigh a name written, KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS.

"And I saw an angel standing in the sun; and he cried with a loud voice, saying to all the fowls that fly in the midst of heaven, Come and gather yourselves together unto the supper of the great God;

"That ye may eat the flesh of kings, and the flesh of captains, and the flesh of mighty men, and the flesh of horses, and of them that sit on them, and the flesh of all men, both free and bond, both small and great.

"And I saw the beast, and the kings of the earth, and their armies, gathered together to make war against him that sat on the horse, and against his army.

"And the beast was taken, and with him the false prophet that wrought miracles before him, with which he deceived them that had received the mark of the beast, and them that worshipped his image. These both were cast alive into a lake of fire burning with brimstone.

"And the remnant were slain with the sword of him that sat upon the horse, which sword proceeded out of his mouth: and all the fowls were filled with their flesh."—*Revelation* xix. 11-21.

"And I saw an angel come down from heaven, having the key of the bottomless pit and a great chain in his hand.

"And he laid hold on the dragon, that old serpent, which is the Devil, and Satan, and bound him a thousand years,

"And cast him into the bottomless pit, and shut him up, and set a seal upon him, that he should deceive the nations no more, till the thousand years

should be fulfilled: and after that he must be loosed a little season."—*Revelation* xx. 1-3.

I HAVE endeavoured to open up that startling and remarkable symbol, the seventh vial, the record of which is contained, as you may recollect, in the sixteenth chapter, where it is said, "The seventh angel poured out his vial into the air, and there came a great voice out of the temple of the heaven, saying, It is done." I showed you that soon after that vial is poured out we may expect the destruction of Rome, the great central metropolis of the Papal Apostasy. I showed you, next, that after the unclean spirits had contaminated all the nations of the earth—and I gave you proof of their powerful and progressive action—the voice would be raised like a trumpet-note of warning, as if the great Lord of the universe had descended and made it thrill through the hearts of universal humanity, "I come as a thief." After that I expressed my sense of difficulties in determining whether we are now under the dregs of the sixth vial, or at the commencement of the pouring out of the seventh. I stated that the first action of the seventh vial would be upon the air, and I explained to you that every symbol in the Apocalypse had not only its figurative meaning, which is its real and its ultimate one, but also its literal meaning, which is its subordinate and intermediate one; and that, while the influence of this vial on the air would denote political, social, moral, and ecclesiastical revolutions, it would also denote a literal disturbance of the air which we breathe, by storm and hurricane, by the propagation, probably, of pestilence, cholera, influenza, and disease, all of which would be an appeal from Heaven to a world that was dead in trespasses and sins to arise and prepare to meet their God.\* I also made the incidental remark—a remark of great practical importance, with respect to those contagious diseases, one of which we have recently passed through, and another of which we may most

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\* If the recent continental convulsions are the first heavings of the last great earthquake, of the seventh vial,—as I think they are,—I may notice the statement in the Times of this day, (June 18th, 1848,) that a storm of lightning and tempest has overflowed and torn up Germany a week ago, unparalleled in fury and extent in the memory of man;—its mere droppings, like the remote influences of the earthquake itself, reached us on June 19th.

certainly expect—that the real explanation of them is that they are, first, judgments from Heaven; secondly, emanations from the air; and lastly, in no respect contagious from person to person. Since I made that remark I have received from my friend, Dr. Milroy, a pamphlet proving, by incontestable facts and evidence, that the cholera is not contagious by ordinary contact, in the popular meaning of that term. Therefore, my dear friends, if that disease should visit us, and if you should be called to the bedsides of the infected, do not shrink; go and soothe them with the last offices of humanity and the first consolations of Christianity; and I can say, by the grace of God, if any of my own people are visited by this influence of the tainted air, I shall just as freely visit the victim of the cholera, as I visit the victim of any ordinary and every-day disease. Having stated, as another result of the pouring out of this vial, that the great metropolis of the Roman Apostasy is destined to be overwhelmed, I added next my view of the prediction that “the cities of the nations” should fall, and in their fall there would ensue not only the desolation of what was corrupt, but the destruction of much that is beautiful and good. I stated, among other things, my belief that the established churches of the empire will share in the tremendous crash; and whether you regard them as good, or whether you denounce them as evil, their doom is sealed—their destruction is at hand. Many must lament the havoc as the loss of the useful, the beautiful, and the good; others will rejoice at it as the removal of what they think an obstruction to the spread of the gospel; but whether we be churchmen, or whether we be dissenters, let us learn, the one to cease to idolize them, and the other to attack them; the time is short, let us merge the microscopic points on which we differ, and melt them into the majestic and glorious things in which we are at one.

I now come to the events that immediately precede and begin the millennial kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus. And entering on that great and beautiful subject to-night, I hope to complete it, and the main mass of my lectures on the Apocalypse, as far as historically explained, next Sabbath evening, having yet another Sabbath to worship with you in Exeter Hall.

A voice of praise, I told you in the course of my last lecture, arose on the destruction of Rome, in which were heard sounding in heaven the words, "Hallelujah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." I noticed the fact that this is the first Hebrew tone heard in the universal jubilee,—there being in all the songs of the redeemed prior to this, no Hebrew accent. But in this song of joy sung at the destruction of Rome, we hear, "Hallelujah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." I showed this to be the fulfilment of prophecy I had previously explained, the conversion of the Jews, manifested in their deep-toned voices blending with the voices of the Gentiles, and sounding from the floor of earth to the firmament of heaven, "Hallelujah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth," the expression of their gratitude. We then find heaven opened, and Christ, the King of glory, descending on a white horse, the symbol of uninterrupted triumph, prosperity, and grandeur; we find the saints of God accompanying him on his progress, and he himself is then manifested to be in fact, what he had been proclaimed to be in revelation, and was predicted to be in prophecy, "King of kings, and Lord of lords." We then find an angel standing on the sun. This denotes the universality of his appearance, for we cannot conceive a spot in the universe more central than the sun, nor can we conceive an object to become more universally visible than some one standing on or in the sun. This may not be literally fulfilled, though this is not improbable; it is doubtless figurative, and means, that there will be a universal indication to all the inhabitants of the earth to come and gather themselves together unto the great feast of the great God. This feast is, of course, a symbol; we have its illustration in the prophet Ezekiel, who tells us, in chap. xxxix., "And thou, son of man, thus saith the Lord God, Speak unto every feathered fowl, and to every beast of the field, Assemble yourselves and come; gather yourselves on every side to my sacrifice that I do sacrifice for you, even a great sacrifice upon the mountains of Israel, that ye may eat flesh and drink blood. Ye shall eat the flesh of the mighty, and drink the blood of the princes of the earth, of rams, of lambs, and of goats, of bullocks, all of them fatlings of Bashan. And ye shall eat fat till ye be full, and drink blood till ye be drunken, of my

sacrifice which I have sacrificed for you. Thus ye shall be filled at my table with horses and chariots, with mighty men, and with all men of war, saith the Lord God." The Apocalyptic allusion is clearly illustrated in that of Ezekiel. Both indicate the utter destruction of the enemies of Christ—the incontestable fulfilment of awful prophecies, and of yet more awful threatenings.

We read that, after the destruction of Rome, the Papal Antichrist will himself be consumed with all his converts, finally and completely, together. After this destruction and utter overthrow of its Antichristian head, the Millennium, as described in the 20th chapter,—where the angel comes down from heaven, and lays hold on the old dragon or serpent, and chains him for a thousand years,—will commence, and to the outlines of this I shall now specially turn your attention.\*

First, an angel comes from heaven, lays hold on Satan, and chains him for a thousand years. We know not whether that angel is figurative, as the chains must be; but this we are sure of, that during the period described as a thousand years, whether these be literal, or whether they be prophetic, Satan, who is a person, the archangel fallen, the great seducer of the saints, shall be chained, or fettered, or repressed from infecting the earth. At present he is not possessed of omnipresence, but he is possessed of ceaseless activity, he "goes about seeking whom he may devour;" and I have been surprised at the inconsistency of those who admit the personality of the Spirit of God, yet deny the personality of Satan; for the construction of the language that describes Satan as only figurative, must necessarily lead to the interpretation of the language that describes the Spirit of God as figurative also. Hence it generally happens that those who maintain that Satan is but a figure of speech, are specimens of the victims of Satan as a triumphant seducer, for they are led to deny, and consistently so, the personality of the Holy Spirit, as the third Person of the glorious Trinity.

We next read that in the Millennium there are thrones of glory and of beauty, and that on these thrones of glory and

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\* I hope to give a more minute analysis of it in my own church.



of beauty Christ's saints sit and reign with him a thousand years; and among those who occupy the loftiest places of these thrones, are those "that were beheaded for the witness of Jesus, and for the word of God, and which had not worshipped the beast, neither his image, neither had received his mark upon their foreheads, or in their hands." These are described in the sixth chapter of this book, wherein the saints that were martyred for the testimony of Jesus, are represented as crying out from beneath the throne, "How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth? And white robes were given unto every one of them; and it was said unto them, that they should rest yet for a little season, until their fellow-servants also and their brethren, that should be killed as they were, should be fulfilled." The description of their joy in the 20th chapter is the response to that prayer: their resurrection to rise and reign with Christ for a thousand years, in glory and joy, and light and peace.

Now here contest or dispute begins. It is here that conflicting views come into play. First, is the Saviour's advent to precede the Millennium during which he reigns in person, or is his advent to succeed it? Secondly, is this resurrection of the just, so frequently alluded to in Scripture, separate from the general resurrection proclaimed to take place at the close of the millennial kingdom? In expressing my conviction, I ask you not to take my opinions as if they were undisputed; weigh well and impartially what I say; I enunciate conclusions to which I think fair criticism leads me, and will, I hope, lead you, too; *viz.* that Christ will *personally come prior* to the Millennium, and that the *first resurrection precedes* and does not succeed that epoch.

These views, of course, must not be taken on the strength of the opinions or acceptance of men,—they must be received or rejected upon the authority of the word of God; and this evening, therefore, I will submit to you, first, the various opinions entertained upon the subject; next, the grounds on which I come to the conclusion I have now expressed. One circumstance, however, must strike us at the beginning of our inquiry. We are constantly told in Scripture that "we know not when Christ comes," and "the day and the hour no man knows," and

we are told to be constantly watching and looking for him. Now, if it be true that a thousand years of millennial peace are to *precede* Christ's advent, it is plain we shall be able to specify, during any part of the Millennium, the very day, almost the very hour, when Christ will come; they, I submit with all respect, are the rash fixers of dates who say Christ's advent is post-millennial; they leave it as God's word has left it, in sublime and significant uncertainty, who bid you look for Christ in the clouds at any moment, and anticipate the Millennium as the bright sunshine that follows, not precedes, that risen Sun.

The first opinion which I will quote, respecting what is called the resurrection of the just, and the nature of the millennial reign, was held by Tatian, Justin Martyr, Ignatius, and Tertullian, four of the earliest writers in the history of the Christian church, one of whom has expressed the most beautiful, scriptural, and evangelical sentiments. The opinion of these ancient writers is as follows:—First, that, at the advent of Christ, Antichrist shall finally be destroyed; next, that there is to be a binding of Satan and a repression of all the powers of hell for a thousand literal years; that the government of the earth is to be in the hands of Christ, and that his saints shall be co-equal, or like to the angels; that all false religion shall be rooted out; the Jews converted, and restored to their own land, and Jerusalem again become the sacred metropolis of all the nations of the earth; and, at the end of the Millennium, these ancient writers believe that Satan will be let loose once more, and that the enemies of God, some where on the outskirts of the earth, represented by the names Gog and Magog, shall make war against the people of God; that these his enemies shall be totally and finally destroyed; and then shall be the resurrection of all that are in their graves—the casting of Satan into the lake of fire—and the full and unsuspended reign of everlasting life and glory and felicity in heaven.

The second theory is the theory held by a father no less eminent than any I have mentioned, namely Augustine. Augustine believes that the resurrection here spoken of is purely spiritual; that the commencement of it was when Christ came into the world to suffer, and that a resurrection takes place ever as a soul

is converted and raised from the death of sin to the life of righteousness.

The third solution is that held by Grotius and Hammond, and some other divines subsequent to the Reformation. Their idea is, that the first resurrection was purely ecclesiastical, and that it began in the days of Constantine, when the church of Christ was established by law; that the Apocalyptic beast was not Papal Rome, but Pagan Rome—a series of assumptions utterly and altogether untenable.

The last view is that espoused by Whitby, and held by many other eminent modern commentators; it is this: that the first resurrection is not a resurrection of the bodies, but of the principles and doctrines, and spiritual character and life of the Christian martyrs; that the first resurrection is to be partly spiritual, partly national, partly ecclesiastical; that the pope is to be destroyed, the Jews converted and restored to their own land, and the splendour of the Millennium, at the close of which Christ will come, is to merge in the heavenly glory, and both be one. These are the four solutions of this chapter that have been offered by eminent expositors.

It is obvious that the first and last are the only two worthy of discussion. The two intermediate theories, the second by Augustine and the third by Grotius, seem utterly untenable. They are contrary to the plainest principles we have established before, and as obviously inconsistent with fair Biblical interpretation, and I do not think it worth while to discuss them. The first theory, therefore, that held by Justin Martyr, Ignatius, and Tertullian, on the one hand, and the last theory, or that adopted by Whitby, and held by many Christians at present, are the only two worthy of patient and impartial examination.

There are difficulties connected with both—this is too plain. What subject has no difficulty? It is the law of God that, in this dispensation, there shall be no truth that projects not a shadow around it: the leaves of the tree of knowledge are not to be altogether luminous in this dispensation. In the better world those leaves will all be luminous—truth will have no shadow—the Sun of Righteousness will be naked—we shall meet with no difficulty—all will be so plain, that he that runs may read and

understand. But while the first theory has difficulties, the second seems to have insuperable ones.

I proceed to give a few of those reasons which induce me to believe that the second, namely, Whitby's, is untenable. His argument is this: the resurrection of the martyrs, declared in the twentieth chapter, means the resurrection of their principles, their spirit, and their life, and he quotes Ezekiel's vision of the dry bones, as a case parallel and illustrative of it. The Jews are nationally dead, and they are represented by bones exceeding many and exceeding dry—the breath of heaven passes over them—the bones are clothed with sinews, and the Jews experience a resurrection from the dead. This is a symbol; so is the millennial resurrection. "So," says Whitby, "it will be with the first resurrection of the martyrs and those that have not the mark of the beast." He also gives another instance—that of the prodigal son. The prodigal was dead, that is, spiritually; when he was restored to his father, he is pronounced to be alive, *i. e.* to be risen from the dead; and, in the light of these two instances, he views the resurrection of the martyrs and saints described in this chapter. He has confounded things that differ. What looks like illustration is really not so. When we read of those *resurrections* to which he has referred, we likewise read of deaths corresponding to them; in other words, we judge of the nature of the resurrection by the nature and requirements of the death. Thus, the death of the Jews is shown in the imagery of Ezekiel to have been *national*—their resurrection, therefore, must be necessarily *national* too. The death of the prodigal was *spiritual*—the resurrection of the prodigal was necessarily *spiritual* too. But the death of the martyrs in Revelation (chap. xx.) is pronounced to be *individual, literal*; they were "beheaded for the testimony of Jesus;" they were declared in the previous chapter to be individually slain as witnesses for and to the truth of Jesus; and therefore, instead of Whitby's conclusion necessarily following, it seems to me that ours, or the very reverse, is the result of his reasoning, *viz.* that as *national* death, in the case of the Jews, implied that their resurrection would be national—as a *spiritual* death, in the case of the prodigal, implied that his resurrection would be spiritual—so the *lite-*

ral death, in the case of the martyrs of Jesus, implies that their resurrection must be literal and personal too.

But there is yet another difficulty in the way of our accepting his interpretation. He says this resurrection means the resurrection of the *spirit*, that is, fearlessness of death—fixed constancy—and victory over persecution of the martyrs. This seems unnatural, if we suppose, as he does, the previous existence of a Millennium of perfect happiness and unsuspended peace. How shall there be *martyrs* during the Millennium, when there will be *no murderers*? How shall any one manifest the spirit of a martyr when there can be none to manifest the spirit or conduct of murderers? How shall any suffer pain when there is no one to inflict it? We are forced to conclude that the resurrection of the martyrs signifies, not that persons will be raised up who should have the spirit but not die the death of the martyrs, but that it implies the literal resurrection from the dead of those among others that died and sealed their testimony with their own blood. But an objection to this interpretation of ours is deduced from the words, “I saw the *souls* of them that were beheaded;” from which it is argued that, as *souls* are spoken of, it cannot mean *persons*; but every reader of the Bible cannot but know that the “soul” is frequently used to describe the whole man. “*Soul*, take thine ease,” is an instance of this—and, in the 6th chapter of this book, it is said, “the *souls* of those that were beneath the altar cried, How long?”

I therefore conclude that the first resurrection is the literal resurrection of the just or saints, and of them alone, to reign personally with Christ throughout the thousand years that follow. That Christ's advent, at which this resurrection is to take place, is to be pre-millennial, I think is evident from Matthew xiii. alone, where we read as follows, at ver. 24:—“Another parable put he forth unto them, saying, The kingdom of heaven is likened unto a man which sowed good seed in his field: but while men slept, his enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat, and went his way. But when the blade was sprung up, and brought forth fruit, then appeared the tares also. The servants of the householder came and said unto him, Sir, didst thou not sow good seed in thy field? from whence then hath it tares? He said unto them,

An enemy hath done this. The servants said unto him, Wilt thou then that we go and gather them up? But he said, Nay, lest while ye gather up the tares ye root up the wheat also: let both grow together until the harvest: and in the time of harvest I will say to the reapers, Gather ye together first the tares and bind them in bundles to burn them,"—the desolation of Antichrist and all his followers,—“but gather the wheat into my barn.” Now I infer from this, that the wheat, or true believers, and the tares, or apostate and unrighteous, will grow together until the end of this dispensation come; the tares are to be first consumed, as I showed you in a previous lecture, the wheat is then gathered into happiness—*i. e.* the saints are raised from the dead, and reign with Christ a thousand years.

The next evidence of this I will give you is from 2 Thess. ii. 4, where we have the description of the man of sin, “who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped; so that he, as God, sitteth in the temple of God, showing that he is God. Remember ye not, that when I was yet with you, I told you these things? And now ye know what withholdeth that he might be revealed in his time. For the mystery of iniquity doth already work: only he who now letteth will let, until he be taken out of the way. And then shall that Wicked be revealed, whom the Lord shall consume with the Spirit of his mouth,”—the wasting of Rome first,—“and destroy with the brightness of his (παρουσία) personal appearance.” What does this passage prove? That the great Apostasy, predicted by St. Paul, is to prevail during the whole period from Christ’s first to his second advent, and that this hoary Apostasy is to be consumed and utterly destroyed only by the personal advent and appearance of the Son of God. At that very period, the apostle speaks of “a gathering together unto Him,” which he calls by the expression, (ἐπισυναγωγή,) “a collection together unto” Christ of the risen saints, when he comes to consume and destroy the great Papal Apostasy by the brightness of his coming.

Then, in Luke xiv. 14, our Lord speaks of “the resurrection of the just,” as if that resurrection were totally distinct from the general resurrection, and to take place at Christ’s pre-millennial appearance. Then, in Matt. xix., “Verily I say unto you, that

ye which have followed me in the regeneration, when the Son of man shall sit in the throne of his glory, ye also shall sit upon twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel." We read in the Acts of the Apostles of Christ remaining in heaven "till the restitution of all things," or "till he restore all things:" we read in Rom. viii. "that all creation is groaning and travailing in pain, waiting for the manifestation of the sons of God." And respecting this manifestation of the sons of God, we read its definition, "waiting for the adoption, that is, the resurrection of the body." And you recollect the apostle says, in Phil. iii., "if by any means I might attain unto the resurrection of the dead." On this last passage I may observe, there is no doubt all will be raised at the last, or attain a resurrection: in this sense, no man need *wish* to attain the resurrection of the dead, because it is matter of certainty that all will attain it: the apostle, therefore, evidently had before his eyes the *first* resurrection, and the peculiar phraseology he employs on this occasion proves it to be so—"if by any means I might attain (τὴν ἐξανάστασιν τῶν νεκρῶν) the resurrection *from among* the dead;" just that resurrection of which it is said, "Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection."\*

I might quote more texts, but it would probably weary you, and besides, time will not permit me to do so: I must state, briefly, the conclusion I have come to.

I believe, from these and other reasons, that very soon Christ will come upon the clouds of heaven, and that, when he comes, the dead in Christ shall hear the sound of the trumpet and shall rise and meet him in the air, and that they shall reign with him—whatever may be the special nature of that reign and its details—a thousand years, and after that shall be the general resurrection of the dead, when the rest shall rise and be judged, "according to the deeds done in the body."

On no other view can I explain the language of Scripture: "As it was in the days of Noah, so shall also the coming of the Son of man be. For, as in the days that were before the flood, they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage,

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\* Scholz's reading is still more marked, τὴν ἐξανάστασιν τὴν ἐκ νεκρῶν, the resurrection, the one from among the dead.

until the day that Noah entered into the ark, and knew not until the flood came and took them all away; so shall also the coming of the Son of man be." How truly in keeping with this is our Lord's own statement, "Behold, I come as a thief!" Hear also what St. Peter says, in 2 Pet. iii. 3-4: "Knowing this first, that there shall come in the last days scoffers, walking after their own lusts, and saying, Where is the promise of his coming? for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation. For this they willingly are ignorant of, that by the word of God the heavens were of old, and the earth standing out of the water and in the water: whereby the world that then was, being overflowed with water, perished. But the heavens and the earth, which are now, by the same word are kept in store, reserved unto fire against the day of judgment and perdition of ungodly men." On which verse I may note, that the expression "reserved unto fire," is literally translated "stored with" or "having a treasure" of fire; and this criticism leads me to remind you of what I told you last Sunday evening, that the discovery of modern geologists is, that this earth was once liquid, like liquid lava, that it is only cooled down upon its outer crust, and that the interior of the globe is still an ocean of liquid or molten fire—the earthquakes we feel, the concussions of its rolling waves—the volcanoes, the safety-valves for its escape; and so the last discovery of science casts its light upon the statement of Scripture, and gives, in this instance, but the earnest of that day when all science and all literature shall combine to testify "God's word is true." "But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night, in which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up." And when Christ comes, how startling shall be the hour of the advent! The dead that fell asleep in Jesus, and have slept many thousand years, shall hear, when he comes, the approach of his footfall, and recognise the sound of his voice, and shall rise and meet him in the air. The living that are in Christ shall hear his approach, too, and recognise the tones of his voice, and shall rise and meet him and the risen and quickened dead in the air, and reign with him a thousand years. Abraham, and Noah, and Job shall hear



his voice in their silent sepulchres, and join him in the air. Paul, and Peter, and John, and Luther, and Wilberforce, and Simeon of Cambridge, and Venn, and Williams, and Chalmers, shall obey his summons from their sequestered and separate tombs, and gather around their glorious Lord. One grave shall cleave in twain, and its buried tenantry shall rise and meet the Lord, and the other grave, that looks equally green, beside it, shall fail to be pierced by that sound, or its dead dust to be moved. The cemeteries of stone and the monuments of bronze shall rend, and the dead saints that are there shall come forth—its sleeping dust shall be quickened in every sepulchre; and the stones of cathedrals, and the vaults of churches, and the green turf, and the marble mausoleum shall alike explode, and pour forth into the air their troops of awakened dead. Nor less startling will be the scenes that occur among the living; some families shall be met together speaking of the things of this world—in an instant, and without warning, one shall hear a sound significant to his heart of glory, and rise as upon the lightning's wing, and with its splendour, and leave without a farewell the rest that know not Christ, and remain astonished behind. Oh! great day of separation of families—of dislocation of households—of severance of the dead—of removal of the living—of astonishment to the world—of glory to the Lord Jesus—of happiness to the saints! But, you ask, what shall become of those that are left behind? The earth, having given up the silent dust of the saints that sleep beneath it—and every living saint that lives upon the earth having heard his voice, and responded to its call—then the fire that is treasured up, as I explained to you, in the very centre of the earth, shall burst forth at ten thousand crevices—"the elements shall melt as with fervent heat"—the solid rocks shall blaze as if they were wax, and the rivers as if they were oil, and the weary old earth, having undergone the ordeal of the last fire, shall regain its pristine purity, and become fit for the immediate presence of the descending Saviour and his risen saints. The earth shall be made new—its soil restored—paradise regained. The deep-toned *miserere* of humanity that has risen for six thousand years, shall be lost in the everlasting jubilee. There will be no tears—no sighs—no crying—no storms shall disturb its calm—there will

be no decay in its verdure—no serpent's trail amid its flowers—but happiness and love, and joy and peace, for a thousand years in the presence of Christ and his saints.

Some say, will not this be an earthly heaven? My dear friends, earth is not essentially corrupt: there is nothing sinful in the clods of the valley—nor inherently polluted in a rose, or in a tree, or in a stone. I have seen spots upon the earth so beautiful, that if no clouds of winter would overtake them, nor the sin of man blast them, I could wish to live amid them for ever. Take sin from the earth—the fever that incessantly disturbs it—the cold, freezing shadow that creeps over it—let my Lord and my Saviour plant his throne upon the earth, and his hand wave its consecration, and make it the presence of Christ, and where can there exist a lovelier spot? what fairer land can man desire to live on? would it not be joy unspeakable and full of glory? To me it is heaven where Christ is, whether he be throned upon earth, or reigning amid the splendours of the sky—if I am with him, and he with me, I must enjoy unsullied and perpetual happiness.

I have thus, then, given you, not an elaborate exposition of the twentieth chapter, but a short, and, as I conceive to be, a fair and honest outline of its predicted events. It does not become me to attempt to play the prophet. We are only fallible expositors of the word of God. I may have formed wrong conceptions of its symbols. I may, perhaps, have rashly intruded where angels fear to tread. I do not ask you to take my opinion because it seems to be plausible, but to study that blessed book, on the very threshold and vestibule of which are written the inspired and inviting words, "Blessed is he that readeth and understandeth the things that are written in this book." If it be true that the Jews are soon to be restored—within, as I think, a very few years; if it be true, as I have likewise indicated, that twenty years more will introduce some of the last startling phenomena to which I have alluded—for it is remarkable that most prophetic interpreters take the nearest time of the first resurrection to be A. D. 1864, and the remotest time to be A. D. 1885: take the nearest or the remotest, I conclude that, between those bounding periods, the dead saints who are in their graves

shall hear the peal of the resurrection trumpet, and the living saints that are on earth shall hear it too, and their hearts shall leap for joy; and the dead in Christ, and they that are alive in Christ, shall meet the Lord in the air, and reign with him a thousand years. Great and solemn crisis, I cannot but again exclaim! One in a family shall be taken, and the other shall be left—the mother will be snatched up to the Lord, her son will be left to perish in the flames! The husband will be left, and the wife will be taken. My dear friends, our separations now are but dim shadows of that last terrible one. Oh! fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, in this assembly, if you desire your circles upon earth to be happy, how should you pray that you may be happy together throughout eternity! Mothers, if you wish to meet your babes in glory, teach them to love their Saviour now. Sons and daughters! if you wish to see the gray hairs of your parents amid the throng that surrounds the Lord Jesus, pray for them now. Sunday-school teachers, if you would take those children to heaven with you, and have them for the jewels in your diadem, teach them to love and know their Saviour now. Masters, you are responsible for your servants—servants, for your masters—children, for your parents—parents, for your children—each, for his neighbour. Let each pray and strive, and spend and be spent, that each may meet the other where there shall be no separation—no pain—no sorrow—but all shall be one for ever with the Lord.

I ask you again, each individually, as before God, are you a Christian? My dear friends, here is your unhappy misapprehension. When I bid you be religious, you fancy I am urging you to take some nauseous and unpalatable drug, necessary in order that you may be saved, but which you would rather postpone to the very last moment. In beseeching you to be Christians, I bid you be happy; in inviting you to come to Christ, I invite you to be a partaker of a joy and peace which you have never tasted before. In bidding you be holy, I bid you cease to be miserable, and learn what it is to be instantly and unspeakably happy. I ask you, are you the children of God? Are you Christians indeed? Do not leave the question unsettled. It can be settled. You need not leave it in uncertainty. The man whose heart is

changed, and he alone, has settled it. The man whose trust is on the Rock of ages knows that he is so. Examine yourselves. Judge ye. I speak as unto reasonable men. "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature : old things are passed away, behold, all things are become new." "If any man believeth not on him, the wrath of God abideth on him." O God, grant that at that day, and that hour, which I have attempted thus darkly to describe, we may be found having our lamps burning and our loins girt, and ready to obey the Saviour's voice, and to rise and reign with Him in glory. He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see Him.

"The Lord shall come, the earth shall quake,  
The mountains to their centre shake,  
And, withering from the vault of night,  
The stars shall pale their feeble light.  
Can this be He, who, wont to stray  
A pilgrim on the world's highway,  
Oppress'd by power, and mock'd by pride,  
The Nazarene! The Crucified?—  
While sinners in despair shall call,  
Rocks, hide us—mountains, on us fall;  
The saints, ascending from the tomb,  
Shall joyful sing, The Lord is come."

## LECTURE XXV.

## THE SIGNS OF THE SECOND ADVENT.

"Behold, I come as a thief. Blessed is he that watcheth, and keepeth his garments, lest he walk naked, and they see his shame."—*Revelation* xvi. 15.

I THINK I have proved there can be no Millennium upon earth until there burst upon it first a revelation of the light of the Sun of Righteousness. I showed, I think, by texts that are conclusive, that the Millennium is to succeed, not to precede, the Redeemer's second personal coming, and thus to be the reflection of the shining light of the manifested Sun of Righteousness. I adduced the parable which describes the present dispensation of the church as being a mixture of the tares and the wheat together, and showed that this condition of the visible church is to remain till the great harvest-man shall come to sever the tares from the wheat; to preserve the one, and to cast away and everlastingly consume the other. I proved that the advent of Christ, from the chronological views which we have endeavoured to establish in expounding the Apocalypse, must be very near; and I showed you the nature of that advent: He will come, like the lightning, unexpected on a world that looks not for him: "As it was in the days of Noah, so shall it be also in the day when the Son of man cometh. They were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the day that Noah entered into the ark, and knew not until the flood came and took them all away." And again, it is written, "When the Son of man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?" And again, "I come as a thief;" denoting the unexpected and sudden nature of his advent. Now, putting a fair construction upon these passages, I cannot come to the conclusion that there will be first a thousand

years of millennial peace, and that at the close of this Millennium, Christ shall come and sit upon his throne and judge the world. On the contrary, I am driven to the conclusion, which I have endeavoured already to express, that the second advent of Christ is the great hope of the Christian church for the future; and as the blessings of the gospel flow from faith in a personal Christ, so all the splendours of the millennium day shall be reflected from a present personal Christ.

I think I see throughout Scripture clearly enunciated two resurrections. These two are stated in the 20th chapter of this book, and that the literal meaning is the true, I think will appear, if you notice a peculiarity in the language of the Apocalypse, which I omitted to refer to, *viz.* that invariably after St. John had stated some great symbol, he introduces a parenthetical explanation of it, which is of necessity literal. Thus, when he sees seven candlesticks, he appends the explanation of it; the seven candlesticks, *i. e.* the symbols, are seven churches. The statement, they “are seven churches,” is a literal explanation of the symbol, “seven candlesticks;” so here, when he states that those that had not the mark of the beast shall rise and reign with Christ a thousand years, he adds the explanatory remark, exactly parallel with those cases I have quoted—“This is the first resurrection.” This last expression is not a symbol to be further explained by some literal fulfilment, but it is an historical or explanatory statement of a symbol which literally describes the literal fact. But this distinction in the resurrection of the dead is not at all peculiar to the Apocalypse. I find the apostle Paul, as I have stated, saying, “If by any means I might attain unto the resurrection of the dead.” Now, on looking at the English translation, we do not precisely understand the hope of the apostle; for all will attain the resurrection of the dead; the just and the unjust must rise from the dead. Then how could this resurrection be an object of glorious hope to the apostle, as distinct and separate from the hope of the rest of the world? Every scholar, or rather every one that understands the rudiments of the Greek tongue, has only to open his New Testament, and he will find the apostle’s language is peculiar and distinct. His words are not τὴν ἀνάστασιν τῶν νεκρῶν, but τὴν ἐξανάστασιν ἐκ τῶν νεκρῶν—which

means literally, "if by any means I may attain to the resurrection," not τῶν νεκρῶν, "of the dead," but that marked, peculiar, and well-known resurrection, that great one, "from among the dead." It is the most expressive combination of words to describe the first resurrection; and shows that the apostle understood that there was a resurrection peculiar to the people of God, and distinct from the resurrection of the unjust. Our Lord also speaks of this first resurrection, in language that plainly implies its distinction from the last or second. In Luke xx. 35, the very same expression, τῆς ἀνάστασεως τῆς ἐκ τῶν νεκρῶν, "that resurrection, that one from among, or of the number of, the dead." Thus it seems to me that John refers to this resurrection as one well known and universally admitted, as if he said—"This hope which Paul cherished in his trials—this which is the subject of the Saviour's promise—this which is the hope and ardent expectation of his saints—this is not a strange, a figurative, or symbolic hope, but a substantial and a real one"—"this is that resurrection, that great one, from among the dead."

I have showed you what will take place at that resurrection, when Christ shall come, "who is the resurrection and the life." The moment that the cloud shall waft him on its wings from the throne on which he now sits, and bring him within the range and the attraction of the orb on which we now stand—that instant every grave that has a saint beneath it, though the ocean's pressure or the Alpine hills and avalanches be upon it, shall split asunder, and its awakened dead shall come forth; and every grave that contains the dust of an unrenewed and unconverted man—let it be covered with a beautiful tablet, or inscribed with holy epitaph—let it be a cathedral vault, or marble mausoleum—be it what it may, the summons will be unheard, and the dead dust that is there will lie as still and as quiet as the dead in the churchyard were you or I to say to them, "Come forth." You will see emerge from one grave a cloud of saints that have heard the sound of their Saviour's voice in its inmost caverns, and rise to reign with Christ a thousand years, and you will see the graves of the dead who are not in Christ remain still and motionless as if the wind only swept over them. But the living, what is to be their case? "The dead in Christ shall rise first," says the

apostle ; “ then we which are alive and remain, shall be caught up to meet the Lord in the air.” What a sublime spectacle that will be ! What awful and startling severances ! I look into that home ; one rises as he hears a mysterious bidding, and ascends under a mysterious attraction, and meets the Lord in the air : the mother is taken, the daughter is left—or two rise, and the rest remain. Suppose that the hour that is rushing by were this evening the close of this dispensation—suppose that dread sound were to reverberate through Exeter Hall, what would follow ? Men and brethren, what spectacle shall we anticipate ? where and what shall we be ? Shall I say a thousand or two thousand will rise as on eagles’ wings, and unmoved thousands remain behind ? God knows. Now be at peace with God. Now lay down the weapons of rebellion—if one soul shall be found that day unawakened, in his stirring home, or in his silent grave, by that royal sound, that soul will have for his portion the worm that never dies, and the fire that is never quenched ; and feel he will for ever what he will utter in his endless agony, “ I did it all myself : I neglected the gospel, and perished in my sins ; I loved the world more than I loved my Lord, and all this ill is the result of my own doing, and of nothing else.”

Such, then, shall be the awful severance that will take place when Christ shall come. They that sleep in Christ shall rise, and *only they*, and they that are alive and live in Christ, and *only they* shall join them ; and the dead whose souls are not united to the Saviour, resting in their graves, shall remain ; the living, whose hearts are not renewed by the Holy Ghost, and with the Saviour, shall remain also. The instant that this earth has been thus consigned to be the habitation of the dead in soul and the dead in body, the fire, which I told you geologists have admitted, and which the Scripture confirms, to be a large ocean of restless and of liquid lava, that rolls and heaves in the innermost recesses of the earth, of which our volcanoes are but the safety-valves, and our earthquakes as the reverberations of its ceaseless waves lashing its desolate and dreary shores, shall burst forth at a thousand orifices ; the gases that compose our atmosphere shall ignite, and “ the heaven and the earth,” meaning this visible economy around us, “ shall melt,” in the language of the apostle, “ as if with fer-



vent heat:" Christ's people in the air—the people that are not Christ's on the earth—the living punished on it, the dead buried beneath it.

Such is the solemn finale; and when this has taken place, this purified earth shall be the residence of the saints of God. Indeed, the impression has struck me, that the twenty-first and twenty-second chapters of the Apocalypse,—on which I cannot enter in this hall, but some of the points of which I shall have occasion to allude to in a second series,—it strikes me that those two chapters contain a description, not of the church in everlasting glory, but of the church upon this very world; I do not advocate a carnal or a sensuous heaven: a holy and happy earth is not carnal. There is nothing sinful in a stone. There is nothing naturally tainted and impure in the grass that grows, or in the trees that bloom, or in the waters in the ocean, or in the streams, or in the rivers that flow toward the boundless main. It may be restored and purified by fire, consecrated by the descending footsteps of our descended God—the earth may be made the vestibule of glory, the twilight of a day in whose splendours we shall live and glow for ever.

After this resurrection has taken place, the Millennium will begin; for a thousand years Satan will be chained, all the powers—the Satanic powers—that have tempted mankind, will be repressed during the lapse of a thousand years, and the earth shall be the holy platform, the consecrated temple—the altar-ground on which congregated saints in their resurrection bodies, free from all sin, shall worship and adore the Lord. Every flower that decks the earth shall reflect the splendour and send up as incense the fragrance of the Sun of Righteousness; every sound in creation—the chime of waves, the breath of winds, the hum of bees, the song of birds, the lowing of cattle—shall lose the minor sound that now runs through them all, and with Christ for their key-note shall be woven into the harmony of a happy universe; every mind shall be light, every heart love, and every tongue shall be praise.

Such is the Millennium as it is described in Scripture; but one difficult point remains; it may be my own delusion, but it does strike me that I have found the explanation of a univer-

sally perplexing point—a confessed difficulty: if there is to be a Millennium of a thousand years with Christ and his own people, in the midst of the earth, how is it that when Satan shall be loosed, that there shall be found a people in the four corners of the earth called Gog and Magog, who shall be gathered together in battle, and war against the saints of God, in the resurrection body? Now, I admit there is great difficulty about this; but observe, the difficulty that occurs to the mind and theory of a pre-millennialist is not greater than the difficulty that occurs to the theory and exposition of a post-millennialist. I will give what I think the probable solution of an admitted and perplexing difficulty. Do you perceive that it is here stated that when the dead in Christ have risen and ascended to the Lord, the rest of the dead lived not till the thousand years were finished? I suppose, then, that “the rest of the dead,” that is, the unconverted, are raised from their graves just at the moment that the thousand years are completely closed, and that “the rest of the dead” raised in their bodies, are those enemies who make war with the saints in their resurrection bodies; the unjust shall arise as well as the just; the one shall have their bodies restored as well as the other, the imprimatur of eternity stamped upon the one, the imprimatur of eternity stamped upon the other—the one an eternal capacity of woe, the other of bliss. I suppose—and I believe it is the true solution of the difficulty—that the enemies that come from the four corners of the earth, are just “the rest of the dead,” raised at the close of the Millennium, and then and there, with all their vices unextirpated, their natures unregenerated, their hearts in the gall of bitterness, they shall be headed by the archangel’s energy, and the archfiend’s hate, and shall make one last, dying, and desperate attack upon the saints of God that dwell in the new Jerusalem, and who there magnify and worship the Lamb. Now the cause of the difficulty has generally been, that at the eleventh verse of chap. xx. it is stated, “I saw a great white throne, and him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened: and another book was opened, which is the book of life:

and the dead were judged out of those things that were written in the books, according to their works." I think this will confirm my exposition: it is not said, when the statement is given about the great white throne, that the rest of the dead *then* rose: it is remarkable that in the commencement of the chapter it is said, "the rest of the dead lived not till the thousand years were finished;" and when the great white throne is set, it is not said that the rest of the dead were summoned from their graves, but it presupposes that they had already arisen, and perhaps implies an interval, during which interval they make their last attack; it is stated that all had risen at the end of the thousand years, and they stood before the great white throne, to receive judgment according to the deeds done in the body; "and as many of them as were not found written in the Lamb's book of life were cast into the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone."

It is thus, then, that I attempt the solution of a difficulty so perplexing. I only ask you to study it: if you see reasons for rejecting this view, do so; if you see the confirmation of it, you should be thankful that you find the solution of a difficulty that has perplexed almost every commentator on the Apocalypse, and which I submit as a thought that has occurred to my own mind, as probably the true and just solution of a great and acknowledged difficulty.

Now having gone thus far in stating the nature of the Millennium, I know that many questions will be asked, such as have been asked before, to which no answers are given in Scripture, and to which I profess to be able and willing to give none. If it be asked, What shall be the nature of the personal manifestation of the Lord of glory? Shall we see the traces of the nails in his hands? Shall we see the mark of the crown of thorns about his brow? Where will he be throned? In what portion of the earth will he be seen? How will he talk or walk in the midst of us? To such questions Scripture has given no answer; and where God's word is silent, it is not for me to speak. Again, the question will be asked, What will be the nature of the resurrection body of the saints? What will be its employments, its physical characteristics? To these and a thousand kindred questions, the Bible gives no reply, and I attempt to give none.

I look for no sensuous Millennium—no pagan Elysium. On the contrary, I would not have a Millennium without Christ, but rather Christ without a Millennium. The believer's safety is in Christ, the believer's heaven is in Christ, and wherever Christ is, in the firmament above, or in the earth below, it matters not—there I desire to be, and there perfect happiness will be. But I believe this high happiness will be realized upon earth—restored and regenerated earth; we shall enjoy a felicity and a glory and a peace on this orb, in its resurrection state, which poet's imagination never dreamed of, and which painter's pencil would attempt in vain to embody. I believe that the groans of this wearied world shall close, that the cry of sorrow that has risen perpetually from its inhabitants shall be stilled for ever—that it shall cease to be an aceldama of the living, or a charnel-house of the dead. I believe that the simoon shall no more sweep its soil, nor the earthquake upheave it, nor the lightning's flash rend its trees any more. This earth shall put off its ashen garments, and doff its raiment of sackcloth; all creation shall cast aside from its eyes the dark shroud of sorrow that has dimmed them; and we shall see amid the glorious Apocalypse, the sun that shall rise to set no more. "Come, Lord Jesus, even so, come quickly!" I believe that our poets shall lay aside their mourning garments, and put on their priestly robes; and philosophy shall be the hand-maid ministering at the altar of the gospel; and all literature, and all science, and all knowledge, shall become instinct with glorious inspiration, and shall blend their voices in deep-toned and perpetual harmony, "Blessing, and glory, and honour, and thanksgiving unto God, and to the Lamb who was slain, for ever and ever."

But I dwell too much on scenes on which imagination would love to expatiate—scenes, nevertheless, which, if before our eyes more continually, would make all that is in the world grow very pale and dim. A man that can anticipate a crown in glory, would see fainter charms in a crown on earth. That man who has not an acre below, but who has an inheritance incorruptible in reversion, would have less desire for the lands and houses of this world. Just as the sun shining on the brightest fire puts that fire out, so a handful of the beams that come from the cen-

tral sun of that millennial morn would extinguish all that dazzles men's eyes, and captivates men's minds, and rivets man as a slave and a drudge to a miserable and a dying world.

But I pass on to notice the signs of his advent. I will quote first a very few texts which allude to it. His advent is attended with "times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord;" and, with "the time of the restitution of all things." The appearing of Christ is called "the revelation of Christ;" "looking for that blessed hope, the glorious appearing of our great God and Saviour." In Matt. xxiv. 30, it is written, "And they shall see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory." In 2 Thess. i. 7, 8, we read, "When the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels, in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God." In Acts i. 11, it is declared, "This same Jesus, who is taken up from you into heaven, *shall so come in like manner* as ye have seen him go into heaven." In Mark xiii. 35, "Watch ye, therefore; for ye know not when the master of the house cometh, at even, or at midnight, or at cock-crowing, or in the morning: lest coming suddenly he find you sleeping." In 1 Thess. v. 2, "The day of the Lord cometh as a thief in the night;" *i. e.* unexpectedly, suddenly. Matt. xxiv. 27, "For as the lightning cometh out of the east and shineth even unto the west"—the lightning gives no premonition of its approach—"so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be." And what shall take place when he comes? "In that day the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat; the earth also, and the works that are therein, shall be burned up." In 1 Thess. iv. 16, 17, "The Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God, and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air, and so shall we ever be with the Lord." Can there be plainer language than that of Isaiah xxiv. 23, "The Lord of hosts shall reign in Mount Zion, and in Jerusalem, and before his ancients gloriously." Dan. vii. 14, "And there was given him dominion, and glory, and a kingdom, that all people, nations, and languages, should serve him:

his dominion is an everlasting dominion, which shall not pass away, and his kingdom that which shall not be destroyed."

Then we read what is the character of the saints in reference to it—"waiting for that blessed hope;" "waiting for the coming of the Lord." The Lord Jesus promises that we shall reign with him—that we "shall appear with him in glory." No sooner had Jesus left the earth at the ascension, than the cry was instantly raised, "Come, Lord Jesus." The bride is not satisfied with the home and the fortune, it is for the bridegroom that she longs. No earthly substitute can satisfy the church. He only can who is her Lord. A paradise without the tree of life would have no attraction. The Millennium without Christ, a Millennium of glory and beauty without Christ, would have no charms for a Christian. It would be like a tune without a key-note—it would be tangled harmony—it would be worse—it would be intolerable discord. It is a personal Christ on which the believer trusts below; it is for a personal Christ that the believer looks. Faith rests not upon a dogma, even justification by faith: it rests upon the living personal Christ, the Lord our Righteousness. Hope expects not a mere Millennium, it expects the Lord of the Millennium. The disciple who wrote the Apocalypse, and who leaned upon the Saviour's bosom, and he was neither sensual nor carnal, the instant that the Saviour said, "Behold, I come quickly," added the deep-toned Amen, which rose from the very depth of his soul, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." The night cometh first, and then the morn. I see the shadows of a dark night already forecast upon the world—I see dark and ominous shadows creeping, like birds of night, from every point of the horizon, all giving tokens of an approaching storm that will rend and split Europe into fragments. We may very speedily have to witness men's souls, looking with fear for the things that are coming upon the earth; and thinking men, like Arnold and others, who did not study prophecy, but who looked at facts, phenomena, and science, felt their hearts, as I shall show by a quotation by and by, fainting because of what they saw coming upon the world. But the darkest night has its morn. The cloud that is blackest has a rainbow gilding it. That night shall pass away, before the rise

of a glorious sun ; and the instant that sun rises on a benighted world, the morn of the millennial day shall overspread the earth with a new and glorious aurora—a zone of bright splendour—an atmosphere of beauty unparalleled.

Let me notice, however, some of the clear signs which indicate the approach of that period. I described, in the course of a recent lecture, the unclean spirits that go out to deceive the nations of the earth under the sixth vial ; and I showed you by incontestable proofs, that those unclean spirits are at work in the midst of our people. The first, I showed you, was Infidelity—the spirit of the dragon. I told you that it consisted not simply in antagonism to Christianity, but that it consisted, likewise, in the absence of Christianity. I believe that one half of the professors of the gospel are nothing better than practical infidels. My dear friends, if our hearts had God's light and love in them, the very statement of the gospel would persuade us to embrace it. I need no evidence of the corruption, the desperate corruption, of man's nature, but just this, that he can hear truths that electrify the redeemed in glory, for one sound of which the lost in hell would give a thousand worlds ; and he has no sooner heard them, than he goes forth, one to his farm, and another to his field, and other to his merchandise, and lives retaining all his responsibility—for of that he cannot divest himself—but without one portion of holiness, or loyalty, or prospect of peace. We are told that the last age will be characterized by selfishness ; and this is a predominant characteristic of the present state of our world. Let any man take his station on any of our great thoroughfares, as, for instance, near St. Paul's, and let him look along the living mass that pours down Cheapside ; it seems as if every man were so absorbed in himself, that if the man who runs before him were to fall, he would just make him a stepping-stone from which he would take a greater leap that he might the sooner reach the Exchange. So truly selfish does human nature show itself—so selfish has human nature become ! What do you do for the cause of Christ ? What do you give ? You give, perhaps, some £10 a year for wine and spirits, both probably useless. You give for other luxuries and gratifications of sense other £10 a year. How

much do you give to the cause of Christ?—a guinea a year, and you think you have thus acquitted yourself of all responsibility before God. What a contrast are we to those in that day “who rejoiced that they were counted worthy to suffer for his name’s sake,” and gave up riches and home, and all that they had, as the choicest gifts they could lay upon the altar of their Lord. Hear what men shall be, and let the people of London sit for the contrast. Hear the inspired sketch, look to the living men, and see if there be not a perfect coincidence. In the last days men shall be, first, “lovers of their own selves;” secondly, “covetous;” thirdly, “boasters;” fourthly, “proud;” fifthly, “blasphemers;” sixthly, “disobedient to parents;” that beautiful, that musical sound, father, is being banished from England’s homes, and that horrible importation from France, “our governor,” is being substituted in its place. Men shall be “unthankful;” what evidence of this in our churches, in our Exchange, in the streets of our city! “unholy, without natural affection.”

An awful and terrible characteristic of those days is the increase and spread of Popery. If I look around me, I see on every side Popery pluming its wings, and that great religious maniac, for that is his true name, who has reigned at Rome for eighteen centuries, whose lunacy and madness the Apostle foresaw when he says, “the mystery of iniquity doth already work,” putting forth new and too successful efforts. His madness once rose to such a height that the kings and sovereigns of the earth conspired together to drag him from his throne for the sake of their own safety. England had felt him to be so intolerable a curse, that she raised walls high and thick between herself and all contact and communion with him. This maniac has now made honest Englishmen believe that he is a liberal pontiff; that he is anxious for liberty and freedom, and all good things; but you may depend upon it, it is but the cunning of the maniac, seeking to find scope for the development of his terrible passions. See whether I am a prophet of truth or a prophet of error when I state that that power, so unsuspected by the generous, and open, and unsuspecting hearts of Britons, will yet obtain a grasp of our country, if we court him, so terrible, that the throne and



the altar will rock and reel beneath it; and you will mourn the day when you despised the predictions of the prophet, and trusted to the conclusions of the "march of intellect," or the philosophers and savans of the day.

I need not give you proofs of the spread of that terrible system. I can only say that its basilisk eye is riveted on all that is dear and precious to us. Tractarianism is just the smoke that arises from it, and conceals from the eyes of the masses the unclean locusts of the spiritual Egypt. I believe that these Tractarians are just the back-woodsmen of Popery—its pioneers making room for it—caterers to the pope; some of them his acknowledged servants. And there is no class or description of his janisaries on whom Pope Pius IX. looks with more consummate complacency than on those who sign nobly Protestant articles, and at the same time preach thoroughly Popish doctrine; who take bread left for Protestant ends, and eat it, while they propagate the very errors against which they have sworn solemnly to protest.

I see, then, in the spread of Popery, and in the spread of that which I have called Popery without a pope, the evidence that we are at the close of the sixth vial, or passing from under it to the seventh, and that the Lord is at hand. I may mention another characteristic of these latter times here—and I wish to state it without expressing any particle of political preference: it is the utter dislocation of parties; there is no such thing as party now. The old names that used to be the watchwords of the different parties in the state are no more. It seems as if some explosive force had entered the hearts of all political parties and split them into a thousand splinters. What does this indicate? It is a law in nature, that, when a disintegration of particles has taken place, it is always preparatory to new combinations. The same law holds good in morals and in politics; it seems as if when all parties are thus dislocated and disintegrated and broken up, it were the preparation for that tremendous conspiracy against God and against man which is the perfect and full development of Antichrist, on whom the judgments of God shall descend, and who shall be cast, with all that bear his mark, into the lake that burneth for ever and ever. There is just one thing on which

almost all statesmen of the present day are agreed—they differ on almost every topic but this, *viz.* that the chains wound around the Romish priesthood shall be taken off. I am not in favour of penalties in these matters, if it be possible to dispense with them; but is it not fair, when great statesmen are convinced that the time is come for removing from the statute-book all restrictions from the Church of Rome, that we should ask for, at least, a recognition of our generosity by requesting the pope to remove all pains, and curses, and penalties against us from his statute-book? In vain we ask him to do so? Pius IX. boasts of his liberality, and calls upon us to remove all pains and penalties that were directed against him for our defence; but he tells you he would as soon remove from the Vatican itself as remove from his statute-book one exterminating bull, or expunge one decree that consigns us, from our noble queen upon her throne to the meanest of her subjects, to destruction of soul and body in time and in eternity, because of our opposition to him, and our refusal to submit to his authority; and yet strange it is that we should expect any other treatment from this quarter!

Another sign of the last times, besides the increase of Popery and infidelity, and this dislocation and disintegration of parties, is the increased interest, as I have told you, which is felt in the Jews. This is one of the startling phenomena of the age, one of the premonitory signs of closing cycles, and of a coming Lord. As I told you in the morning, there is not a nation on the continent of Europe that is not more or less agitated about the state and position of the Jew. This excitement is the more strange, inasmuch as those Jews are not troublesome political disturbers; their power as a party is nothing, and, as for themselves, give them twenty per cent. and they will feel contempt for all the political privileges which you can bestow upon them; yet, is it not a fact that every state seems afraid lest it should be suspected for a moment that it withholds one political privilege from the Jew? Poor, weary-footed wanderer! give him, for a little, a home in your land—let him, for a few days, have the possibility of it in the midst of you, I will promise he will not trouble you long; he is the denizen of a nobler clime—his heart leans toward Jerusalem, as the needle to the pole. Amid the

debris of every dynasty, his eye rests upon Salem, and his heart beats and pants for the coming of the great Messiah—the true Solomon—the hope of Israel. When I look upon a Jew, he reminds me of some discrowned monarch, swept from his throne for some great offence, cast into the midst of a strange land: his very looks indicate a consciousness of some dread crime, by which he is haunted everywhere. The Jews are a national phenomenon, which nothing can explain but the gospel—a phenomenon that shall play a part in the history of Europe the grandest and the most momentous in all the records of the past.

I may notice, also, as a prelude to our Lord's advent, the great efforts that are made in every portion of the globe at self-perfection, or rather, as it has been called, self-regeneration. Do I not see throughout the length and breadth of society the most strenuous, and in their place the most commendable, efforts to add to the perfection of our nature, to expedite the full development of all we are capable of—in short, if possible, to bring on a millennium of happiness without Christ, in the midst of our earth. For instance, our sanitary improvements, the most proper and the most laudable, are pointed to by some as if they could bid defiance to the judgments of God, and even to death itself; and hydropathy, and homœopathy, and successive pathies, concocted by the talent of man, are set forth, one after another, as the true elixir of human life. Men seem to feel that they ought to live for ever; and, recollecting their original glory, they seek to grasp any thing which will promise to enable them to do so.

Chemistry writes its books and pursues its brilliant discoveries, as if persuaded that a world that groans beneath the curse has in it the germ or secret of millennial blessedness.

Education is the great demand of the day. Men are not agreed in what they should be educated. Some say they must be educated in the absence of all religion, which is just as absurd as that it is enough to cultivate the intellect, and dwarf the heart—to teach the young the knowledge of the creature, but not of the Creator. But if men are not agreed what must be taught, they are all perfectly agreed that men must be taught; and science, and geology, and astronomy, are constantly toiling and boasting of their discoveries, and some of them are brilliant; and scientific

institutions, and mechanics' institutions and athenæums are growing up on all sides of us : all this is knowledge running to and fro, and increased ; and what will be the result of it all ? After the most successful efforts have been made in cultivating the earth, till it is almost overspread with millennial crops—after science, geology, astronomy, have done their utmost to make man happy by making him wise and rich, man will feel that he has failed to reach the happiness of which our nature was made originally capable, and the cry will rise from the still aching heart of disappointed humanity with more piercing intensity, "Come, Lord Jesus;" and he will come and make it happy for ever.

Another feature of the times that will precede the last day, will be great activity on the part of Satan. That activity shows itself now in a thousand shapes : sometimes Satan appears as an angel of light, in all the splendours of the archangel fallen ; sometimes as he is. In all his efforts, however, he combines the wisdom of the archangel with the malignity of the archfiend. He seems now as if dreading the everlasting fires in which he must soon live, and suffer, and is, therefore, anxious to attain a footing in some nook or corner of the globe where he may stave off, if not for ever, at least for a longer time, the great judgment which he knows must ultimately overtake him.

We see another symbol of the last days in the rank systems of error that grow up about us. Germany and America are overrun with fanaticism of the most hideous description. Even England is not without its fanatics ; and, as religion becomes more earnest in the hearts of the few, fanaticism will become rampant in the hearts of the many. Men can never be without a religion. They must have a religion of some sort.

We may expect also in the last days, and immediately prior to the advent of Christ, great and awful judgments, as our Lord himself has predicted, and tribulations such as have not been even since the world began. The signs of these loom in the distant horizon. I showed you some of them in the pestilence that fell upon the vegetable world—in the crashing that sounded through the length and breadth of our commercial system within the last few years, the remains of which are now visiting the respectable tradesmen of our country, like the mists that settle first on moun-

tain heights and then descend to the valleys that lie around them: we see it in the state of things across the Channel—all society fermenting and ill at ease. There is not a nation of Europe that does not deprecate war, but there is not a nation of Europe that does not place its hand upon its sword-hilt, and hold itself ready for war. Preparation for it is laid down as a duty. "Men's hearts failing them for fear of the things that are coming on the earth," is literally true. Hence that profound thinker, whose biography has improved so many—Dr. Arnold—made this remark, and it is striking as coming from so severe and disciplined a mind as his: "My sense of the evils of the times that are coming, and of the prospects to which I am bringing up my poor children, is overwhelming; times are coming in which the devil will fight his best, and that in good earnest." He was no fanatic who said this, but a man of a calm and reflective mind.

Another sign of the near approach of the advent of Christ will be the spread of knowledge. Daniel gives us this indication when he says, "Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased." Do we not see the signs of this around us? A century ago, if a man made a discovery in science and art, it was likely to be his fortune; but now, if one makes a discovery in chemistry, in science, or in any department of knowledge, on which one would have staked a fortune in former times, he will find that a discovery made in 1848 is superseded by a more brilliant one before the year has closed. We see steam running and executing the errand of man, and carrying five hundred at once at the rate of fifty miles an hour! Man has made the greatest approach to the power, though he has not made a correspondent approach to the holiness of God, when he takes the lightnings and makes them carry his messages. How true is it that many run to and fro, and knowledge is increased! We have explored the depths of the ocean, and searched the caves of the Alps; the march of intellect is the name with which the present age has christened itself. Not that we Christians should fear. Let that chemist work in his laboratory; encourage that astronomer, who spends the night in cataloguing groups of stars; let that mathematician pore over books, and waste the midnight oil; let that schoolmaster prosecute his work; let all men work hard, and work

constantly, they are unconsciously under an impulse of which they see not the end. That impulse is a divine one; they are opening channels for the gospel; they are decking and dressing those handmaids—that are to accompany the bride when she meets the Bridegroom; they are lighting new altar-candles, and polishing new gems for his temple; it is the rush of the waves of science, and literature, and knowledge, that roll onward and upward to the presence of the everlasting throne, there to reflect the glory of Him that made them, and the riches of Him who is throned upon the very riches of the universe itself; and as if it were a forecast light of this blessed result, every discovery made within the last few years has been a discovery contributing to show the truth and the harmony of the gospel with the facts of the universe. For instance, when we were told, in that very unphilosophical book, “*Vestiges of Creation*,” that there is in a certain part of the firmament a mass of nebulous matter, and that this nebulous matter gradually forms itself into a shape, till, fully developed, it becomes a greater orb, a world in our planetary system; Lord Rosse turned his telescope to the alleged nebulous matter, which was said to be proof positive that worlds were made without a maker, and he discovered that instead of being unmade embryo worlds, it consists of clusters of stars, or worlds already made, and larger than our own. Science is one of those which will outlast the Millennium itself, as the interpreter of the book of nature. When I look up into that spangled and illuminated sky—when I look at those countless altar-fires that burn perpetually, and when by their light I see star beyond star, and planet beyond planet, and when I have viewed by the most powerful telescope the remotest stars of our system, and when I find that those remotest stars are but the sentinels and the outposts of that mighty host that lies scattered throughout the plains of infinitude, silently hymning perpetual praise around the throne of Him that made them, and giving glory to Him that lighted them up with all their splendour, I see in these the indisputable evidences of deity, and I am constrained to pity the man who can speak of a creation without a Creator, as I am constrained to pity the man who can think of such a revelation as that of the Bible without the recognition of God as its revealer.

Let me notice another evidence of the nearness of the Saviour's approach in the present day, and that is, increased missionary effort. I showed you that the missionary enterprise began to be carried out during the outpouring of the vials with augmented energy. All the great Missionary Societies are the offspring of the last fifty years. The Baptist Society arose in 1792; then came in succession, like mountain peaks, catching successively the rays of sunrise, the London Missionary, the Church Missionary, the Church of Scotland schemes, and the Wesleyan Missionary societies, all of which fulfilled that Apocalyptic picture of the angel flying abroad with the everlasting gospel unto all the nations of the earth: and what does Christ himself say? "This gospel of the kingdom shall be preached unto all nations;" for what purpose? Is it said, to convert them, and then shall the end come? No: "this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached among all nations, for a witness;" and what then? and "then shall the end come." Now the Bible has been translated into the tongue of every nation, and the gospel has been preached to every people. At length, China, which stood out so long, has been stormed by the soldiers of the gospel, and the Christian banner has been unfolded in the midst of it. The event that follows is the advent of Christ.

Another sign of the approach of our Lord is the apathy and unbelief that shall be felt with regard to it. One of the signs that Christ is near is the fact that even Christians will explain this nearness away. There is no one thing stated more fully or more frequently in the word of God than this, that, in these last days, men shall say, "Where is the promise of his coming? for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation." "When they shall say, Peace and safety; then sudden destruction cometh upon them." Is not this what men are saying now? I doubt not some will retire from this hall and say, "What folly and fanaticism we have heard! we cannot believe a word of what he has said." Well, if you like, reject all my views of Apocalyptic chronology—reject all my historical explanations; but at least do not reject this, that Christ, who died upon the cross, will come, and when ye think not, and reign, wearing his many crowns, and sit on his glorious throne.

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Look for him, and the same Christ will come again, the Husband to the widow, the Bridegroom to the bride.

When I think of what succeeds the time when he does come, I can scarcely realize that glorious Sabbath which will overspread the earth! that noble song which will be heard when the saints shall sing together, Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord God of hosts! What a flood of beauty, magnificence, and glory will roll over this now shattered orb, like the countless waves of an illuminated ocean; illuminated by Christ, the great central Sun, around whom all systems revolve, and from whom all beauty comes. And, my dear friends, if there be the least probability in what I have said, that Christ is at hand, is it not our duty to pause—to ponder, to search if it be so? When men heard that there was a new star somewhere to be detected in the firmament, there were some thousands of telescopes every night directed to the skies, and countless star-gazers searched, if, peradventure, they might discover it. My dear friends, a Star comes, brighter and more beautiful than any other, “the bright and morning Star,” too long concealed by clouds which are about to be chased away; why should not our hearts look for him? why should not the believer, who has shared in the bitterness and in the blessings of his cross, pray and pant for him, if, peradventure, he may share in the splendours of his crown? Is not the Lord welcome as he is dear to us? Crushed and bleeding humanity, under the suffering of its thousand wrongs, cries, “Come, Lord Jesus.” The earth, weary with its groans and the sobs of its children, cries, “Come, Lord Jesus.” The persecuted saints in Tahiti and in Madeira, in the dens and caves and solitary places of the earth, cry, “Come, Lord Jesus.” And, surely, many a heart in this hall, that has been warmed by his love—that has been refreshed by his peace, and sanctified by his grace, shall likewise raise the same cry, “Come, Lord Jesus;” and the sublime response will descend from heaven like a wave from the ocean of love overflowing men’s hearts, “Behold, I come quickly.” As in some great and populous city, the train comes thundering along uninterrupted and unobstructed to its destination, so I believe Christ will come in the chariot of the gospel; right through all the traffic, and the



arts, and the sciences, and the literature of the world; all things giving it an impulse, and none presenting an obstruction.

Brethren, I will this day close my lectures in Exeter Hall. I thank this vast audience for the solemn silence with which they have listened, and I praise God for the striking effects of which I have heard. I anticipate the day when I shall meet some of you in "the first resurrection," and rejoice together with you in the presence of God and of the Lamb. As I have told you, my delight in the study, and my joy in preaching to you, have been more than a compensation for all the toil I have gone through. What I have preached to you were not lectures got up in a day, but they have been, more or less, the gathering of years that are passed. These lectures, I know, have been blessed to many: and, my dear friends, if there has been any effect produced by what I have said, that effect has arisen, first, from the weighty truths I have enunciated; next, in that I have spoken just what I felt, and stated just what I believed, and nothing more. And no man speaks from the heart without reaching the heart. I have addressed all sorts of persons in this hall, from almost the very highest in the land down to the very lowest. I have heard of crowds of Episcopalians, Independents, Baptists, Wesleyans, and numbers of our Free Church brethren; I have addressed all as forgetting and forgiving minor differences, and thinking of that glorious cement that will bind us perpetually in one. I have given offence to some; it was impossible to avoid it: I never can consent to pass along like a footman, apologizing to every person that he touches for the trouble and inconvenience he inflicts: I must go right on upon the rails that God has laid down: I have no object but to speak the truth, and the whole truth; and whether you will hear, or whether you will forbear, this only relieves me, He that judgeth me is God: it is a light thing to be laughed at by some; it is a lighter thing to be scorned by others; it is a glorious and a blessed thing to know, that He that judgeth me, and He that approveth, is God.

And, my dear friends, think again that we must all appear, some in the first, and some in the second resurrection: oh, if these be realities, let me put it to you, why should any one of you hesitate whether you shall be in the first or in the last resurrec-

tion! Why is it, when precious atoning blood is offered, and a glorious Saviour is preached to you—and an instant welcome addressed to the worst and the very vilest of sinners—let me ask you—let me put it to you—dear friends, bear with me for a moment while I put it to you—why should you die? why perish? why not be saved? When I bid you be Christians, I just bid you be happy. My dear friends, you will allow me to speak from experience. I know what the gospel is, because I have tasted its sweetness; and I am perfectly convinced that no man can be happy, even in this world, who has not a personal interest in the Son of God. It is only when you can lift up your hearts and say, “The Rock of ages is my trust—infinity, with all its grandeur, is my home—eternity, with its ceaseless ages, is my lifetime—the great God my Father, the Lamb upon the throne my Saviour;” that you can add, “Come weal, come wo, come life, come death, come revolution, and earthquake, and tumults of the people, nothing can separate me from Christ.” Oh! with what an elastic footstep will you walk the world! with what courage will you brave its surges, and its storms, and its trials, conscious that all things work together for good to them that love God, and are called according to his purpose!

My dear friends, I say to many of you, Farewell; and I say that in a sense in which it is not often uttered. I say it not lightly, but solemnly. May you fare well in the first resurrection. May you fare well at the judgment-day. May you fare well in time. May you fare well in eternity: and at that day when sighs and farewells shall cease, may we meet before the throne of God and of the Lamb, and so be for ever with the Lord! Amen, and Amen.

Come, then, and, added to thy many crowns,  
 Receive yet one, the crown of all the earth,  
 Thou who alone art worthy.—  
 Thy saints proclaim thee King; and in their hearts  
 Thy title is engraven with a pen  
 Dipt in the fountain of eternal love.  
 Thy saints proclaim thee King; and thy delay  
 Gives courage to their foes, who, could they see  
 The dawn of thy last advent, long desired,  
 Would creep into the bowels of the hills,

And flee for safety to the falling rocks.  
The very spirit of the world is tired  
Of its own taunting question, ask'd so long,  
"Where is the promise of your Lord's approach?"

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## LECTURE XXVI.

## ABSTRACT OF LECTURES.

"Behold, I come as a thief. Blessed is he that watcheth, and keepeth his garments, lest he walk naked, and they see his shame."—*Revelation xvi. 15.*

THIS evening, as I announced, my Lectures in Exeter Hall on this most interesting book draw to a close. I cannot help repeating that the weariness I have felt in my researches, and the exhaustion which I have endured in the delivery of them, have been more than compensated by the delight I have experienced in study, and the positive profit they have brought to my own heart. I have this day, on this first Sabbath of another year, having addressed you on the last Sabbath of the year that is closed, to remind you that there will be a last *day* as well as a last year, and that last day is the day that we ought to anticipate, and realize more than any other day in our whole biography. This is the last day on which I shall address you here: the first Sabbath of a year that we have seen begin, but the close of which who among us shall see? The youngest may die; the oldest must die soon: and there is not one in this vast congregation that can insure his life for 1848. But there is not one that may not insure a crown of glory that fadeth not away, by taking into his heart the price and purchase of it—the precious blood of the Son of God.

But I have thought, my dear friends, that, as many of those who regularly assembled in the morning did not hear the evening lectures, it might not be unprofitable, if I avail myself of a suggestion made to me by a member of my own flock last Sabbath—

day, and give something like a *resumé*, or a sketch of the leading points I have successively brought before you. In the morning of each Sabbath, as you are aware, I have preached on the distinctive characteristics of the gospel of Jesus :\* in the evenings of the successive Sabbaths we have assembled in this hall during nearly six months that are now closed, I have expounded to you what I conceive to be the just and true meaning of the Apocalypse; and I think that it will not be uninteresting if I slightly touch on the various points to which I have turned your attention, and bring, as it were, the whole Apocalyptic drama in one bright vision, as shortly as I can, before your minds.

My first lecture consisted of an exposition of the claims of the Apocalypse to occupy its place in the sacred canon. I showed you the incontestable evidence by which it is proved to be divine. I laid before you, too, the various links of evidence by which it is proved to be the composition of John, the beloved disciple who leaned upon the Saviour's breast. I showed you the place of its composition, Patmos; the year of its composition, A. D. 96; and then I stated what I conceived to be the duties of an impartial commentator on the Apocalypse—to be careful not to attempt to play the prophet while discharging the humble duty of an expositor of the Scripture. I urged, too, that the failures of the past were no reasons why there should be failures in the future. I showed you that every wreck that lies in the Channel has the buoy attached to it, by those whose duty it is to attend to it, and by that wreck other navies are preserved from destruction. In the same manner, every failure to explain the Apocalypse is only a guide to future expositors, and affords a stronger presumption that the next attempt shall not fail. Each successive commentator casts light upon it, and brings forth truth from it; and as the day approaches when the great drama shall be closed, and all its mysterious contents shall be made known, we shall then wonder that we doubted where we ought to have believed, and shrank from study where we ought to have prayerfully and patiently investigated.

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\* I propose publishing a volume containing my Sabbath morning discourses in Exeter Hall.

In my next lecture I laid before you what I called "the Gospel according to the Apocalypse," from the text, "Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests to God and his Father; to him be glory for ever and ever." I showed the distinction that seems to subsist between the Gospel according to Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, and the Gospel according to the Apocalypse. In the first Christ is the priest, in the second Christ is the priest and the king. In the Gospel of St. John he is exhibited with the cross; in the Apocalypse of St. John he is displayed with many crowns upon his head. In the one he has the suffering to undergo—in the other he has the royalty to receive. In the one he is in the midst of his agony and bloody sweat—in the other he is seated on his throne, and cherubim and seraphim adore him. The one is the completion of the other—the Gospel of St. John would have been incomplete without the Apocalypse of St. John: each gives a profile, both give the full face of Him who is the "brightness of the Father's glory—the express image of his person."

In my third lecture I endeavoured to describe, or rather to open, those symbols which are known and revealed in the Apocalypse by the name of the Seals. I stated that God, in revealing things that were future, made use of symbols, for this reason: If there were no symbols, but marked predictions of the most inevitable events, man's agency, responsibility, and free-will would be hampered. If, again, there were no predictions of the future at all, in any shape, or in any way intelligible, there would be nothing to cheer man in the prospects of the future, or to confirm man in the statements of God's holy word. He has therefore given us symbols so dark that man's freedom and responsibility may not be crushed, and yet so luminous that the patient and prayerful inquirer will find light if he will only study them. I explained that the chief of these symbols were divided into three great divisions: first, seven Seals, denoting seven successive historical conditions or states of the great empire in which the Christian church was to play so prominent a part; then seven Trumpets; then seven Vials: the seventh seal being an epitome of the seven Trumpets, and the seventh trumpet being a sketch in brief, or an epitome of the seven Vials; and the whole twenty-

one symbols embracing a complete history of the future from the year 96, when John was in Patmos, till the close of the century that now is, when the mystery shall be complete, and the great drama of mankind shall be wound up.

The first seal, you will recollect, was thus stated: "I beheld a white horse, and he that sat on him had a bow; and a crown was given unto him: and he went forth conquering and to conquer." I showed you first that the horse is used in this book as the symbol of the Roman empire. The reason I gave you for it was very plain—the horse was the national symbol of Rome. If you speak of the thistle, you mean Scotland—if you speak of the shamrock, you allude to Ireland—if you speak of the rose, you refer to England; so, if you speak of the horse in the symbolic sense, you make reference to Rome. Rome was called the "*gens Mavortia*"—the nation of Mars: the horse was the animal consecrated, or sacred, to Mars, and on certain Roman coins there is found upon the one side the horse, and the word "Roma" over it, and upon the obverse the portrait of the reigning Roman emperor.

In the first four seals, therefore, I showed you that as the horse was the symbol of Rome, Rome must be the nation referred to, and that the successive states, or phases, or colours of the horse must denote the successive states of that empire. White is the symbol of prosperity, and the emperor is represented as going forth conquering and to conquer. He is also represented as having a bow in his hand. I showed you that the bow was the symbol of Crete, just as the shamrock is the symbol of Ireland, the thistle of Scotland, or the rose of England. The Apocalyptic symbol of a Roman emperor with a bow in his hand would seem, therefore, to convey an allusion, more or less remote, to Crete; and thus it turns out in history that Nerva was the first emperor of Rome who was of a Cretan family, and he commenced the Cretan dynasty; the Apocalyptic symbol pointing out the historic fact with perfect and minute accuracy. Thus, then, under the first seal, the Roman empire is represented as in a state of great national prosperity.

The words of the second seal are these: "And there went out another horse that was red: and power was given to him that sat thereon to take peace from the earth, and that they should kill

one another; and there was given unto him a great sword." And you will observe that in the original it is to take, not peace, but *the* peace (την ειρηνην)—i. e. the peace established under the previous seal when all was prosperous and peaceful. Red, I explained to you, was the symbol of bloodshed: and I illustrated this passage by referring to the fact that the reception of a sword, in the language of Rome, was equivalent to the constituting a person a pretor—a pretorian-prefect, or one of the highest military officers of the empire: the statement of the reception of a sword pointed therefore to that office; and the power of these officers to take peace from the earth, together with the previous part of the symbol, indicated a time of internal bloodshed and of war. Such a time did eventually take place. The first seal extended from the year 96, when John wrote the Apocalypse, to the year 180, commencing with the reign of Nerva, and ending with that of Mark Antonine. The second, from that period to 249, during which time Rome was visited with the most fearful bloodshed and intestine war.

The next seal is thus described: "I beheld, and lo, a black horse, and he that sat on him had a pair of balances in his hand; and I heard a voice in the midst of the four beasts, saying, A measure of wheat for a penny, and three measures of barley for a penny, and see thou hurt not the oil and the wine." I showed you that this referred to a period in the history of Rome when the whole land was oppressed by injustice—the balances evidently relating to the administration of the justice of the empire, as I showed by reference to the symbol; and I historically demonstrated the fact, that the grinding exactions of the governors of Rome, in the language of Gibbon, had brought the empire to the very verge of exhaustion and ruin.

I then referred to the fourth seal: "I looked, and behold a pale horse: and his name that sat upon him was Death, and hell followed with him. And power was given unto them over the fourth part of the earth to kill with the sword, and with hunger, and with death, and with the beasts of the earth." I showed you that this "hell" was Hades, or the grave—I showed from historic fact, that from the year 248 to the year 268, pestilence overflowed the length and breadth of the land—"The wild

beasts," in the language of the historian, "from man's failing, and the supplies of man's existence being withdrawn, rushed into the cities and completed the havoc that death had begun;" and the symbol of Death riding on the pale horse, with the grave opening at his heels to receive the victims that he mowed down, was an exact symbolical picture of the real state of the empire from the year 248 to the year 268.

Then the fifth seal was the spectacle of those under the altar that were slain for the testimony of Jesus, and for the word of God, saying, "How long?" This I explained to you to represent the persecutions of the Christian church from the year 303 to 313.

Then we have the sixth seal, where some great change seems to have taken place immediately after the fifth seal had been opened, and after the sealing had taken place. That change I showed to be Rome casting away its idol-gods—sweeping the Pantheon of all its idolized tenantry—recognising the gospel as the national religion, exalting its ministers, rightly or wrongly, to the highest places in the state; and Christianity, from being the religion of the catacombs, the dens, and caves of the earth, becoming the religion of the palace, of the cathedral, of churches magnificent in architecture, and protected by the sceptre of the reigning monarch.

Immediately after this exaltation of Christianity, there follows the sealing of the 144,000. That, as explained to you, signifies that Christianity, in the hours of its prosperity, suffered more than it did in the days of its depression—that the gospel was a purer and a nobler thing when crushed by the persecutions of Nero, than when it nestled beneath the shadow of the imperial throne of Constantine; and whether it was right or whether it was wrong thus to elevate the gospel, it is matter of fact that in the catacombs and caves of the earth the church retained her garments unsullied—her communion with her Lord unbroken; but the moment the heads that were exposed to the tempests were crowned with mitres, and the catacombs exchanged for cathedrals, she laid aside her robes of beauty and of glory, put on the gorgeous dress of Cæsar, became shorn of her real strength and her attributes of grandeur, and ground, a miserable drudge,



at Cæsar's mill, and at Cæsar's bidding. I am not called on in this place to pronounce whether that elevation were scripturally right or wrong : I merely comment on historic facts, the substance of which I have now stated.

But in the midst of all this I showed you, while the visible church thus enthroned by the emperor had ceased to be scriptural, God was bringing out his true church. The Apostasy was now gathering strength every day—the visible church was ceasing to be the true church, God therefore causes to emerge the 144,000 sealed ones, *i. e.* his own election, his own redeemed people—the true links of the true succession, the sons of God *in* the world, but not *of* the world.

Now, having shown you that the visible church became apostate, and that the true church was restricted only to the few or the handful, then a series of judgments was poured out upon the apostate church, described under the symbolical figure of the seven trumpets. I may here digress to observe that God has thus dealt with nations in almost every part of their existence. You recollect that passage in Amos where God is about to judge his people for their manifold transgressions, (Amos iv. 6–12.) Now, if I should classify these verses under Apocalyptic symbols, you would see the complete harmony that exists in God's dealings in all dispensations of his grace. Thus, in verse 6, there is the first trumpet:—"I have also given you cleanness of teeth in all your cities, and want of bread in all your places; yet have ye not returned unto me, saith the Lord God." Thus one trumpet sounds; but the result is no repentance. It is therefore followed by the second trumpet, if I may use the expression:—"And also I have withholden the rain from you when there were yet three months to the harvest: and I caused it to rain upon one city, and caused it not to rain upon another city; one piece was rained upon, and the piece whereupon it rained not withered. So two or three cities wandered unto one city to drink water; but they were not satisfied: yet have ye not returned unto me, saith the Lord." There is the second trumpet. Then the third trumpet sounds:—"I have smitten you with blasting and mildew: when your gardens, and your vineyards, and your fig-trees, and your olive-trees increased, the palmer-worm devoured them: yet have ye not

returned unto me, saith the Lord.” Then the fourth trumpet sounds :—“I have sent among you the pestilence after the manner of Egypt : your young men have I slain with the sword, and have taken away your horses ; and I have made the stink of your camps to come up unto your nostrils : yet have ye not returned unto me, saith the Lord.” There is another trumpet :—“I have overthrown some of you as God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah, and ye were as a firebrand plucked out of the burning : yet have ye not returned unto me, saith the Lord.” There is the sixth trumpet. Now what is the seventh ?—“Therefore thus will I do unto thee, O Israel : and because I will do this unto thee, prepare to meet thy God, O Israel.” There is the sounding of the seventh. God’s judgments in the past are all in harmony with God’s judgments in the future ; both are his commissioners to walk the world, and do the behests of his will.

I endeavoured to open up to you the meaning of the seven trumpets in the same manner that I explained the seven seals, by historic facts. I showed you that trumpets, in the Levitical economy, were used, first to proclaim feasts or festivals to the people, or to proclaim war against the enemy. So they are used in the Apocalypse. The first trumpet sounded after Christendom had become apostate, and the judgments of that trumpet we read fell upon the Roman empire in the shape of “hail and storm :” *i. e.* desolating and destructive judgments, mingled with blood or bloodshed, and they were cast upon the earth : “and the third part of trees was burnt up, and all green grass was burnt up.” You read that Alaric the Goth burst upon the empire at this time, swept it with his victorious sword, deluged it with blood, and it almost fell beneath the severity of the onslaught. We read that the second angel sounded, “and, as it were, a great mountain burning with fire was cast into the sea, and the third part of the sea became blood ; and the third part of the creatures that were in the sea, and had life, died ; and the third part of the ships were destroyed.” I showed you that, under this trumpet, the maritime shores of the Roman empire, its ships and fleets, were the subjects of suffering. I opened history, and read that, as Alaric fell upon the land, and swept it with fire, and deluged it with blood, in order to fulfil the symbols of the second trumpet ; so Geneseric, according

to this trumpet, fell upon the ships and maritime power of Rome. Three times the fleets of the empire were opposed to him—three times they were almost annihilated; and, as if to show the mysterious nature of his mission, when his pilot asked Geneseric to what coast should he steer? the reply of the Goth was, “Leave that to the winds of heaven—they will waft us to the guilty coast.” He desolated every island, and smote with destruction every shore, and totally exterminated the fleets of Rome. Suddenly he drops from the stage, and all again is still.

The third trumpet sounds, “And there fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp, and it fell upon the third part of the rivers, and upon the fountains of waters.” I showed you that the rivers and fountains of waters, wherever they are alluded to in the Apocalypse, denote the people that dwell upon the banks of the rivers—the great rivers of Europe, the Danube, the Rhine, and the Po. Accordingly we read, when the third trumpet sounds, that Attila, who was called the Scourge of God, instantly descended upon the banks of the Rhine, the Danube, and the Po, and swept from them every nation that opposed him, and fell like a burning mountain from the sky, upon every section of the geographical territory so graphically described in these symbols.

The fourth trumpet sounded, “And the third part of the sun was smitten, and the third part of the moon, and the third part of the stars; so as the third part of them was darkened, and the day shone not for a third part of it, and the night likewise.” I explained to you that the sun and moon in the Apocalypse denote always the imperial or sovereign power. Accordingly, we read in history that Odoacer, the last of the Gothic dynasty, marched upon Rome, after Alaric had fallen upon the land, and Geneseric upon the sea, and Attila upon the rivers; and swept the whole imperial territory; the sun was darkened: and accordingly we read that Odoacer marched upon Rome, the capital itself; commanded, with his drawn sword, that Augustulus, the emperor that then reigned, should abdicate his throne, resign the insignia of sovereignty, and that all the emblems of empire should be transferred to Constantinople. Here we have the sun darkened, or the imperial power withdrawn.

And when the fifth trumpet sounded, we read that “A star

fell from heaven, and to him was given the key of the bottomless pit. And he opened the bottomless pit; and there arose a smoke out of the pit, as the smoke of a great furnace; and the sun and the air were darkened by reason of the smoke of the pit. And there came out of the smoke locusts upon the earth: and unto them was given power, as the scorpions of the earth have power," &c. (Rev. ix. 1-12.) I showed that this star falling from the firmament—a star denoting rank in office—was Mohammed, who was the descendant of a royal but degraded house. He retired to a cave in the neighbourhood of Mecca, where he concocted that horrible scheme of delusion and blasphemy which has overspread vast portions of Asia and of Europe; which depends for success on the scimeter of its preacher, and on the sensuality of his auditory. We read that the result of it was that the whole sky was darkened by this moral smoke. The locusts, I showed you, by the strange accompaniments by which they are characterized, represent the Saracens rushing to the battle. "Their shapes," we are told, "were like unto horses prepared unto battle; and on their heads were as it were crowns like gold, and their faces were as the faces of men; and they had hair as the hair of women, and their teeth were as the teeth of lions. And they had breastplates as it were breastplates of iron; and the sound of their wings was as the sound of chariots of many horses running to battle. And they had tails like unto scorpions, and there were stings in their tails, and their power was to hurt men five months." You may remember my explanation of that. First, the star was Mohammed; secondly, the smoke was Mohammedanism; thirdly, the Apocalyptic locusts are evidently symbols; because, according to natural history, the picture is most absurd; according to symbolic or hieroglyphic description, it is most expressive. The locusts were, I showed you, the Saracens, and the reason they are likened to locusts is, the locusts come never singly, but in swarms, and from the east—the Saracens burst in innumerable hordes upon the length and breadth of Europe. They had crowns upon their heads—the Arab's aphorism says, that "he has his turban for his crown." They had "the faces of men." They were characterized by a peculiarity no Roman had—namely, the moustache worn upon

the upper lip, which gave them an appearance of fierceness. They "had hair as the hair of women." The Arabs were distinguished by their long flowing hair. In addition to this, "the sound of their wings was as the sound of chariots of many horses running to battle." Cavalry was their strength and main reliance. "And they had tails like unto scorpions, and there were stings in their tails, and their power was to hurt men five months." The expression "power" in the original is, *ἐξουσία*, which means "authority," the official authority was theirs. The allusion to tails is thus explained. In one of the earlier battles of the Saracens, the standard was lost; their leader instantly cut off his horse's tail, placed it upon a pole, told his troops that must be their standard when they marched to battle, and ever afterward, to this day, the horse's tail has been the Turkish standard—a pacha with one, two, or three tails, denoting the rank, office, or authority that he holds—and their actual hurting is in the history of their injustice and oppression; and I showed, by the most minute analysis, that this trumpet contains the description of the spread of Mohammedanism and Saracen conquest as a judgment upon an apostate and a God-denying church.

The sixth trumpet sounds, which, as I proved, describes what was called in other portions of the Apocalypse, the Turkish wo. And there you remember that the Turks passed the great river Euphrates, received the permission from Him who alone had power to give it, to come "forth for a day, a month, and a year, and the number of the army of the horsemen was two hundred thousand thousand: and I heard the number of them." I showed that this was fulfilled in the successive triumphs of the Turks who had received the Mohammedan delusion, and marched over great portions of Asia and Europe, spreading havoc wherever they exhibited their presence. I stated also, that the allusion here made to smoke, and brimstone, and fire, might be an allusion to the fact that for the first time, on a large and gigantic scale, artillery was used at the siege of Constantinople by the Turks, and gunpowder, though it was invented several years before, then first came to be employed on a large scale, and to play a prominent part in modern warfare. I showed that in

that siege Constantinople fell, and thus the mistress of the East was laid prostrate upon the ruins of the mistress of the West—the Apostasy reigned in the Christian church—Mohammedanism overwhelmed the eastern portion of Europe—a world without God—men without hope—a church without religion—and all things prognosticating some fearful catastrophe; so much so, that many of the Christians of that time anticipated the speedy arrival of the judgment-day, and the appearing of the great white throne.

Such, then, is a brief sketch of my exposition of the Seven Seals and the Seven Trumpets. I know that many of the statements I have made will appear to some of you almost unwarranted, because some of you have not heard the successive facts by which I have proved them; but I am now giving only a sketch, merely to refresh the memories of those who have attended the delivery of the whole, and not to carry conviction on the present occasion.

The next great event we read of, is that glorious one, the blessed Reformation. The church had become apostate—destruction was its merit, reformation was God's gracious purpose. I gave you a picture of the church before the Reformation—the pope worshipped as God—the Roman Church rampant and supreme—kings puppets in the hands of the pope—their diadems kicked from their heads by his pontifical foot—some of them deposed from their thrones. And, I may here remark, I have always felt this, that the danger of the church of Christ, if we may judge of the present and the future from the past, is not the popular power, nor the kingly power, or, as it is called by some, the Erastian power, but I solemnly believe it to be from the priestly power; little do I fear from the people, nor do I fear much from the crown, but I have much fear of the priest. Watch the priests and the people and the crown, pray for all three, but protest against the usurpations of any of them.

The Reformation then came, and Milner states that “after ages of superstition, we see the Sun of Righteousness rising over Europe with healing under his wings.”

You may recollect the interesting sketch that I gave of the Reformation. Leo X. was enjoying uninterrupted and undis-

turbed supremacy, when a poor Augustinian monk lays hold of a dusty volume which had not been opened for centuries, in the library of the university of Erfurt. Startled by its appearance, he unclasps it: the unclasping of that book was the first act of the Reformation, and in that book lay all the privileges, the freedom, the hopes, the blessings that you possess. If Martin Luther, humanly speaking, had not unclasped that volume, your grand philosophy, your great discoveries, your steam-engines, and your steamboat, and your electric telegraphs, and your railroads, would never have existed. O scientific scorner, little dost thou know the debt that thou owest to that poor Augustinian monk in the convent of Erfurt! When he perused the contents of the Bible, he discovered in it truths that he had never heard of before: he saw that the breviary and the missal contained mere fragments of the Bible, and he read and read again; he discovered that glorious truth which was the lever that lifted Europe from its thralldom, and shook the very throne of the pontiff, "we are justified by faith alone in the glorious righteousness and finished sacrifice of the Son of the living God." When he discovered this, the hope of souls, he could not be silent—he began to speak out. The pope tried to terrify him by his decrees and to alarm him by his thunders: Luther continued for some time doubting; but at length he discovered that the pope was not Christ's minister, but Antichrist, and that Popery was not the church at all, but the Apostasy. As soon as he was satisfied of this, he feared no man's face, he cared for no man's frown, he went like the cannon-shot through all opposition right to his course, feeling that there was none to judge him but God, and none could stop him when God had given him his mission. The result of Martin Luther's appeal was that all Europe shook, as if beneath the vibrations of an earthquake—Truth, long chained, burst its shackles—even the Vatican itself rung with strange and mysterious echoes, indicating that an unexpected visitor had come into the midst of it, and reasoned in the pontiff's hearing "of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come." The echoes of that monk's voice reached England, and sounded loud and long amid the convents and monasteries of Scotland, till, at last, the sentiment he uttered in a corner be-

came the confession of Europe, and truth, planted as a living seed by that monk, grew, sometimes watered by the blood of martyrs, until it shot up into those glorious trees which overspread England, Scotland, and Germany, and mighty sections of America, beneath which the nations find shelter, and Christians food that is sweet and pleasant to their taste. Deeply are we indebted to Luther: we regret the faults with which he was chargeable as a man, but we bless God for the excellence by which he was distinguished as a saint; and that church, or rather that section of a church, which denounces, in the language of one, Luther and Jewell as "irreverent dissenters," and that proclaims the Reformation, in the language of another, to be like "a limb badly set and which needs to be broken again," and to be a calamity, a curse rather than a blessing, has lost its first-love, and has need to do the work of repentance, and arise and go to her Father, and ask forgiveness for the past and grace for the future.

After describing the Reformation, you will recollect I gave you a sketch of the two witnesses; which I explained to be a retrospective sketch of the church of Christ during the dominion of the Apostasy, beginning with the time when the sealing vision took place, and terminating only with the Reformation. I mentioned that they were two, because fewer than two witnesses do not constitute a valid testimony, and two to denote that the people of God would be reduced to the lowest possible ebb in the course of a dominant and supreme Apostasy. The two witnesses I traced first in the Eastern line, through those called the Paulicians; next in the Western line, through Augustine, Vigilantius, Claude of Turin, Agobard, Peter Waldo, until both lines met in the Waldenses, and merged in the glories of the Reformation itself. You recollect also how I explained the slaughter of the witnesses. I showed that because the witnesses were symbolic persons, their death must be symbolic, and their resurrection must be symbolic also. I showed you that in the year 1513, the last Council of Lateran met in the broad or prominent place of Christendom, namely, in the Lateran at Rome. I showed you that they issued a summons to all the heretics, Bohemians, Waldenses, and Wickliffites, to appear in the council in the next



year, on the 5th of May, 1514, and there defend themselves or submit to the church. I showed you, by the testimony of historians of the Christian church, that they, the Protestants or witnesses, were all but extinct, and when the summons was issued, not one responded. Now it is a remarkable fact, that the "heretics," *i. e.* true Christians, were never, but on this one occasion, summoned to a council at which they did not appear. Luther appeared when summoned, both at Worms and at Spire; Huss appeared at Constance; and so with others; but at this council no appearance was made. On May 5, 1514, the council met. It was asked, "were the heretics present, personally or by deputy?" All was silent, and the orator of the council mounted the pulpit, and amid the plaudits of all present, pronounced the words, "*Nemo reclamatur; nullus obsistit.*" "There is not one that makes opposition, or that manifests any protest against us." And, instantly, it is added, when the witnesses were slain, "they of the nations"—and I pointed out the fact that the idea of representation is conveyed in the original—the representatives of the nations sitting in the council, celebrated feasts, sent presents to each other, and congratulated themselves that the witnesses were slain—they flattered themselves that heresy was extinct, and the church triumphant.

The witnesses, we are told, were to lie unburied for three and a half prophetic days, *i. e.* for three and a half literal years. Now from May 5, 1514, to October 31, 1517, is precisely three years and a half; did any thing take place about the end of that period which would answer to the resurrection of the witnesses? On that very day, October 31, 1517, Martin Luther posted his ninety-five theses on the gates of the great church of Wittemberg; in which he asserted Protestant truth, and protested against Popish error: that was the first sound of the Reformation. The resuscitated witnesses now rose from the tomb, ascended in the sky, were prosperous, and dominant, and great, in the presence of all the nations of the earth.

I then illustrated the same church of Christ in the Apocalyptic symbol, called the woman in the wilderness. I explained that the woman was another symbol employed to denote the true church of Christ during the almost universal prevalence of the

Apostasy, having fled into the wilderness, there to be concealed for 1260 years. I showed that both these symbols were meant to impress upon us the nature of Christ's true church: it is compared to "the woman in the wilderness," or to "the witnesses in sackcloth," to denote that the true church is not the magnificent thing that charms the sense, but the spiritual and moral thing that is only to be spiritually and morally discerned.

After describing this, I showed you that the wild beast from the abyss, delineated in chap. xiii., and characterized by attributes so clear and unequivocal, that if it were described in the page of history, the pope of Rome would instantly present himself to the mind of any person, as the individual intended to be represented by these symbols. I pointed out that the Church of Rome has been characterized by apostasy from the truth, and that it has been literally "drunk with the blood of saints," and has persecuted and proscribed the children of God in every country and in every age. It is the same as the little horn of Daniel, the seer that had eyes and saw; it is the same with the Man of Sin of St. Paul, in 2 Thess.; it is a graphic description of him whose tyranny and ambition have been his most dominant characteristics, and whose sanguinary cruelty has been his greatest and most branding sin. Then I showed you what the other wild beast was that was like unto the first. This I showed to be the Papal clergy, the Jesuits, the janissaries of the pope—a body perfectly distinct from the pope—consolidated by celibacy into one powerful organization, having nothing that unites them to the world, but all that unites them to the church—having no circles of their own to distract them in their homes—only one great object to contend and to struggle for, the supremacy of the pope and of the church of which he is the ruler.

I showed you next that the image of the beast was the General Councils formed of the collected cardinals, bishops, and clergy of the Church of Rome—the representatives of the pope: and the word here used, *viz.* *εἰκὼν*, is applied to the General Council by writers. I also defined the wild beast by one remarkable feature; it is stated, "his number is the number of a man," and that number is said to be 666. I explained that the Greeks and Romans had no numerals, as we have, but they denoted their

numerals by the letters of their alphabet— $\alpha$ , one,  $\beta$ , two,  $\gamma$ , three, and so on; then a point over any letter makes ten. Thus if you take the Greek letters that make up 666, and put them together, they form  $\lambda, \alpha, \tau, \epsilon, \iota, \nu, \sigma, \varsigma, \lambda\alpha\tau\epsilon\iota\nu\sigma$ , and there is no other word corresponding to it. There are many words that are an approximation to it, but there are plain reasons for rejecting them, and the most powerful reasons for believing that this word,  $\lambda\alpha\tau\epsilon\iota\nu\sigma$ , is the true word here intended. The Church of Rome is marked by Latin canons, Latin missal, Latin breviary, Latin Bible—Latin bulls, encyclicals, decrees, canons; it is emphatically the Latin Church—the Man of Sin—the Antichrist—the wild beast from the abyss.

After having given you a description of the great characteristics of this church, I proceeded to give you an exposition of the Seven Vials. The first vial, we find, was poured out, by the angel commissioned to do so, upon the Roman earth; the result of its effusion we read in chap. xvi.: “There fell a noisome and grievous sore upon the men which had the mark of the beast, and upon them which worshipped his image.” I showed you that that sore was that dreadful scourge the French Revolution, and that those who had so martyred the saints then felt in their turn that they that throw the arrow of persecution, always receive it again, sooner or later, into their own bosoms. This sore fell upon the capital of the earth, the eldest daughter of the church, and the scene that accompanied its pouring out I need not recapitulate.

The second vial was poured out upon the sea; and just as we explained “the burning mountain” falling into the sea to mean the destruction of the maritime and naval powers of Rome, so must we consistently explain the pouring out of this vial upon the sea. What then took place? We read, that immediately after the great outburst of the French Revolution, all the naval forces and fleets that France could muster against our country, as her only hope of destroying us, were swept from the sea in rapid succession. Her islands and colonies—St. Domingo and others—became the scenes of servile and terrible warfare: the French on this occasion exhibited a very strange peculiarity of human nature; they proclaimed, at their Revolution, equality

of all the members of the whole human family; the blacks in St. Domingo, their most powerful colony, caught the sentiment, and believed it too; and they proclaimed equality for all. But it seems that the French meant, when they proclaimed liberty and equality for all, for those only whose faces were bleached by a northern climate, for they excluded all those whose countenances had the least tinge of a southern sun. This is just the feature that some of our American brethren in the Southern States exhibit at the present day. There the black man is not permitted to travel in the same coach, or the same steamboat, or railway carriage, with the white man, nor even to approach the same communion-table, where one would suppose all distinctions of caste were utterly annihilated, as if Christ died for the white and not for the black. Shame upon those ministers of the gospel, then, who know it, and do not protest against it; and still more so on those who sanction it because it supports them. I think, by the grace of God, if I were there, I should show the greater preference to the black men rather than to the white, upon that beautiful principle of the gospel, that the weakest ought to be first supported.

The very first effect of the action of this second vial was, that all the colonies of France were lost to her, and her navies annihilated. The victories of the Nile, Cape St. Vincent, and Trafalgar, and many others, the most splendid in any country's annals upon earth, were gained by our own country, to whom seems to have been intrusted the dread mission of pouring out this vial. It would occupy too much of your time were I in this syllabus to recount all the brilliant triumphs of our country on the ocean, or the names of that cluster of illustrious admirals who appeared about this time—men whose appearance on the ocean was the prelude of victory to our arms, and the signal of confidence to our sailors. Napoleon cried out, "Let me have ships and a navy, and perfidious Albion will be crushed:" but no sooner had he obtained them than they were burned in the harbour or blown from the deep. The reason of this was not that we had braver seamen, or greater heroism, but that God had pronounced the doom on the guilty nation, and all the power and

bravery of France, sustained by the consummate skill of Napoleon, could not avert it.

The third vial, we read, was poured out upon the rivers; and, accordingly, we have in history the evidence of the fearful scenes of bloodshed which soon took place upon the banks of the Rhine, the Danube, and all the great rivers of continental Europe: in fact, there was not a capital from Moscow to Madrid, from St. Petersburg to Paris, that was not blazing beneath the flames of the French invasion; nor a city on the Danube, the Rhine, or the Po that did not give evidence of the action of some terrible judgment upon the earth.

The fourth vial was poured out upon the sun. I told you that the sun denotes, in Apocalyptic symbols, as I have explained before, the kingly power. Here, then, the sun is said to scorch the nations of the earth. This has been explained by Mr. Elliott, and I think justly, to be the power given to that imperial sun, Napoleon, to scorch, that is, severely punish the nations of the earth, in just and righteous retribution. It is surely allusive to the manner of his doing so, since we read that he was called by his own soldiers "the little sun;" his battles were signalized by the rolling fire of musketry and artillery, which last he brought into the field to an extent unprecedented in the history of European warfare, and upon this he depended so much, that he called artillery his "right arm." He may justly be said to have scorched the nations of the earth, literally and figuratively too. Having done his work, he passed from the stage, for Napoleon had his mission, and when he had done it, he was swept away in order to make room for other agencies. His rise, his empire, and his retreat, are alike supernatural.

The fifth vial was poured out upon the throne of the beast. I showed in a previous lecture, that this wild beast is the symbol of the pope: is there, then, coincident with this symbol in prophecy, a fact in history which shows that the Papal power, in its central seat, was visited about this time with any signal and overwhelming judgments? We read in every history that the marshals of Napoleon appeared in the midst of the sacerdotal capital—burst upon the pope and his cardinals—took the ring, that indicated his marriage with the church, from the pope's finger—

marched him to Paris a humble prisoner; and thus he, who had awed the nations by his word, was dragged at the chariot-wheels of Napoleon, introduced at the ceremony of the coronation of the emperor, not to crown, but to grace the coronation, as a puppet at the spectacle; for Napoleon placed the crown on his own head, while the pope stood by to gild the scene, but not to perform the ceremony. How truly was the prediction fulfilled that this vial should be poured out upon the throne of the beast!

We now turn to the sixth vial, under the last dregs of which we now are. Under it the premonitory symptoms of the approach of Him who is to reign for ever develop themselves. Under this vial the river Euphrates was to be dried. I showed you, in a previous lecture, that the Euphrates was the symbol of the Turkish power: what has been the fact? From 1820 down to the present time, Turkey has been wasting—the crescent waning. The Janissaries, its powerful police, are extinct; the head of the empire is adopting European customs; laws that were peculiar distinctions of Mohammedanism are repealed, and, in the language of Chateaubriand, “Turkey is dying for want of Turks.” And, in the course of a very few years more, the last streams in the channels of the Euphrates will be exhausted, and Turkey, the great oppressor of the church in the days that are past, will be no longer a reality among the nations. Then the drying up of the river was to make preparation for the return of the kings of the east. The kings of the east, I showed you, are the Jewish people, and that, contemporaneous with the wasting of the Turkish power, there should be the rise of an interest in the Jewish race; and when the Turkish power is utterly exhausted, the Jews should be illuminated with a divine light, march in columns to the land of their fathers, and, in the midst of Jerusalem, praise with hosannas Him whom their fathers crucified. And such an interest is actually taken in their destiny at the present day: Sweden is agitated about the position of the Jews in that country: the king of Prussia is in difficulty about the same thing. That despised, persecuted, money-loving race, is about to occupy a new and more prominent position in the affairs of Europe. In our own country, is it not one of the great topics of the day? I pronounce not here whether it be politically right or politically wrong, but when

I read the speeches of Lord John Russell and Lord Ashley in the House of Commons, the former in support of the measure, and the latter in opposition to it, I was struck by the deep and solemn sense of responsibility that seemed to be felt by both those statesmen, and the impression rushed upon my mind, prime ministers and members of parliament may, as they conscientiously desire, pursue their own plans, and seek the accomplishment of their own ends, but they are but instruments in the hands of God, working out his glorious will—his predicted purpose.

I noticed, also, the three unclean spirits that go out, under this vial, to deceive the nations of the earth. I showed that the first was Infidelity: and, remember, I am only now stating results, not giving you the data: I showed that the first is Infidelity, consisting in the absence of religion; and next, in antagonism to religion. I showed that the second unclean spirit from the mouth of the beast was Popery: I need not here recapitulate the evidence of its remarkable presence among us. Some fifty years ago there were only fifteen or twenty Roman Catholic chapels in England; now there are about 700. In the course of six years they have built 60 churches, several of which are cathedrals, all are as large, some larger, than the largest parish churches in this country; they have between 800 and 900 priests labouring throughout the country; nay, more, there is not a place of any importance in which there is not some Jesuit labouring with untiring energy—unwearied zeal—and unequalled cunning for the supremacy of his church. Then I showed you that the third unclean spirit is Tractarianism, as distinguished from Popery; in other words, Popery without a pope; all the venom of the original without its consistency and fulness of development. I have seen much of this system in recent instances, and it has made me feel more than ever that the priestly power is the main element that we have to dread. The dissenter says, whether truly or not I need not now pronounce, that the church ought to be totally separate from the state, and to be in no degree within the reach of Cæsar's touch. The churchman says, rightly or wrongly I do not now determine, but most consistently, that the church and state should be united to one another, and live in good friendship and happy brotherhood: but the Puseyite does not adopt the sen-

timents of either; he says that the state must obey the church; the priest must be the ruler, the prince must be the subject. I say the priestly power is the element we have to dread—the element which makes gigantic progress, and aims at unmitigated supremacy.

We came, last Sunday evening, to the opening of the seventh vial, which is the grand consummation of those prophecies that bud every hour into performance. Under it, I believe, Christ comes. Now, I do believe that Christ's advent is not post-millennial, but pre-millennial. I believe there will not be a Millennium till Christ come; I believe that when He comes there will take place two resurrections, the one only of the just, the other only of the wicked. Need I remind you of what St. Paul says, "If by any means I may attain unto the resurrection" (ἐκ τῶν νεκρῶν) "*from among the dead.*" And our Lord speaks of the resurrection of the just in particular: and St. Paul speaks plainly, "the dead in Christ shall rise first, then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with him in the air." My dear friends, when Christ comes, what a startling spectacle will the world present! Every grave that contains a dead saint shall rend, while every grave that contains the ashes of the lost remains unagitated. In every churchyard one grave will open, and its dead, quickened by an impulse from on high, will rise and meet the Lord in the air; but the grave that is next to it shall remain still unchanged as it was before, and unmoved by what has taken place beside it. So in a family, one person shall be snatched away, it may be at midnight, and rise to meet the Lord in his resurrection-body, and another shall be left. The mother shall remain, the child shall rise; or the son shall remain, and the mother shall be taken away. And then, when all Christ's dead saints are quickened and risen, and all Christ's living saints have joined them, this globe, as I explained to you from 1 Pet. iii. 10, this earth, which is stored with fire—for it is very remarkable that the last geological discoveries prove the earth upon which we tread to be a mere crust, the interior of which is full of liquid fire, and for every one hundred feet that you go down into the earth the thermometer rises one degree—will split into a thousand crevices, from which those flames will burst, and the atmosphere



which surrounds it, and is composed of gases that are igneous, will ignite and wrap it in a shroud of flame, and the earth, thus purified, will be the holy and the happy spot on which the saints shall dwell and praise and magnify the Lord.

The seventh vial, we are told, will be poured out upon the air : I showed you, last Sunday evening, the proofs and evidences of its action ; and I also stated that, while there was its moral meaning in this, there was also a literal fulfilment of it. And what do we see taking place all around us ? Look at the potato blight which took place two-years ago ; after all that has been written on the subject, it has not yet been explained : look at the rapid progress of the influenza ; all admit that it is not contagious, yet it breaks out in one family and goes on to another family : and see the cholera next threatens us with its ravages ; it is proved that it is not contagious, yet it breaks out in city after city, and country after country—sanitary improvements, however right and however necessary, cannot absolutely prevent it. What is the explanation of all this ? Look at our commercial difficulties—our perplexed merchants—our political dislocations and Chartist excitements—all admit that they are puzzled for the explanation of these things. I can explain it to you. The angel is pouring out his vial upon the air—the sprinklings are on the pen, the plough, the shuttle, on continent, and island, and sea. Our commerce, and our agriculture, and our manufactures, and all in which we glory—feel its blighting dews, and give token of feeling it more severely and that speedily. “Blessed is he that watcheth and keepeth his garments,” for “behold, I come as a thief.”\*

If time would only have allowed me, I would have deduced several lessons from all that I have now been stating, which I think of great practical value ; but I have really drawn so much upon your patience already, that I must close, and I only regret that the time for my continuing these lectures has passed away : the historical illustrations I will not pursue further, but the beautiful and spirited passages contained in the rest of the Apoca-

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\* The earthquake of the seventh vial began in February, 1848, at Paris, the centre of Europe.—Watch and wait ; we are now plainly under the seventh vial.

lypse, I shall explain to my own people in my own church on successive Sunday evenings.\*

We live in years into each of which is crowded the work of centuries. A day brings forth now more than a century brought forth in former times. Time rushes more rapidly as it nears its final fall. The future approaches us like a rising tide, and destinies solemn as the soul, heaven, and hell stretch out before us. Are we not called on to ascertain clearly our relative position? What matters it that a Millennium comes if we shall have no share in it? What avails it that its music shall be so sweet, its air so holy, and its people so happy, and its translucency with glory so bright, if we shall have no part in it? There remaineth indeed a rest; but it is for the people of God. Is this our class? Do we belong to that consecrated family? Are we Christ's? This is the question of questions. Our whole interest is compressed in this. Oh leave it not unsolved and unsettled. "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." "Look unto me, all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved." "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." "Lord Jesus, to whom can we go but unto thee; thou hast the words of everlasting life."

Let me ask, therefore, when Christ shall come upon the lightning's wing or upon the eddying air, at midnight or at midday, if you feel that you are prepared to meet him? to welcome him? to reign with him? He may come next year, or in five, or in ten, or in twenty years: I cannot say. It will be at an hour when ye think not. Near, however, his advent is—all chronology, and prophecy, and history prove it—it is time, therefore, that we should set our house in order, and have our loins girt, and our lamps burning. Were I told that the end of this dispensation would come to-morrow, I would not say to the tradesman, leave your shop—or to the statesman, leave your cabinet—or to the lawyer, abandon your desk—or to the soldier, your sword; but I would say to each

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\* The second series of Apocalyptic Sketches has been published. These contain the Apocalyptic sketches of millennial blessedness, and I trust will prove as interesting to the people of God as these, which were so much appreciated, and more appreciated than they deserved, in Exeter Hall.

and all, sit loose to all that is worldly; mingle not your affections with its transitory elements; let your hand be here, but let your heart be in heaven; let your treasure be beyond the skies, and your hope in glory. Like the eagle, touch the earth only to eat and sleep, and rise again as quickly as possible, and soar perpetually toward brighter realms, riveting your eye on a yet more glorious Sun. There is no obstruction to the upward flight of him who has Christ, the password of the universe. All things shall aid you, for God is with you; and when the gray wing of time shall have winnowed away things now seen, your eye, purified and strengthened, will gaze upon a universe clear with light and pure with Deity, no more to wane in age or wo—the Sabbath of the world's long week—the reign of the church's long-absent Lord.



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